WEEK ENDING JAN. 29, 1927

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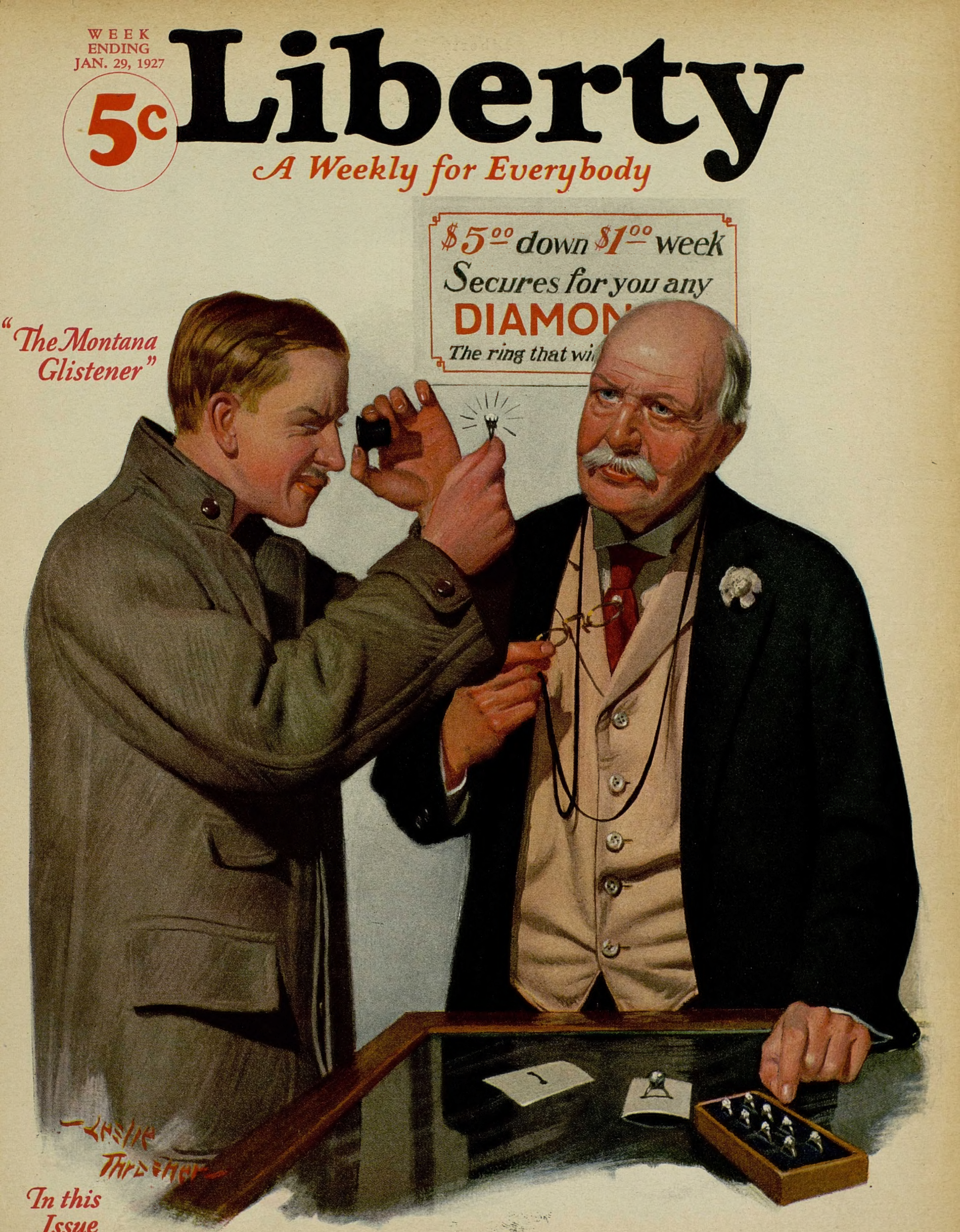
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody



"The Montana Glistener"

In this Issue

THE ROUND BULLET *A GRIPPING MYSTERY STORY* by **EDWIN BALMER**

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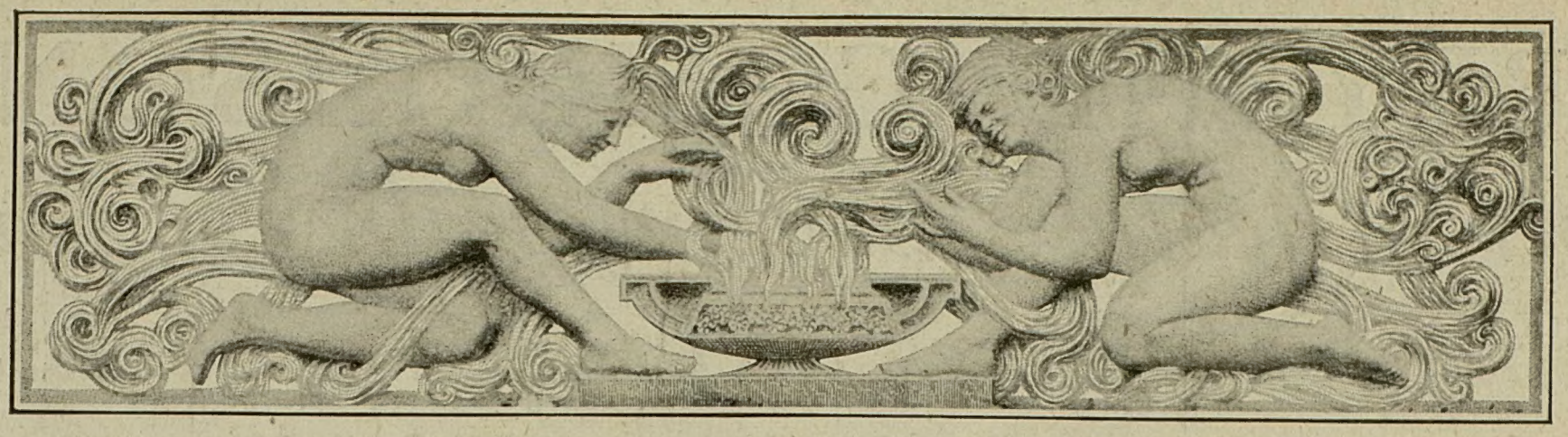

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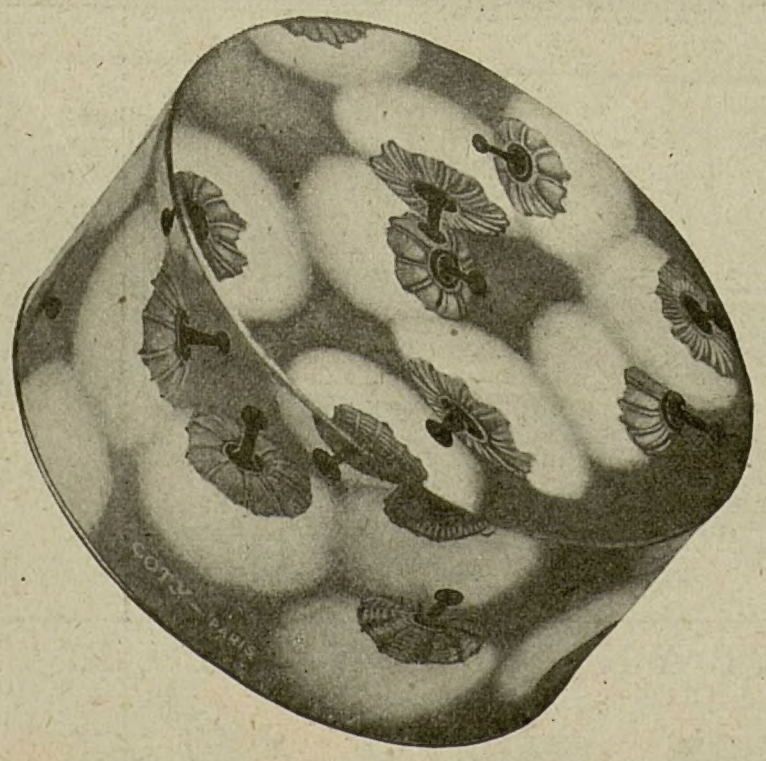

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON
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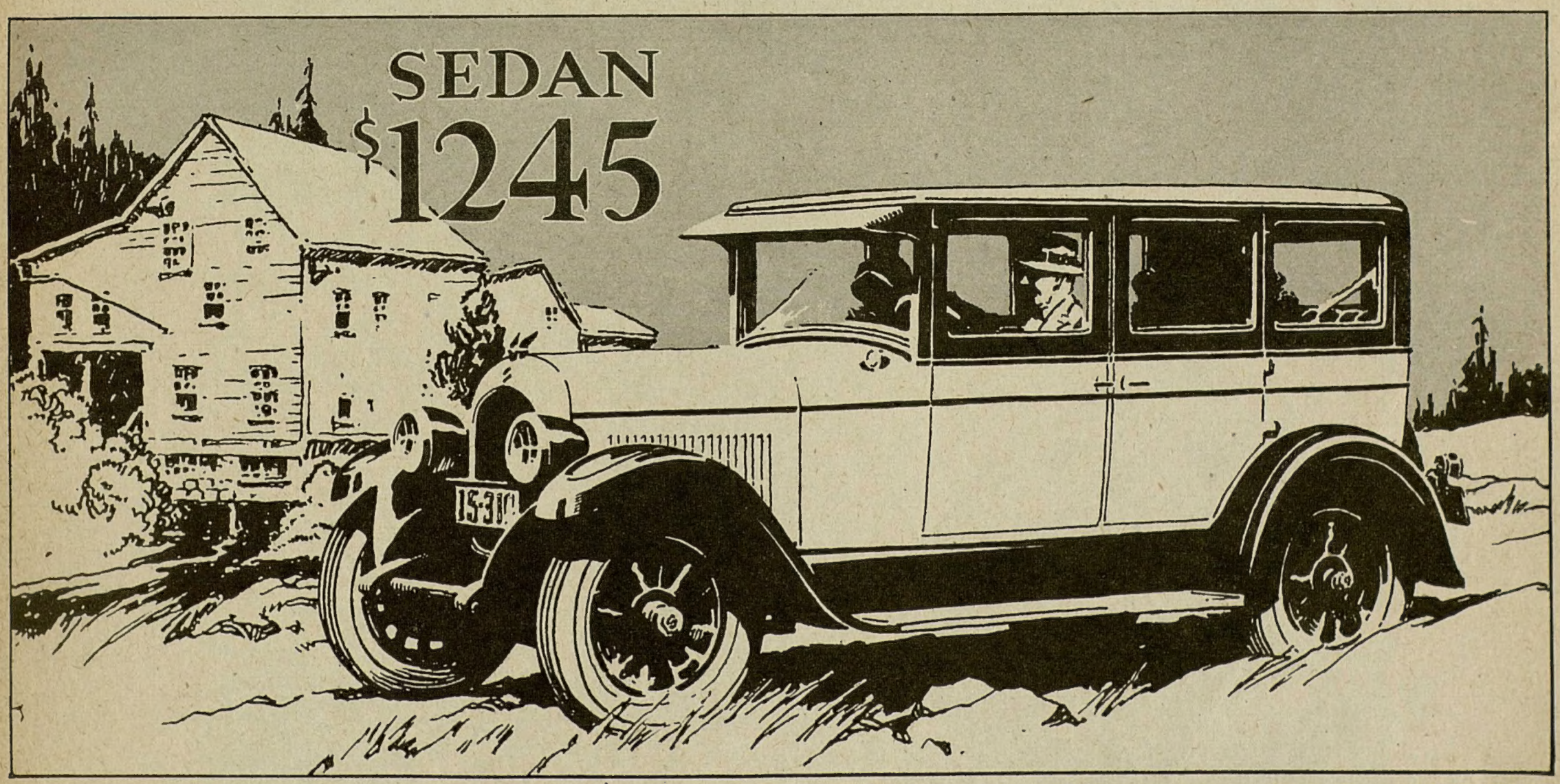

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

CHRYSLER "60"

JAN. 29, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

MORE FOR PROHIBITION: LESS FOR DEFENSE—*An Editorial*

Analysis of the Budget for 1927, as approved by President Coolidge, reveals the fact that prohibition enforcement will get about $6,000,000 more to spend, while the depleted United States Army must get along with about $3,500,000 less for the actual army.

It has been necessary to reduce the strength of infantry, cavalry, field artillery, and coast artillery from 118,750 men to 110,000, because the economists discovered that 118,750 men cannot be properly fed on thirty-three cents a day for each man and that thirty-six cents a day is needed. Therefore the appropriation will feed only 110,000. It is further necessary, according to the economists, to transfer 1,248 men from infantry, cavalry, and artillery to aviation, which kicks a few more ribs out of our skeleton army, with which the Chief Executive declares himself satisfied.

President Coolidge, in a letter to the editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, states frankly that he thinks the appropriations for the Army and Navy are sufficient. He stated in his message and speeches that our Army compares favorably with any of its size in the world.

The President is right. But the United States no longer is playing in the minor leagues, but has been compelled to enter the majors. Compared with Latvia and the Irish Free State, our Army may show very favorably, although it is hard to convince regular Army officers who are working with companies of thirty or thirty-five men that the statement is entirely correct.

The spectacle of the richest, most prosperous, and most hated nation in the world cutting its already emaciated army down 8,750 men because it cannot afford to pay three cents a day more to feed the soldiers properly, and transferring 1,248 men from the vital branches of the service rather than to recruit new men for air work, must please the Reds and sentimentalists as well as cause chortles from the military leaders of countries that are watching us greedily and enviously.

The President has stated, in positive terms, that there will always be funds to enforce the prohibitory laws—and all laws. We have not heard of any cut in the Prohibition enforcement army so that the snoopers may have thirty-six cents a day to live on instead of thirty-three—although there has been an active movement to check them from living at the most expensive hotels in Washington, and buying champagne.

NICARAGUA AND DESTINY—*An Editorial*

Old-fashioned Americans used to say it was the manifest destiny of our country to control everything on this continent, from the Canadian boundary to the far side of Panama.

And they seem to have been right, in spite of the efforts of the "Little Americans" to get in the way of this destiny, like a cow on a railroad track. Consider the Louisiana Purchase in 1803; the annexation of Florida in 1821; the conquests from Mexico in 1848; the Gadsden Purchase in 1853; the acquisition of Alaska in 1867; the Spanish War conquests; the seizure of Panama; the occupation of Haiti; the Danish Islands; and now Nicaragua.

Always the eagle has been taking a wider flight, never a narrower one. Timorous Americans who have been afraid of our destiny have always been swept aside.

So may it ever be!

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The Bar Sinister in Abraham Lincoln's Life

LINCOLN'S father was Thomas Lincoln. His mother was Nancy Hanks. But the Great Emancipator himself believed that he had qualities derived from neither the Lincolns nor the Hankses. They came from a grandfather whose name Lincoln did not even know! What is known of this mysterious forbear? What was the romance that gave the world Nancy Hanks and Abraham Lincoln? DR. WILLIAM E. BARTON, an authority on Lincoln, tells us in THE BAR SINISTER IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LIFE.

No writer knows the Younger Generation better than PHYLLIS DUGANNE. In FALSE PRETENSES, she writes the story of a mysterious girl and a heavy-hearted young man. He thinks he's "down and out," but love makes him realize he's only "down."

GIVING SEX A BACK SEAT is the title of an article by BRENDA UELAND. It gives the low-down on the new trend of that fascinating science, psychoanalysis. Read how the learned doctors are pulling Cupid off the pedestal on which Freud set him.

Most thieves are bunglers. The "perfect crime" must be planned as carefully as an experiment in a laboratory. That's what the chief character in SITTING PRETTY FOR LIFE thought—as he planned to steal $300,000. Don't miss this tale by GARRET SMITH.

January 29, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 39

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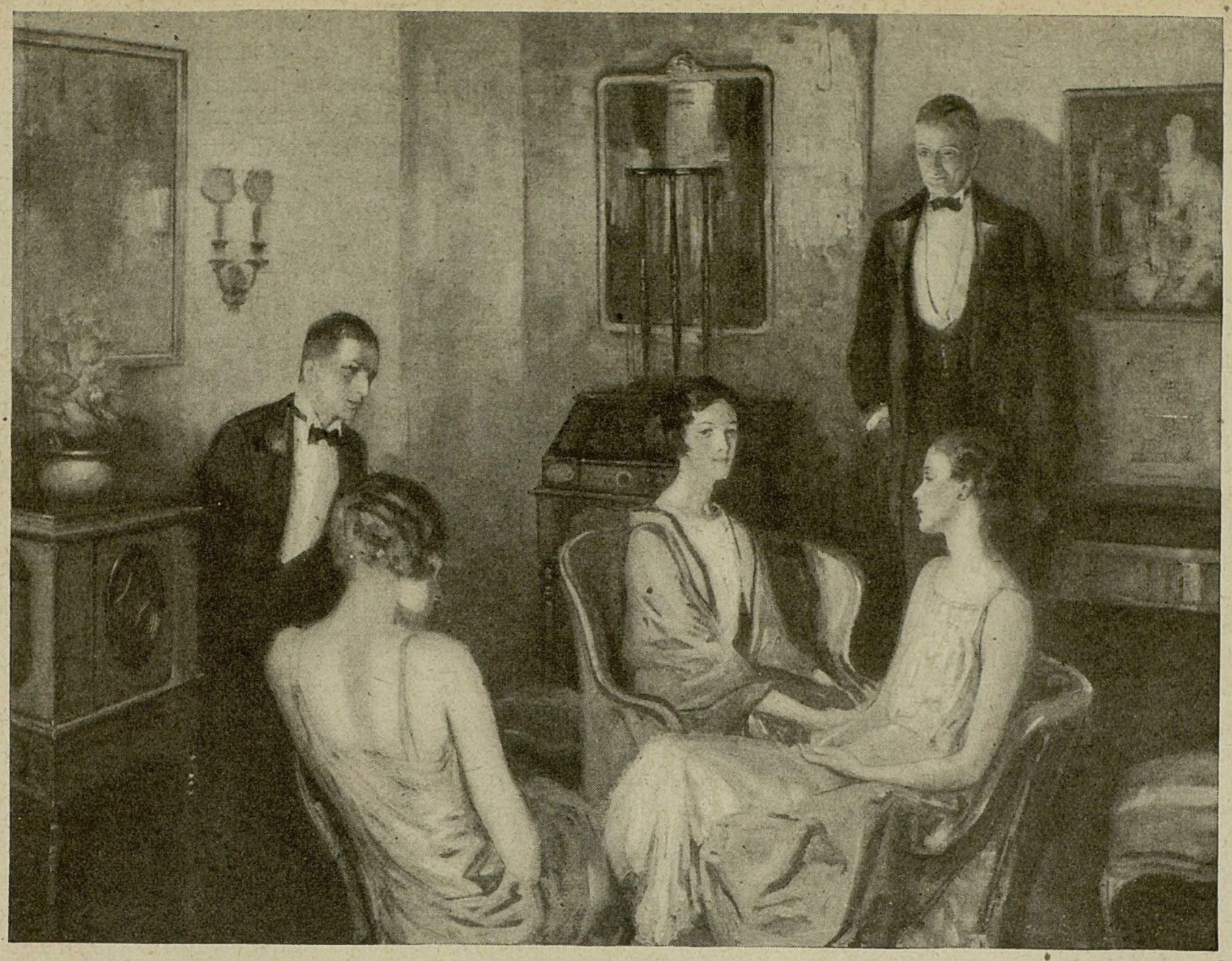

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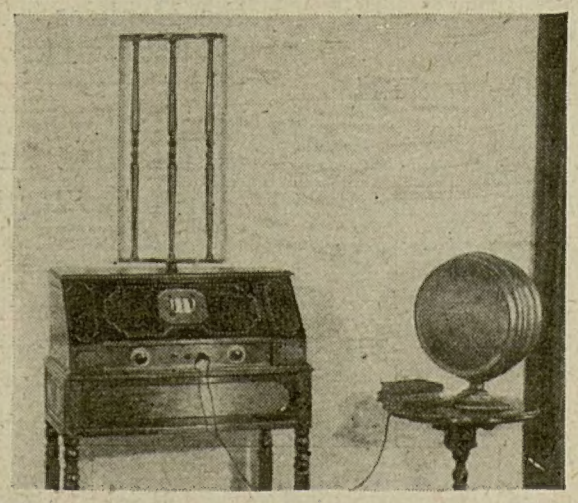

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The Round BULLET

Love Ransoms a Woman's Reputation and Seals the Secret of a Mysterious Crime

A Short Story by
EDWIN BALMER

FOR the moment, I was absent-minded. Any man would be with such a girl gazing at him. I was wondering how, in the last few minutes, I had become of interest to her. In comparison, it seemed of the smallest importance that the real-estate agent was speaking to me.

"By the way, you know that was the Carronder apartment," he repeated politely, as he handed me my copy of the signed lease. "It was where Chadwick Carronder was murdered."

"It was?" I asked, starting a bit.

I saw the girl move quickly, too; then she looked away from me. The puffy, precise little agent did not notice her.

"Not afraid of ghosts, are you?" he gibed me, as I held my lease unpocketed. "Not afraid Carronder'll be poking about the place, clanking cocktail shakers and such things because his murderer's not yet been found?"

"Oh, I'll not expect Carronder," I said; "but it's rather unusual to move into an apartment where the man before you was murdered."

"Rather," admitted the agent judicially. "But the premises have been cleared by the court. There are other inquiries for the place, Mr. Marlan—plenty—and it went on our list only this morning. It's quite the choicest situation on Park Avenue."

The girl again was observing me. "Oh, I want it," I replied hastily. "Prefer it, as a matter of fact."

"Very good," approved Puffy and swung about with his prepared, professional smile for the girl who had been waiting.

"And now, Miss—Miss—" he addressed her with an apologetic pause, as though protesting that of course he knew her very well, but, curse his wretched memory, her name for the instant eluded him.

She did not supply him with her name. "Your Park Avenue lists, please; or just off the avenue, between Fifty-fifth and Sixty-fifth," she requested in a quiet, pleasant voice with a timbre of liveliness you liked; but she paled a little, I thought, and her white hand was slightly shaky as she took the list. A bride-to-be, I guessed, asking for her first apartment. Undoubtedly, she had stared at me, for an instant, as she might have stared at the wall, dreaming of a home of her own. Yet she was so lovely that, if she never looked at me again, I did not want to leave.

She was slender and young; not twenty, I thought. She would be gay, but gentle, too. Hers were soft, level eyes of deep blue. Her cheek was smooth and white, with a glow of pink that was pulsing a little, due probably to nervousness.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pictures by
KENNETH CAMP

"I POINTED the pistol —it went off! He lay on the floor!"

[THE ROUND BULLET
Continued from Page Seven]

Her hair was fair and fine and yellow, like flax. It was not bobbed. It wound round her pretty head and gave poise to her youth.

A New York girl, I thought, of a family endowed with taste and culture as well as wealth. She was in white, except for a slash of black fur at her collar and upon her cuffs.

Puffy became aware of my lingering and smiled at me with slightly sardonic query: "Feeling a few qualms over the clanking cocktail shakers?"

"I was thinking," I said suddenly, "of moving in at once." The girl quickly looked at me.

"The redecorating!" objected Puffy reproachfully.

"Let it wait for a week," I said. "I'd like to be in tomorrow. Saturday I'll leave town and you can turn it over to the painters."

I could see that the girl was giving no attention to her list, but Puffy did not notice.

"Suit yourself," he agreed and passed me the keys. "Anything else now?"

I could think of nothing, and so I left. But it did seem to me that the girl appeared interested to know that I was to possess Carronder's apartment.

I moved in that afternoon, taking the place as Carronder (and the police) had left it; and, since it went furnished, I sat in Carronder's chair, read at his lamp, slept in his bed. Though I did not listen for clanking cocktail shakers, the murder was, not unnaturally, on my mind.

You must remember something of the sensation it stirred. Carronder had been the Beau Nash of Newport, the *Monsieur Beaucaire* of Park Avenue, the favorite of society, bridge expert and baccarat player, and plunger at Belmont and Saratoga.

He was a bachelor with twenty-eight acknowledged years, and looked no more.

Frequently, indeed, he looked less. No one knew, or cared, much about his boyhood. He had appeared in New York, a man young and debonair, daring — audacious, indeed — and handsome.

A MATRON, ill-mated, but with lineage older than the first Blue Book, encountered him at a bridge party for society charities. As her partner, he bid six no trump and was doubled; he redoubled and made a grand slam. The matron had a side bet on the hand which did not go to charity.

She sponsored Carronder. Within a year he had begun his brief, insolent reign, with matrons and maidens of society his subjects, submitting to his lightest word on bids, leads, finesses—and on many another matter than mere card-playing.

At cards, he charged them twenty dollars an hour for class instruction; a hundred dollars for forty minutes, privately. Outsiders—mere multimillionaires' wives—tried to bribe him to play with them. He ignored them and confined himself to the close, innermost circle of New York.

My firm, developers of Western water power, had sent me on from Chicago, and authorized my Park Avenue apartment, with its correlative extravagances, to meet New Yorkers of the right sort and interest them. I was as young as Carronder had been, supplied with much more money than he originally possessed, and I had backing; but, compared to him, I felt myself a blundering outsider.

Especially was this the case when I began, as I immediately did, to entertain in Carronder's apartment. My guests themselves told me who used to gather there.

"You had to be known to get in here," one commented, emphasizing the contrast.

There had been, however, a crack in Carronder's career.

On the evening of November 25, it happened to be, he had returned alone to the building and taken the elevator to his floor. He had said good night to the elevator boy in his pleasant, patronizing way. And that was the last seen of him alive. When his man came in, two hours later, Carronder lay, fully dressed, face down on the drawing-room rug with a bullet in him. He had been dead about an hour.

The murderer had left no clew as to his (or her) identity or motive. Two thousand dollars in bank notes, undisturbed, were in his pocket. Silver and gold and platinum articles —prizes, trophies, and purchases of his own— were found in their places.

THE police inquiry developed absolutely nothing, and the papers fared no better. They proved that the servant was simply a houseman and knew almost nothing of his master's affairs, having been in Carronder's employ only since October, when Carronder had returned from Europe.

Carronder had no known associates, except in that innermost circle to which he had penetrated. Everyone in it knew him. Everyone had chatted with him at teas, played bridge with him, or had danced with him. Everyone said this—and no more.

But some of them, at least, knew much more. Some of them could tell what slip Carronder had made that brought the sudden end to his arrogant reign and led to his execution. People came to call it execution, in accordance

with the theory that Carronder had been killed for offending some code of the circle into which he had penetrated but to which he did not belong.

The bullet found in his body was no ordinary bullet. It was, or had been, round, as no bullets are made today; a molded sphere of soft lead discharged from a firearm without rifling.

"Of course, no housebreaker ever carried such a gun. This was a personal affair." Such was the opinion of my guests, speculating upon the people who had had entry here when never a one of them could have got in.

For the moment the girl at the real-estate office recurred to me. Had she known Carronder and, possibly, come to card classes here?

"Sounded your place?" someone asked me.

"You know Carronder's personal papers—memoranda and notes and letters which any man has—never were found. The police searched, I hear, but got nothing. The idea, of course, was to get a line on who might be interested in firing the old-fashioned round lead bullet."

"I've looked the rooms over," I admitted, "and found nothing."

IT was a month and a few days since the murder, and I had been in the apartment nearly a week, when Puffy phoned me.

"How are you liking your place?" inquired Puffy.

"Very much."

"Staying on, then? Not interested in a sublease, at perhaps a bit of a bonus?"

"From whom?" I asked.

"Oh, just an inquiry."

"Not interested," I replied. "By the way, drop the decorating. I'm staying in town and the place is more popular if I keep it as Carronder had it."

"Quite so!" agreed Puffy, and added: "We should have put a premium on it."

* * *

I went out of town Saturday for the day. By midnight I was back and I had my key at my door about to click it into the lock when I heard a tapping within. I stopped and listened.

My man, I knew, wasn't in; for I'd let him go over the week-end. Someone was sounding my wall, methodically, but so carefully that it was discernible only when I was near the door.

I inserted my latchkey slowly, turned the

lock with no noise at all, and pushed open the door.

The light from a lamp showed me a woman on her knees at the wainscoting of the drawing-room. I gave her at first only a quick glance. For who might be with her?

Apparently she was alone.

She looked around. At sight of me, she struggled up from her knees, gasping, with the breath gone from her. The light was on her face and her flaxen hair. I recognized her. She was the girl of the Park Avenue list in the real-estate office!

I shut the door behind me, and if her heart was thumping so that she barely could breathe, so was mine.

She was in decollete under her evening cloak, which she had loosened. Her head was bare. The implement with which she had been tapping—it was a penholder padded in a handkerchief—dropped to her pretty, silver-slippered toes.

"You didn't go!" she gasped. "You didn't go!"

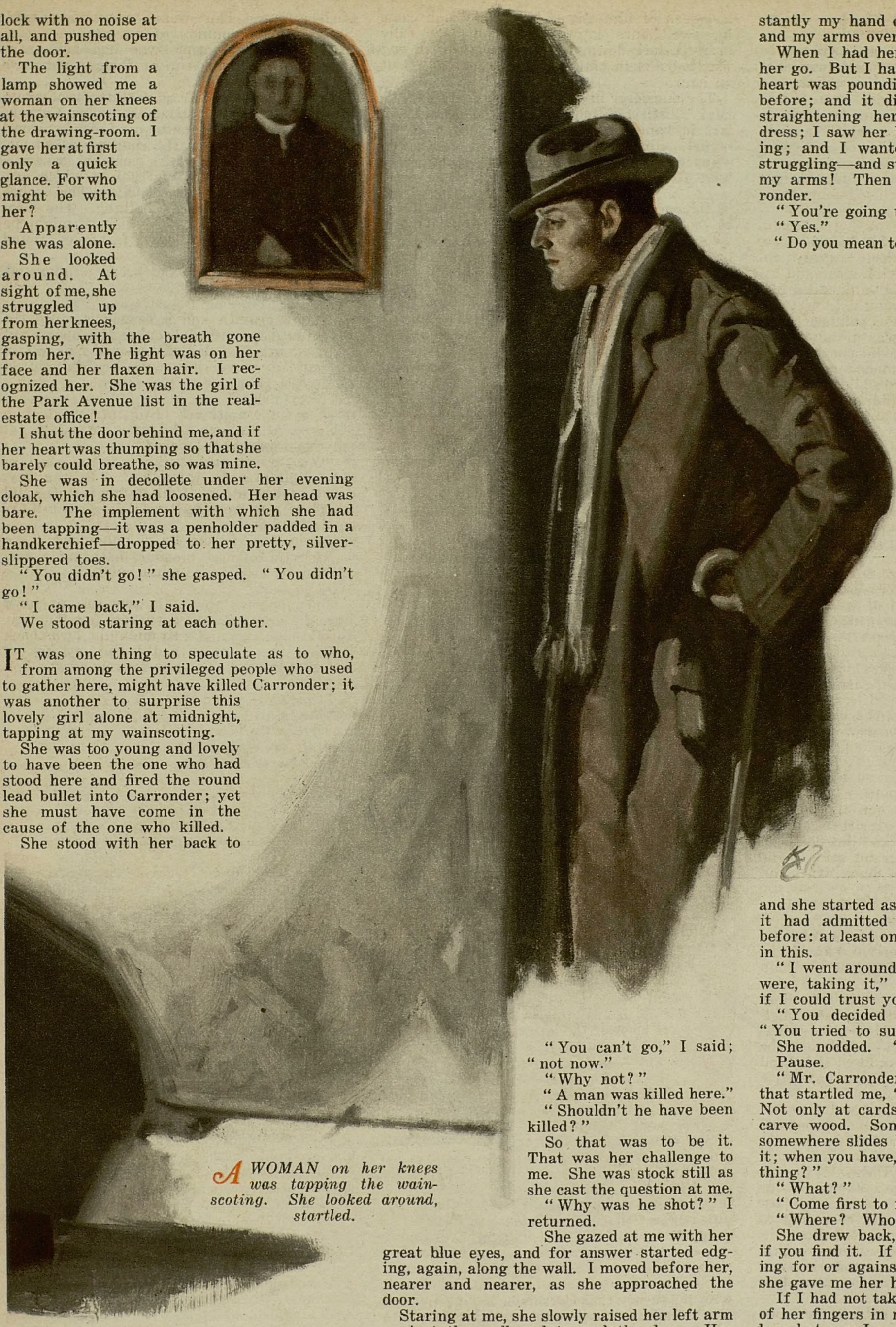
"I came back," I said.

We stood staring at each other.

IT was one thing to speculate as to who, from among the privileged people who used to gather here, might have killed Carronder; it was another to surprise this lovely girl alone at midnight, tapping at my wainscoting.

She was too young and lovely to have been the one who had stood here and fired the round lead bullet into Carronder; yet she must have come in the cause of the one who killed.

She stood with her back to the wall, gazing at me; and I thought, at first, she was steadying herself. Then I thought that, having discovered something, she was hiding it; but she denied this by edging along the wall, s'owly, very slowly. It was in the direction of the door; and I moved, watching her, between her and the door.



A WOMAN on her knees was tapping the wainscoting. She looked around, startled.

"You can't go," I said; "not now."

"Why not?"

"A man was killed here."

"Shouldn't he have been killed?"

So that was to be it. That was her challenge to me. She was stock still as she cast the question at me.

"Why was he shot?" I returned.

She gazed at me with her great blue eyes, and for answer started edging, again, along the wall. I moved before her, nearer and nearer, as she approached the door.

Staring at me, she slowly raised her left arm against the wall and toward the door. Her cloak disclosed her white throat, the whiteness of her shoulder and breast. A hand, slender and lovely, reached for the doorknob while eyes steadily searched me.

I looked up from her eyes to her brow and beautiful, beautiful hair. For that second I forgot the doorknob, and she had it; but instantly my hand caught hers. She struggled and my arms overpowered her.

When I had her away from the door, I let her go. But I had had her in my arms. My heart was pounding as never it had beaten before; and it didn't quiet. I watched her straightening her cloak and, under it, her dress; I saw her breast rise with her breathing; and I wanted her in my arms again, struggling—and still. I imagined her quiet in my arms! Then I reminded myself of Carronder.

"You're going to keep me?" she asked me.

"Yes."

"Do you mean to call the police?" she asked.

I hadn't time to think what I should do, but I refused the idea of police.

"Not the police," I said.

"What do you want to do with me?"

"Who are you?" I asked her; and for reply she studied me, thinking me over.

"YOU'LL find out if you happen on anything here," she answered at last. "Of course you'll look. I want you to," she added surprisingly. "I'd rather you'd find it than anyone else, if it's here. I'd thought of coming to you. I'd thought, even at the real-estate office, perhaps I could trust you."

"Did you?" I said; and felt her undermining me. She was, after a fashion, in my power; at least, I held an advantage over her. Naturally, therefore, she would flatter me. I realized all this, and said: "I see. You were at the office to get this apartment."

"I didn't know what I wanted to do. I'd just learned it was returned for renting. I'd just seen it in the paper. Of course, we'd been watching."

"'We,'" I repeated, and she started as I caught at her word. But it had admitted only what I had believed before: at least one other, besides herself, was in this.

"I went around to the office; and there you were, taking it," she said; "and I wondered if I could trust you."

"You decided you couldn't," I answered. "You tried to sublet the place."

She nodded. "I wish I'd trusted you."

Pause.

"Mr. Carronder," she said in a low voice that startled me, "was clever with his hands. Not only at cards; he liked to use tools and carve wood. Some panel or board or edge somewhere slides back and opens. You'll find it; when you have, will you do, for me, just one thing?"

"What?"

"Come first to me."

"Where? Who are you?"

She drew back, frightened. "You'll know if you find it. If you don't, you can do nothing for or against me. Good night!" And she gave me her hand.

If I had not taken it, if I had not the grasp of her fingers in mine, I might have detained her; but now I could not. Besides, what could I do, if I did not call the police?

She drew her hand from me and, with no attempt at stealth, opened the door, slipped through, and shut it swiftly behind her.

I shut myself in nearly all Sunday, but discovered nothing in my panels.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE ROUND BULLET
Continued from Page Nine]

On Monday I dropped in on Puffy and inquired who had tried to sublet my apartment. He did not know; it had been merely a telephoned inquiry.

"By the way, do you remember the girl who was in here when I took the place?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Puffy.

"Who was she?"

"Oh, I don't know that; but I recollect her perfectly."

A heap of help he was!

IT was Wednesday, about five in the afternoon, when I found it in my dressing-room. The mirror of an inset shaving-glass slid upward when pressed in a certain manner. I had taken to testing everything.

Behind it appeared a solid wall, but there was a crack the police searchers had missed, and by it I discovered a cubicle crammed with papers — letters, mostly women's letters, in their envelopes with stamps and postmarks.

In one pile ran a recent series, all in one hand, addressed to Carronder variously at Como, Montreaux, Deauville. They bore Swiss stamps and the postmarks of Lucerne—all but the last two, which were French stamped and postmarked Paris.

They were love letters; and those from Lucerne were all messages of longing, of demand, of beseechings to Carronder to come or send for her who signed herself, after various endearments, "Aimee."

Between these and the two from Paris, addressed to Deauville, was a break in time; but it was perfectly plain there had been no break in the friendship of the principals. Quite the contrary, indeed, was indicated in the last two letters. Aimee and Carronder had met; and there was mention, in retrospect, of Argeles. It is a town in the south of France in the Hautes Pyrenees.

Twice the letters betrayed the name Leithridge and several times referred to Sudry. Even to me, a stranger in Manhattan, the names joined—Sudry Leithridge. The phone book printed such a name and supplied an address upon upper Fifth Avenue.

I had provided myself some time before with copies of the New York papers of the days immediately following the killing of Carronder. Now I reviewed them for reference to the Leithridges. There was none. The New York public apparently had been entirely unaware of Carronder's close concern with any of the Leithridges.

I returned the letters to the cubicle, replaced the mirror, and went to look up a man who knew everyone of importance in New York.

"Sudry Leithridge?" he repeated. "The finest old chap on the island."

"Old?"

"And ailing, I hear. Looks like the father of his wife."

"What's she like?"

"Aimee? A blonde and a beauty! Why? Meeting them?"

I didn't tell him, but returned to my apartment to look again at the letters.

I had denied to myself, when I was with her who had called on me—her whom I had surprised tapping at my wainscot and whom I had held, for a moment, in my arms—that she could have been the killer of Carronder. Doubly I wanted to deny that it could have been she who had written these pages of love to Carronder at Como, Montreaux, and—after that half-told interlude at Argeles—at Deauville. But what had she, herself, said to me?

"If you happen on anything here, you'll know who I am. If you don't, you can do nothing for or against me."

If I happened on it, I was to go first to her: that was what she had asked me. I had not agreed to it; but now I went down and directed a taxi to the address in the phone book. Probably she had not actually fired the soft, round bullet; probably Sudry, her husband, had done that; but she must be the Aimee of these letters!

My taxi stopped before a great stone mansion and I ascended stone steps to a door where a manservant in livery received my card and bore it away. Returning, he reported that Mrs. Leithridge was in and would see me. He led me into a drawing-room, where I waited.

Presently upon the stairs appeared pretty feet, slender legs, a silk skirt, and a white hand and arm. Now I saw a flaxen head, and I arose, with heart beating so that it choked me. Here she was.

Than I saw this was not she! I was aware of it before noticing this woman was older.

She was so nervous as she approached that she could scarcely repeat my name as she greeted me.

I answered: "Mrs. Leithridge?"

"Yes," she said. "Please—please sit down." And she looked about, frightened and jumpy.

So she was Aimee! This woman was the correspondent of Carronder. This was the one who had met him at Argeles! The other girl, whoever she was and whatever part she had played in these events, was not the Aimee of the letters in my pocket.

MY appearance at this house would have served as a signal to the other that I had found Carronder's cache, and I saw that this woman completely comprehended my call.

She glanced about again nervously and started up.

"Let us step in here," she suggested, making a motion toward a room at the left. Then she seemed to forget her suggestion.

"I had a talk last week," I said, "with—with——"

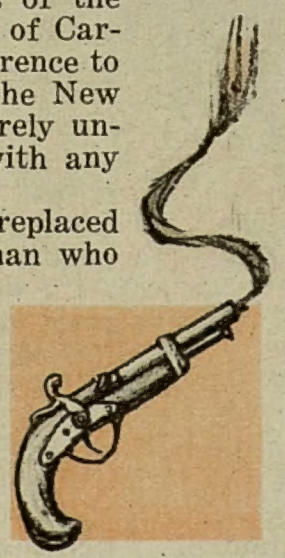
"My daughter, Mr. Marlan."

"Your daughter!" I repeated.

"I was married very, very young."

"Yes," I said, and counted nineteen years for the girl who had called on me. Adding eighteen, perhaps, for the mother when she married, my reckoning kept Aimee in her thirties. It was no trick, I knew, for modern care and cosmetics to peel an apparent decade from a woman's actual age.

"She's out. But don't go, please!" Aimee pleaded. "I want to talk to you."



"Very well."

"You—found something?"

"What she wanted, I'm quite sure."

"I thought so! I thought so!"

More than mere years distinguished this mother from her daughter. The resemblance of figure and coloring and hair became simply superficial. No quality of the girl's gentleness resided in the mother. Her eyes looked at you less steadily, altogether differently.

Of course this woman was guilty—at least of the letters.

"My daughter is with her father," said Aimee Leithridge and I caught the timbre of alarm in the last word. "They will soon be in. I want to talk to you; but—will you wait?"

"For your husband?" I asked.

She whispered, looking around: "Till he's out of the way!"

"Oh!"

"Will you go out and come back? No—no!" Almost immediately she forbade her own suggestion. "Wait, please, a minute."

She arose and left me—I thought, to regain her composure; and she was gone much more than a minute. She hurried back, summoned by the opening of a door down the hallway; and in the door appeared my girl and a man much older, with his hand upon her arm.

Aimee ran to him and kissed him, and he shifted his hand from his daughter's arm to his wife's. He looked in at me.

I knew, before she made introduction, that he was Sudry Leithridge. White-haired he was, and thin; and he straightened himself only to reach for support, like a sick man. Upon sight, I liked him; his daughter, indebted for figure and coloring and hair to her mother, inherited her quality from him.

"A friend of Doris', Sudry," said Aimee of me; and I realized she had called me Markham, not Marlan.

"How do you do?" said Sudry. Doris approached, like the friend she was supposed to be.

She gave me her hand, and, holding my fingers, she led me into the room toward which her mother, a few minutes earlier, had started with me—and then drawn back.

"You found it?" Doris Leithridge whispered to me.

"I found it."

"Mother knows?"

"Yes."

"Father mustn't know! Not a thing—not a word of it!"

She was clinging to me, appealing with the pull of her fingers on mine and her eyes beseeching me. "He's sick, don't you see? He knows nothing. He adores her; oh, stand by me!"

Heaven knows, with her clinging to me, appealing to me, I longed to. But murder had been done; I must not forget it.

Sudry called to his daughter, "Doris, bring Mr. Markham back."

"You must rest," his wife urged him. "You've had a tiring ride."

"I'm not tired at all," he objected, with the obstinacy of the ailing, and would not be sent upstairs. He merely discarded his overcoat and joined Doris and me.

His wife followed him and he turned to her, smiling as he grasped her hand and patted it. "Don't worry so about me, Aimee."

She supported him, while she gazed at me in appeal; and we all sat down, exchanging formal inquiries and answers.

Doris was between her father and me. I had to look past her when I spoke to him.

"From the West, are you?" Sudry asked.

"Chicago," I told him.

"Mr. Markham is an artist," Aimee put in hastily. "Doris and I met him last week at an exhibit in Washington Square. He has a studio near there."

SHE supplied me with the profession and address to head off, I knew, answers which might trace me to Carronder's quarters.

"Landscapes or portraits?" asked Sudry of me.

"Oh, landscapes!" said Doris quickly, adhering to her mother's plan and adding her appeal to me.

"Studied abroad?" inquired Sudry.

"Yes," I replied.

"France, I suppose. I'm familiar with France."

"I painted one summer," I replied, and could not resist the thrust, "at Argeles."

It stirred never a quiver in Sudry. His daughter had told the truth—he was utterly innocent of any association with Argeles.

But his wife gazed, appalled, at me. Was I to play with them and then betray her? As to Doris, she seemed not to have heard.

"I do not know Argeles," said Sudry calmly; and Doris remained unmoved. "But I like landscapes," Sudry continued. "Let me show you my landscapes."

With some little difficulty he got to his feet, supported between his wife and daughter.

"Father," begged Doris, "you must rest."

"I want to show Mr. Markham my pictures."

"Mr. Markham will come again," said Doris, gazing at me.

But Sudry shook them off, obstinately. "My wife and daughter worry too much about me, Markham," he said proudly. "This way." And, unaided, he stepped toward the door to the left.

We entered a small cluttered room of the sort dubbed a den, where a man collects odd things. Guns were here.

Guns—old guns, arquebuses, matchlocks, flintlocks, cap guns, derringers, single-barreled, double-barreled; guns and pistols with plain stocks, silver-inlaid stocks, old guns of

a hundred bores, patterns, and lengths mantled the walls.

I stopped short, in mind of the old-fashioned round lead bullet, fired from a barrel without rifling, which had killed Carronder; and Sudry, now on my arm, halted too.

"You like guns? Old guns?" he asked me, his eyes alight at my interest in his hobby. He forgot his infirmity and reached up for an arquebus which he handed to me fondly.

"Splendid smithwork, Markham, and shoots surprisingly true."

"You mean you've fired it?" I asked.

"I've fired every weapon in this room; had every one put in working order and tried out at my farm."

"How could you fire them?"

"Show Mr. Markham your pictures, dear," his wife urged, attempting to lead him on. "He's an artist; he's not interested in old guns."

"He is," insisted Sudry, and told me: "I had a real old-style match fuse made for this one and that row there; and percussion caps for the Civil War type. I had old bullets molded."

"Round lead bullets?" I asked; and it was like the mention of Argeles, appalling Aimee, but stirring no quiver in Sudry.

DORIS gazed at me mutely and claimed her father from me. "You must rest, father. Mr. Markham and you will have the evening. We will make him stay for dinner."

"Oh, will you, Markham? That's good," said Sudry. "Then we'll have a go over the guns together. Don't often meet a man so keen on old guns." He lost his obstinacy, for he was tired. "Look them over yourself, all you like; but be careful of the loaded one," he cautioned and pointed to an old blue-barreled derringer. "There is a charge in that one, Markham, and a cap on it. It came to me that way. There's a sentiment about it—never mind."

His wife helped him away and his daughter went with him out of the room. "Wait; wait," Doris whispered.

Perhaps she meant more than that I was merely to delay in the room; she meant to do nothing, examine nothing, while I waited. But I accepted her father's permission and reached up on the wall, taking down the loaded derringer.

It was not loaded! There was no cap on it; and there was no charge or ball in the barrel. I blew through it from primer to muzzle.

Doris returned while I had it in my hands; and she closed both doors to the little den. So there we faced each other in her fine old mansion—she, the daughter of Sudry Leithridge, and I, a stranger from Chicago, holding the pistol that had fired the round bullet that had killed Carronder.

"This has been discharged," I said, and I was shaking nearly as much as she. "When you put it back, you didn't reload it because you couldn't."

"Give it to me!" she begged, but I backed away from her, sick at heart as I gazed at her.

Someone was at the door. It was Aimee.

"Go to your father!" she cried to Doris. "At once! Keep him upstairs!" And she thrust her daughter from the room, closed the door, and then listened until she was sure that Doris had obeyed.

She stared at the pistol in my hand, but she did not ask for it. "You have my letters," she whispered. "You have them with you."

She glanced about, and I felt that an impulse seized her to catch at my coat and struggle with me on a chance of snatching away her letters; but it was merely a flash in her mind.

"You're not married?" she asked me. "You've never been married?"

"No."

"Oh! But I was married when I was eighteen and he was forty. He wanted me and I wanted to be Mrs. Sudry Leithridge. I thought that was enough for marriage—before I married. Yet I've been a good wife to him!"

"A good wife?" I repeated. I had not meant to be drawn into argument with her; but I could not restrain this.

"I was a good wife," she cried, "for twenty years! Doesn't that count in my favor? And I was a good mother, too!"

I WITHDREW a little, sick at heart as I thought of her daughter.

"Isn't she lovely?" her mother demanded of me. "She shows what I was for twenty years. I swear to you that Argeles was the one slip in all my life. And Argeles would have been over forever, whether Chad Carronder lived or died."

"Or was shot!" I said.

She went whiter. "Nothing like Argeles would have happened again!" she whispered. "My husband's health snapped. From the moment he was stricken, I've devoted myself to him. You see how he trusts me. You'll not end that when he's sick—so sick and needs me so!"

"Carronder," I reminded.

"He knew his way with cards, but not with horses and the stock market. He lost and lost, and he came to me for money.

HER hand reached the doorknob, but instantly my hand caught hers.

"He called it a loan; I had no choice but to give it to him. He asked for more; and I gave it. Then more still. I hadn't more. He said I must get it and he held my letters over me.

"I'd bought them back, for he'd promised to give them to me after my last 'loan.' But he broke his word and threatened me again. When I went to talk with him, I passed through this room. There was the pistol, and I picked it up and took it to frighten him! That's all I meant to do! I only meant to make him *give* me the letters.

"I pointed the pistol—it went off! He lay on the floor!"

SHE stepped back from me, gasping. She had confessed. Catching at a chair, Aimee sank upon it, staring at me, to whom she had admitted the murder of which I held proof.

"Give me the letters now!" she begged.

I made no reply, but I buttoned my coat over the letters.

"Your daughter?" I asked, with my heart hollow. "Where was your daughter that night?"

"At home here. She knew nothing about it until it was over. She met me when I returned—and I told her. I couldn't help it. I love her and I was afraid. You see, I hadn't brought away the letters. I'd stopped only to snatch up a key—with an idea of going back for the letters. But I didn't go back—then or later."

"No; your daughter went for you!"

"Night and morning," Aimee ran on in her wild whisper, "Doris and I watched the papers. And no one found anything. No one *knew* anything was there. Then the apartment was up for rent. There'd be redecorating; the letters might be found. Doris dropped in the renting office, and there she saw you."

Image of her, as first I'd seen her, floated before me; and I reviewed my fancies of her, knowing now what had been in her mind—the knowledge of the murder and, more than that, of Argeles!

"She heard then when I expected to be away," I said.

"We talked you over, afterward. Doris wanted to trust you. She believed it might be better to go outright to you."

"She wanted to?" I repeated, with my pulses perversely leaping. What feeling should I have for her now?

"She did, but I was afraid to. So she took the key—and you came in on her."

I moved toward the door.

I was sorry for the sick man upstairs with such a wife. I was sorry; yet he was a man with his life behind him. My duty, in this matter of murder, seemed plain.

I opened the door—opened it with Aimee trying to stop me.

OUTSIDE, her daughter approached. She hurried to us and I retreated. She slipped in and closed the door.

With her arm tenderly and lovingly around her mother, she confronted me. "She has told you?"

"All!" cried Aimee; and Doris kissed her.

I gazed at the girl in complete disregard of the contents of the letters in my pocket, in complete disregard of Argeles.

"What are you going to do?" Doris asked, looking at me with the eyes that had wished on that first day to trust me with her secret; and afterward she would have trusted me, but for her mother's fear.

"Do?" I said. "I'm leaving."

Phrases from my pocket, from Aimee's declarations to Carronder and from her retrospect after Argeles, raced in my head; phrases and facts which this girl had tried so hard to keep from her father and from the leering eyes of the world.

Thank God, I was thinking; thank God these letters came only to me.

I had no longer to think what I would do: I did it.

I thrust the letters at Aimee.

She fled with them; and there, surrounded by the old guns, Doris and I stood.

She seized my hand. "Thank you! Oh, I thank you, thank you!" And again, for she was shaking so, I had her in my arms, and she said:

"I told mother that we would do better to trust you."

THE END

The FUTILITY of

An Uncensored View into the Wilds of Post-War Society

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

An Article by

ROSITA FORBES

ROSAMUND had every intention, as she expressed it, of "wallowing in life."

"There are still a few older men," murmured Jean's mother. "I've told my little girl she can't afford to choose."

"You may be right. But Rosamund looks very young. I think her eighteenth birthday can be postponed for a year or two. By that time there will be some eldest sons out of school."

Neither woman dreamed that there could be any career for her daughter except marriage with the first suitable man who desired her. The "suitable" referred to the prospective bridegroom's status, financial or social, not to his character, age, or tastes.

I WENT to Jean's wedding. It was one of the first big functions after the war, and the press was lyrical about the bride's beauty. She had a small, pale, heart-shaped face, cupped by honey-gold hair, the weight of which, close wound on her nape, seemed always to tilt back her head.

She wore gold brocade and was followed through a lily-scented church by a pageant of mediaeval pages and bridesmaids. The procession might have walked out of a Rembrandt canvas. Even the bride's flowers were gilded!

"Most suitable," said the less successful mothers among the spectators. The press, having selected the oldest adjectives and the newest nouns to describe the youth of the bride and the magnificence of her trousseau, found nothing to say of her bridegroom. He had *done* nothing except pursue the fair and evade the brave, so the pressmen let themselves go on what he *had*. I watched the two come down the aisle. Jean's head, as usual, was flung back. She was slight and delicate, taller than the elderly, bald-headed peer who walked beside her. She looked faintly puzzled and there were two small lines at the corners of her mouth. Nobody noticed them, for she was wearing the hereditary emeralds of her husband's house.

"Bad form at her wedding," murmured someone.

"Very comforting," retorted her neighbor. "And so prophetic."

Several years passed, and, except for an occasional glimpse at a night club, I never saw Jean. I read about her parties when I was steaming homeward from Africa or Arabia. I saw pictures of her clothes and jewels with a small, withdrawn, elusive Jean inside them or behind them. I knew that royalty godmothered or godfathered her children.

A few weeks ago the most perfectly tailored and incredibly expressionless apparition stopped me in Bond Street.

"I haven't seen you for years. Come and lunch with me at the Ritz," it said with a smile that seemed to hurt its mouth.

"Jean, my dear, come home with me—there may be two cutlets."

I felt I simply could not sit opposite that smile in a restaurant.

"Lunch at home! What an idea!"

But she came. A perfect hat, speared with Cartier's latest creation in diamonds and a few other stones, was thrown on a chair. She was exquisitely shingled, superlatively manicured. Shorn, with her hair, of any individuality,

WHILE the Armistice bells still were echoing, two women came to tea with me in London. They wore enormous hats and orchids and the type of simple black that is so much more expensive than any color possibly can be. One of them smoked through a lapis lazuli holder.

"I've taken to it since my place has been a hospital. It routs the iodoform," she said.

"I didn't know you were ever there," I remarked.

She smiled the smile that photographers had immortalized against a background of carefully arranged nurses.

"I never spend more than a week in the same place," she replied.

Sugar was produced from the new jeweled boxes that Bond Street had invented.

"So bad for the figure," affirmed my second guest, who was roped in pearls said to have been given her by a royal godmother. They were, I suppose, the forerunners of the twenty miles sold by a society shop since the fashion for false jewelry has been in full blast.

The smoker glanced up.

"One should not take it at all—I *hate* sweet tea—except for these ducks of boxes."

Then they began talking about their daughters.

"Jean is seventeen. I have been giving a few small dances, but the men are so difficult."

"Gun-shy!" I interpolated, amused.

"Why don't you keep her back for a year or two, like my Rosamund?"

"No. She cramps my style. I'm going to marry her off at once."

The other was impressed.

"My dear, you always do manage to get what you want, but what's left of the eligibles could be picked up on blotting-paper."

Fashionable LIFE

quite ageless, Jean demanded a cocktail. She drank two. During lunch she absorbed—there is really no other word for it—a considerable amount of burgundy and several glasses of port. Afterward she took brandy.

"You may leave the bottle on the table," I told an enthralled butler.

He departed regretfully. Jean's face remained colorless. I had a horrible feeling that there was nothing at all behind it. Her eyes were quite blank and more hardly impersonal than I had ever imagined gold-green eyes could be. Cruelly, she refilled her glass.

"He won't be divorced," she said. "He won't even divorce me. If I leave him, he says I shall never see my children again."

The third and fourth brandies brought no change to her leaden voice.

"Do you want to marry someone else?" I asked.

"I shouldn't mind," she said, and I wanted to ask her to stop smiling. It must have hurt her mouth so dreadfully.

"Why don't you risk it and clear out?" I asked.

"A woman with a stigma!" she mocked. "I shouldn't mind that."

She finished a seventh glass of brandy, rose unmoved, and opened a vanity case before the mirror.

"I wish one could find a really indelible lip salve. Care to come to Chanel's show this afternoon? I want to see that waterfall model." And then, as she bunched up the collar of her sables, "My dear, I couldn't leave the children with him—they don't quite deserve that of me."

ROSAMUND'S wedding took place two years after Jean's. The bride wore lace, with the longest train I've ever seen. She carried lilies of the valley.

"So virginal," said her mother, who was possibly aware of experiments that had imperiled such an adjective.

Rosamund had every intention, as she expressed it, of "wallowing in life," with marriage first as the springboard from which she could dive into one experience after another. Her bridegroom was a small, thin, æsthetic person, and, in appearance, completely passionless.

The dark vividness and force of Rosamund must have hypnotized him; or perhaps his mother, intent on acquiring a fortune to regild an ancient coronet, had nagged him into the match.

From the very beginning Rosamund's marriage was a success—so said Society. At every necessary function she was shadowed by a discreetly bored husband—and, of course, by other men less bored and less discreet. She refurbished the family castle and sold the old-fashioned town residence. She bought a house at Newmarket and a flat in Park Lane, in neither of which was there any room for children.

"I can't bear sitting still," she said, and her life, translated by telephones, airplanes, and speed models of everything that could move on land or sea, developed into an example of perpetual motion. Her husband, more shadowy than ever, gave up attempting to keep pace. Wireless jazz drove him into a separate flat, but relays of sleek dark youths from Brazil prevented his absence being noticed.

"Such a satisfactory arrangement," murmured the dancing dowagers when, the husband's incongruous presence being removed to the Pamirs, the wife could give uncontrolled parties to the young and the desperately young. I was taken to one of these.

EVERYONE undressed under the impression that they were dressing up.

Royalty—the kind that scintillates entirely on its own merits—was very much present. Everyone undressed under the impression that they were dressing up, and they frequently changed their disguises to be quite sure they were enjoying themselves.

One party of six drank twelve quarts of champagne at supper. The hostess had black circles under her eyes, which seemed to have sunk into her head, but she was very gay—in spasms.

My last memory of the party—about 4 A. M.—was of a disheveled voice screaming above a cacophony of metal: "I *want* to be hap-py——"

Next day—no, the same day—I lunched with a politician's wife at a very famous house. Seven women, most of whom had done things—or tried to do them, which is sometimes even better—sat in a silver drawing-room with coral cushions, and talked of the strike and the Russo-Lithuanian treaty and who would fill the next vacancy in the Cabinet.

"We're waiting for little Lady X," said our hostess. "Marian asked me to be kind to her."

NOW, Marian was young and gay, but Marian was also in love with her own husband and very nearly a princess, so we quite understood we had to wait for her protegee. We stopped talking politics and said how amazing Rosamund was. Her horse had won a classic race. She had flown to Egypt, made a success of a perfectly impossible charity, launched new artists, new dances, new hats, new drinks, and almost a new language. She had kept her complexion, her husband (in the distance), and most of her reputation.

After twenty minutes, Rosamund appeared. Listlessly she apologized:

"I was up so late—no, so early——"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

Our hostess, very proficient, swept us into the dining-room. Rosamund refused a cocktail. "It would be the last straw," she remarked, and regarded the culinary triumphs of Monsieur Auguste with an eye that became more and more jaundiced.

"Aren't you well?" I asked, under the current of talk which had swept back to international affairs.

Rosamund turned to me a face reminiscent of the worst Channel crossings.

"I don't think I can stick it much longer," she said and gulped.

Our hostess was in every way efficient. With a single movement she rose from the table, swept her tottering guest to the door, and pushed her off the farthest edge of the farthest Persian mat. One felt she would have been equally effective with an overfed Pekingese, or her grandchild on a midwinter Atlantic!

Later I took Rosamund home.

"Hadn't you better see a doctor?" I asked.

"What could he do for me?" retorted my companion, twisting and jerking on the cushions of the car. "I took too much last night. The damned stuff's losing its effect."

"Too much what?" I asked, remembering the mortuary of gold-foiled bottles.

She looked at me contemptuously.

"Cocaine. How do you suppose I could get through this hell of a life without it?"

Of course, these are two extreme cases. The majority of society is conscientious, hard working, and hard up. There is, however, a small and frivolous set, chiefly among the too rich or the too poor—product of a post-war restlessness and laxity—which, in a desperate search for happiness, apparently achieves enough misery to satisfy the narrowed moralist.

A FEW years ago, if you visited a certain famous night club, you might have seen a gay party at the best table in the corner. The host and hostess, eminent in several worlds, quite probably were entertaining the host's mistress, who happened to be the unmarried daughter of his best friend; her father and his mistress (the wife of a well known but discreetly absent sportsman); the host's debutante and particularly brilliant daughter; a much talked of duke; the society girl with regard to whom his intentions were as well known as they were dishonorable; her even more emancipated friend; and the peer old enough to be her father with whom this latter was living. Strangers were delighted if the head waiter pointed out the distinguished group.

"I've seen every one of them in the papers!" they would think, and go away satisfied that they had formed part of the smartest crowd in London—the smartest, perhaps, if brains and wealth and opportunity count for smartness, but the most futile if ranked by achievement, and the most bitterly disillusioning for women. And how futile!

I knew a girl who was the brightest star in this peculiar firmament. She refused several offers of marriage to become the mistress of one of the cleverest international financiers. She adored him and was, in turn, adored by a several-times-married peer, whose attractions apparently neither time nor the divorce court can dim. For a time she played her part in the not inconsiderable worlds ruled by these two men.

The best of the other world pitied her, because she was so very much in love. Simultaneously both men tired of her. Her father, occupied with a new affair, was glad of any excuse to refuse her sanctuary. Her mother, contemplating another marriage, was too preoccupied to bother about a notorious daughter. Eventually the lovers decided that the girl would be more permanently off their hands if they married her to someone suitably pliant and insignificant.

I saw the girl—wife now in name—when I was last in Egypt. She was laughing in a Cairo bar, surrounded by men, all intent on having a good time. She was beautifully dressed and painted, and, whenever her laughter flagged, she looked sadder than anything I saw at the front.

THERE was another girl, a passionate, red-lipped *Freya,* daughter of a great house, whose traditions could not control her temperament. She fell in love with a man as well known as her own father, became, as she cheerfully remarked, "an outcast for him," and, because his wife would not divorce him, has lived a homeless life for years, hearing, in night clubs and cabarets, tales of his children's successes in the world that should have been hers.

She had the pluck of the devil, was the best child rider in the shires, and was imperious to pain; but, like Rosamund, she could not stick the pace unaided. I see her, always gay and always drinking in the small hours, dimmed but still gay at restaurant lunches, and I wonder if she is ever happy.

Youth lasts so short a time in that set; even massaged, astringented, violet-rayed, and, finally, operated youth. An Arab girl to whom I described the normal European life, which fashion would consider so dull, once said to me:

"Do you ever have time to think?"

Again when I commiserated with her loneliness, she said:

"Happiness comes from within. We have leisure to cultivate it."

There is no leisure amid the feverishly fashionable and scarcely time to seize the next illusive and disillusioning sensation. There is an ever present specter of old age.

Now let's have done with extremes and consider the life of the ordinary woman who lives for fashion and the public that acclaims it. One I know is the widow of a great diplomat, and, because she has a genius for dress, and her masseuse has genius in her finger-tips, she looks ten years younger than her age—except that her eyes are always worried.

She is very gallant and she never acknowledges defeat. Her house is one of the largest in London and so is her circle of acquaintances. She has no friends. Very tall, very dark, very efficient, she is the hope of insolvent charities, of functions that want organizers, of politicians who want secrecy—the sort, of course, that erupts at the right moment—of painters who want publicity, of authors who don't mind being talked *to* before they are talked *about.*

She is so full of herself that she never has time to read or hear about anyone else. She is invited to every large party, because her diamonds and her wit are equally brilliant and because her balls are the most crowded in London. She is never seen at those delightful, intimate, small affairs which cement old friendships and pave the way for new ones, because her conversation, being strenuously personal, creates an atmosphere of dumbness around her.

She is the busiest woman in London and I see her in a turmoil of dressmakers, caterers, decorators, society paragraphers, impossible young men who want to be launched, old men who want to think they're young—always twenty minutes late, never enjoying the party of the moment, for fear of missing the dance of the next moment. I don't think she ever sleeps, but perhaps the growing rolls of press cuttings on her breakfast tray compensate for her incredible number of efforts.

Of her three daughters, two have been pushed into the most eligible matrimony, and the third, who has ash-gold hair and a will of her own, insisted so obstinately on marrying a second secretary in an Eastern legation that she disappeared not only from her mother's horizon but from her mind. A month or two ago this successful, prominent, and eternally busy woman sat on my sofa and wept.

"I've got nothing to look forward to," she said.

Here is the gist of the whole matter!

There is no future for the victims of fashion.

The whirl first stimulates, then hypnotizes, and at last exhausts them; but they have been so long immersed in futilities that they cannot struggle free. If, all your life, you've been taking cocktails, mental, physical, and spirituous, to prepare you for the next negligible but violent incident, it is impossible to face anything, let alone real life, without a stimulant.

One woman I knew decided to give up champagnes.

"I find a scene with my husband or my maid is just as exhilarating," she remarked. She lost both within the year!

The fashionable have nothing but themselves to fall back on when age or accident or dawning sanity pushes them out of the race, and, alas, after thirty years of "pleasure," that is worse than having nothing at all!

AMERICA was the first to realize that every parent owes a profession to a daughter as well as to a son. In the States, each college-trained girl has the chance of a career. If she chooses marriage, it is up to her to make it as successful as any other job she undertakes. She realizes, even though she be a daughter of Park Avenue and an industrial king, that marriage is a choice, not a necessity.

England, following suit, has sent her daughters into offices and studies, factories and agencies, and they are setting an example to Mayfair.

A few days ago, two mothers came to tea with me. One was the wife of a very rich man. The other bore a great name. When they began talking of their daughters, I was reminded of that other tea party in Armistice week. Both women looked about thirty. They were shingled and scented and they smoked Russian cigarettes. One wore lizard chiffon and a quaint coat edged with a fur too new for a name. The other was sabled and impatient of the weight.

"I'm determined my daughter shall learn to do something with her hands. I hate mine when they're idle," said the first.

"Don't bring her out too soon. Let her make up her mind what she's interested in, and, when she's learned to do it, you can fit the parties in between," returned the other, pushing a Reboux hat into an un-Parisian angle. They talked of schools.

"I know one in Vienna," said my contemporary of the lizard chiffon, "where, besides an admirable general education, they teach each girl a handicraft. My Pam is going there. I'm flying over next week to see the place."

"Let's go together. It sounds like just what I want for Anne—she's got to have a job."

The wife of millions crushed her sables into a corner and dropped ash on my new taffeta covers, as she thought of an apricot-haired imp with a beguiling smile.

"I'm determined my child shall be free."

None of the furiously fashionable are free. Rosamund and Jean and all the illicit lovers of the famous night club were prisoners of their own appetites or possessions.

It will interest me very much to go to the weddings of Pamela and Anne.

THE END

EAT SOUP and KEEP WELL!

"SUCCESS is largely a matter of habit," wrote a very successful man. Just as truly he might have said that *health* is largely a matter of habit. For success, socially or in business life, goes hand in hand with health. Of course what this prominent man meant was that being successful and happy and prosperous depended on doing daily a few essential things which in a short time became matters of habit. After that, the desired rewards are reaped with surprising regularity.

Buoyant, rosy health seems so far off and difficult to attain, for many people. "If only I wouldn't tire so easily!" "If I only had the pep and go of Alice—!" Don't you hear remarks like these almost every day?

YET SCIENCE is teaching us as never before that good health depends mostly on a few simple fundamental rules, certain to bring the wished-for results, if only—and this is the all-important fact—if only these simple rules are followed habitually from day to day. Sleep, exercise, the open air, the right kind of food!

Eating soup and keeping well go hand in hand. Soup is one of the foods the experts tell us should be eaten every day. Soup appears in the daily menus for the family table as recommended by the leading dietitians and teachers of domestic science. Soup is a hot, liquid food which has a special place and usefulness in the daily diet, well recognized by the authorities. So do not think of soup as simply a delicious dish to be served or omitted as your fancy pleases. For soup *belongs* in the daily diet and should be eaten regularly, not just occasionally.

AND HERE are the reasons: Soup offers to your appetite a variety of tempting and delightful flavors you cannot get in any other food. Soup stimulates the appetite, arouses the desire for food, not only satisfies you but makes you keen for your other food as well. Soup causes the digestive juices to flow more freely. This has a favorable effect both on appetite and digestion. Not only is more food eaten but it is assimilated into the body tissues more thoroughly.

Let this be one of your daily habits that go so far toward the building of health and success. Let no day go by without its plateful of hot, nourishing, delicious soup. You will enjoy it so much and it will do you so much good. So easy and convenient, too, with all the charming soups to choose from at your store!

If I may speak, as man and sheik,
This secret I'll impart:
Each Campbell's kind will always find
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Who Won the War?

Some Cold Facts Bearing on a Warm Question

An Article by
BRIGADIER GENERAL
HENRY J. REILLY, O. R. C.

Picture by KENNETH CAMP

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The views that Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly, O. R. C., expresses in the following article are not necessarily those of LIBERTY. We think, for example, that he has not sufficiently emphasized the importance of the British navy in the war. Had Britain not virtually commanded the sea from the beginning of the war, the conflict might have had another outcome.

As General Reilly points out, Great Britain's policy has been to exercise her armed pre-eminence on the sea; and no modern nation has established supremacy both on sea and on land.

Yet General Reilly's views are entitled to most respectful consideration. He is an army officer of wide general experience, whose service record is exceptionally distinguished.

A graduate of West Point in 1904, he had previously served as a private in Troop C of the New York Cavalry. He subsequently saw service in the Philippines and was an observer in Korea and Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese War. He was in Mexico in 1911 and again in 1916.

After resigning from the army, the General joined the staff of the Chicago *Tribune*, re-entering the service when the United States declared war on Germany. But meanwhile he drove an ambulance on the British and French fronts in the winter of 1914-15, and visited all the fronts before the war was over.

P. & A. photo

Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly, O. R. C.

As commander of the 149th Field Artillery of the Rainbow Division, General Reilly was four times recommended for promotion to the grade of brigadier general, and did command the Eighty-third Infantry Brigade in the final days of the conflict.

In 1920 he was with the Polish army in the Kiev and Vistula campaigns, and was with General Kao Sun Lin in the battle of Hsin Min Fu in December, 1925, when he was captured by Manchurian cavalry.

General Reilly has received the American Distinguished Service Medal, the French Legion of Honor with the grade of commander, the French L'Etoile Noir with the grade of *officier*, and the French Croix de Guerre with palm. During peace-times, General Reilly resides in Washington, D. C.]

IN a constantly growing chorus, the British are accusing us of having been slow to enter the Great War; of having forgotten that others were fighting while we were preparing; and are saying that, after we did enter, our effort was of small importance in comparison with theirs. Their implication is that the Great War showed that we will not fight, while they will. If this accusation were made by a few, we could dismiss it with contempt or laughter. However, any American who has traveled recently, no matter where in the world, will testify to the universal belief by Britishers of this charge.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

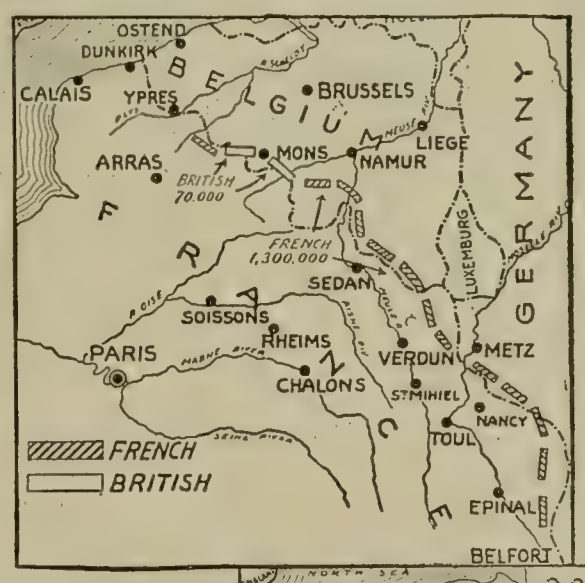
[WHO WON THE WAR? Continued from Page Seventeen]

Are they right? A careful comparison of the actions of the two peoples in the recent war shows—what?

Any comparison, to be fair, must be of the two peoples as a whole. While we can match any British feat of arms performed by their regulars and adventurers with equal feats by our regulars and adventurers, the day has gone by when small armed groups decide the fates of whole peoples. If the people as a whole will not bear arms to uphold their country's cause, that cause goes down to defeat.

The first charge to be met is that by coming into the war two years and eight months after Britain did, we showed ourselves slow to accept a challenge to fight.

An examination of the events prior to her entry and prior to ours will show we entered upon much less provocation, extending over a shorter period of time, and not of such vital importance to our existence as were the causes that brought Britain in.



Britain's first line in France, August, 1914.

For at least eight years prior to the outbreak of war in 1914, the British leaders saw it coming, and took some, though not adequate, steps to meet the storm.

FOR many years the British considered Russia their chief enemy, as she threatened India and the Mediterranean-Suez route to that country. The route to India is one of the chief arteries of the British Empire.

Allied with Turkey, Britain fought the Crimean War, 1854-5, to keep Russia out of Constantinople and thus away from the Mediterranean route. She backed Japan in her fight against Russia in 1904-5 in continuation of her persistent policy to weaken Russia. Russia's continued advance into Persia so alarmed Britain that there was talk of war.

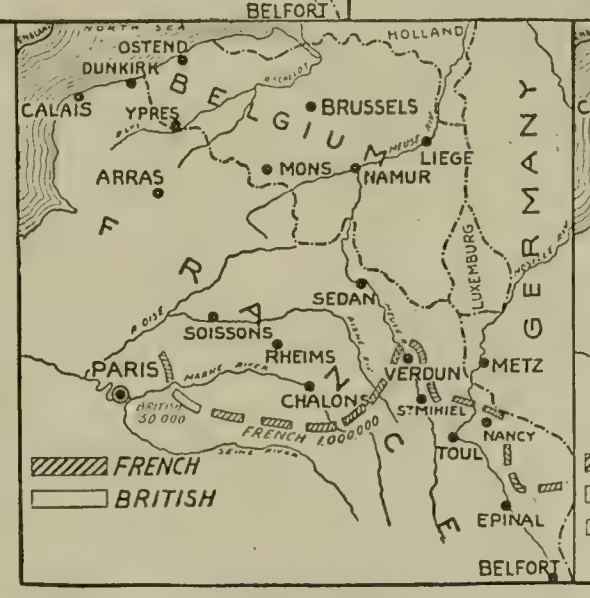
Despite all this, in 1907 Britain and Russia suddenly signed an agreement virtually giving Russia the northern half of Persia. Why? Simply because the German plans for the Berlin-Bagdad Railway, coupled with German-Turkish friendship, constituted a menace far greater than Russia. Turkey surrounded the Eastern Mediterranean, reached to the Suez Canal on the south, and to the Persian Gulf, one of the doorways to India.

Russia had no fleet, while that of Germany was rapidly approaching Britain's in strength. The British naval policy for many years had been to maintain a fleet equal to the combined strength of the two next largest fleets in the world. However, the rapid and persistent building of the Germans soon made this policy financially impossible for Britain. Furthermore, the strength of the German fleet became such that, added to that of Italy, the combined strength would have been greater than Britain's. Italy was included with Austria and Germany in the Triple Alliance. Her fleet was based in the Mediterranean, the middle and most vulnerable point of Britain's route to India.

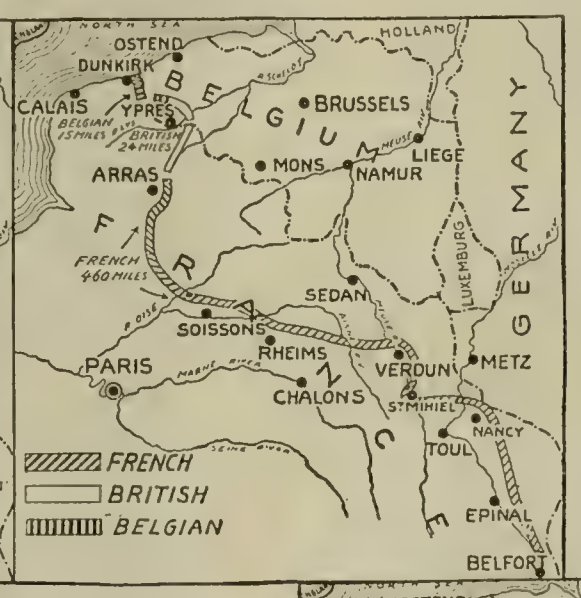
What was to be done? The French and Italians were unfriendly, but France was Britain's hereditary enemy. Their rivalry in Africa had been continuous. In 1898 they had almost fought because Colonel Marchand's expedition—which incidentally included as a young officer Charles Marie Emanuel Mangin, who as a French general commanded some of our divisions in the recent war—reached Fashoda on the Nile. Fashoda in French hands would have made continuous the French possessions from the Atlantic to the Red Sea across Africa, and would have finished British hopes of an all-British route from the Cape to Cairo.

On the other hand, France and Germany had never forgotten the Franco-Prussian War and were still hostile to each other. France had a first class, numerous army, while Britain had a small regular army. France's fleet, concentrated in the Mediterranean, would balance Italy's. Strengthened by part of the British Mediterranean fleet, it would be stronger than Italy's.

In the presence of a common danger, France and Britain, for the time being, forgot their ancient enmity, and signed a series of conventions that ended virtually all of the outstanding disputes between them. In 1905 they signed a naval agreement resulting in that part of the French fleet which had been in the Atlantic, facing England, being moved to the Mediterranean, and most of the British Mediterranean fleet being moved to the North Sea. Thus, the Italian naval strength was counteracted, and the British naval force near Germany increased. This concentration and the naval building program carried out plainly proved that the navy knew Germany was an enemy.



British and French lines on the Marne, September, 1914.



British, French, and Belgian lines after the race to the sea, October, 1914.

These four maps diagram the comparative strength of the Allies during four great periods of the war.

In 1906 Britain and France signed a military convention which, while not so binding as the naval one, enabled their general staffs to make joint plans in case of war with Germany. Where the British troops would land, the lines of railways they would use, and all similar matters were carefully worked out.

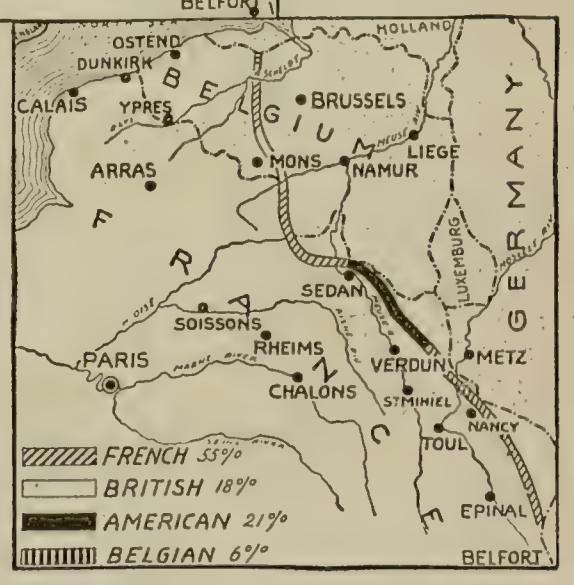
Lord Roberts and numerous other leading Britishers knew the British Regular Army to be far too small. Added to the 1,300,000 France could immediately put in the field, the total was far below the more than 2,000,000 Germans who would pour into France. The only possible answer was universal service for Britain. A National Service League was formed which used every possible means to convince the public.

Gladstone once said in the British Parliament, "The preservation of Belgian neutrality is required by British policy as well as morality."

From the time the British swept the Dutch navy from the English Channel and North Sea, their policy on the continent of Europe has been primarily directed to keeping any powerful nation from occupying Belgium and Holland. This, for the reason that such occupancy would mean powerful naval bases on the English Channel and North Sea, which would be used for operations, first against Britain's sea power, and second for the invasion of Britain.

For many years France was the great danger. The list of British soldiers who have died in the Low Countries to keep France from getting them is a long one stretching over many centuries. The treaty of 1839, signed by Britain, Prussia, France, Austria, and Russia, guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, was considered a British political victory, in that her possible European enemies could take possession of Belgium only as the result of treaty violation. In 1866 Britain signed a treaty binding her to defend Belgium's neutrality. In 1870, at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, Britain secured from Prussia a new treaty, lasting until after the war, in which that power virtually promised not to pass through Belgium while invading France. Though the British sympathized with the Germans in this attack upon France, they were unwilling to give them a free hand until they promised to keep out of Belgium, the Continental antechamber to Britain.

For at least fifteen years prior to the outbreak of the war, discussions were frequent in European military journals as to how much of the German army would come through Belgium in case of war with France, and the advantages to Germany of the Belgian seacoast in case of subsequent naval operations against Britain. The debates in the French parliament, with respect to the expenditure of funds for land fortifications, were full of this matter. The Belgian King's struggles with his parliament to get money to fortify Antwerp, Liege, and Namur also made the German danger a matter of common knowledge.



The Allies' line on Armistice Day.

However indifferent the British public, the British men of affairs could not escape the conclusion that, just as had been the case in past wars, the real British line of defense was not the English Channel and the North Sea, but the line of the Meuse in France and Belgium.

TO reach the Meuse the Germans would have to cross the Belgian frontier, thus violating the neutrality of that country. British and French troops subsequently coming to help the Belgians defend that river would not be violating their treaty agreements. If the Belgians could hold Liege and Namur on the Meuse until such help came, and the French stopped the Germans in the Ardennes Mountains and along their fortified zone from Verdun to Toul, their initial move to defeat the French army, followed by the occupancy of the Channel ports, would have failed.

The British press was constantly discussing the German danger, what it meant to Great Britain, what steps were being taken, and what ones should be taken.

Thus, for from six to eight years prior to the outbreak of war in August, 1914, the British had every warning that the very life of their empire was threatened.

Prior to 1914 America had no vital interest in and not even the remotest contact with any

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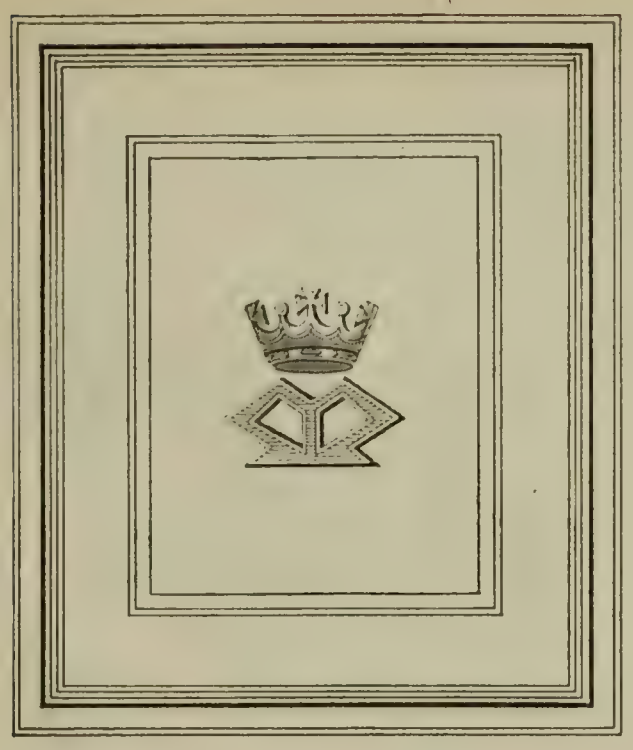

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Portrait by Philip A. de Laszlo

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Yours co-operatively,
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Last year the hens of Washcoegg laid to the tune of millions of dollars. The Association hauled and shipped twenty million dozen eggs, more than half of the pack going to the Atlantic Seaboard, and great shipments to Alaska, Hawaii, South America and Europe.

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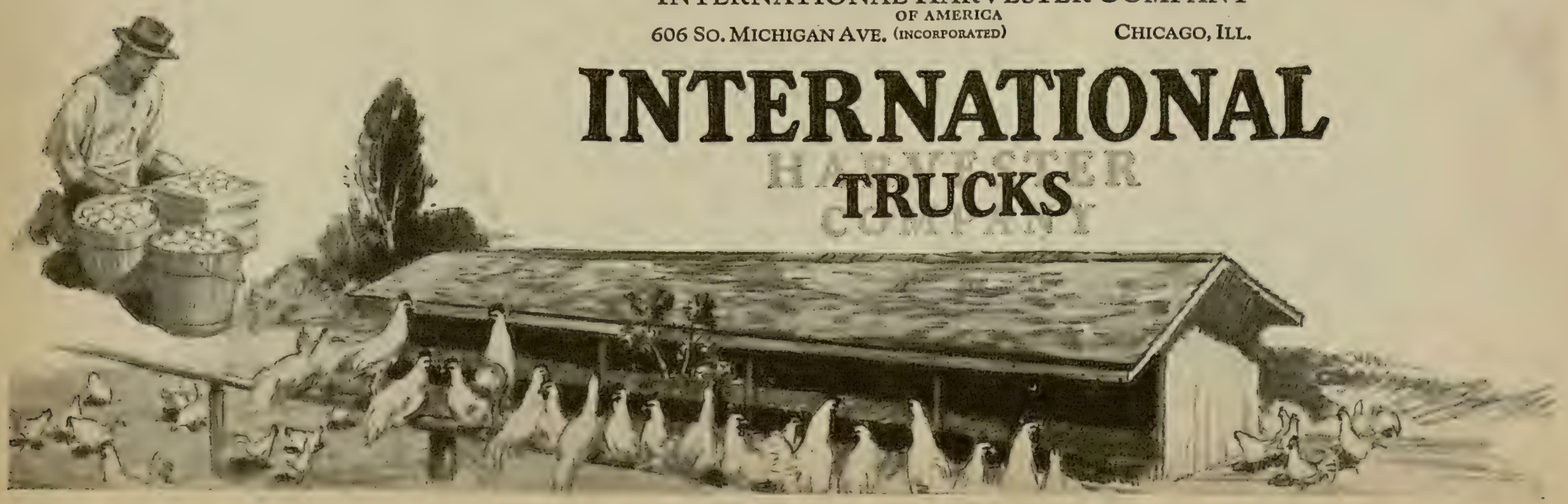

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of the questions threatening to embroil Europe. Not one of them affected us.

Our first interest came when the actions of the various belligerents threatened our rights upon the seas. The first to violate these rights was Britain. Due to the changed conditions of naval warfare, she was forced, if she were to blockade Germany effectively, to interfere with our shipping and cargoes in a way that violated the principles for which we had fought her in the past. It was not until Germany began to kill our citizens and destroy our ships upon the high seas that we had any dispute with her.

When, in 1917, it became certain that these violations would be persisted in and increased, we declared war. Our declaration came after considerably less than two years of dispute about a matter in no way effecting the existence of our nation.

Every thinking American is well aware that our lack of preparedness prevented our immediately putting a large army in the field, and that during the time needed to raise it British and French troops were fighting. However, Britishers who attack us because of this forget that the French fought for them while they got ready, and for a longer period than was necessary in our case. Any claim on their part that the war was primarily France's and not theirs is, as shown above, not in accordance with the facts. A victory for Germany meant the downfall of the British Empire.

THAT the Germans would mobilize a number of trained men far in excess of anything France could produce was well known.

It was also well known that, counting on the slowness of the Russian mobilization, and on the effect of an initial attack by the Austro-Hungarian army upon Russia, the Germans would mass the greater proportion of their strength on the Western Front in an endeavor to overpower and crush France quickly.

Thus it was evident for some time prior to the war that if the Germans were to be stopped, let alone decisively defeated, on the Western Front, Britain must put a large trained army on French soil immediately war was declared.

Despite the efforts of the National Service League and the long series of events, from 1906 on, pointing to the certainty of war, nothing was done to provide an army of sufficient numbers to meet the German army. A small expeditionary force of six regular infantry divisions was organized. The Territorial units, which correspond to our National Guard, were organized into divisions.

The obvious intention was to furnish, in case of war, a small force of the regulars and new units consisting of the adventurous and those with a high sense of duty, while the mass of the people stayed at home going about their ordinary affairs. The burden of the heavy land fighting was to fall on the French and Russian armies. In other words, Britain's traditional policy of having the armies of her allies do most of the fighting was to be followed once more.

When the time came, only four of the six divisions of the expeditionary force were sent, or a total of 70,000 men and officers. In the meantime, the French army took the field with a total of 1,300,000, not including troops left on the Italian border in case Italy should join her allies, the Central Powers.

The first heavy fighting was brought on by a French advance from the region around Nancy and Luneville—where so many Americans afterward saw their first service. Advancing into Lorraine, they fought the battle of Morhange on a fifty-mile front. Failing to carry the German position, they had to retreat to the Trouee de Charmes, where the Germans were stopped in a battle named after the locality.

While this was going on, other French troops were fighting in the wooded Ardennes Mountains, while the Fifth French Army was engaged with the Germans in southern Belgium. It was only on the day the battle of the Trouee de Charmes began that the small British Expeditionary Force at Mons had its first real fight with the Germans. In other words, 840,000 Frenchmen had been heavily engaged before the British came into action at all. While 70,000 British troops were fighting at Mons, 1,300,000 Frenchmen were fighting along the whole Belgian and French frontiers as far south as Switzerland. During the retreat to the Marne and in the battle of the Marne the same conditions obtained. At the Marne there were but 50,000 British effectives, as against 1,000,000 French effectives.

General John J. Pershing in the line of the Victory Parade in Paris, 1919.

The race to the sea in the fall of 1914 terminated in the first battle of Ypres, claimed by the British as their victory. Nevertheless, they were probably saved from being driven back through the material aid given by the Eighth French Army and numerous French detachments placed here and there in the line. At this time the whole of the long line of approximately 500 miles from Switzerland to the sea was held by the French, with the exception of fifteen miles held by the Belgians and twenty-four miles held by the British.

The gallantry and determination shown by the small force of British regulars throughout the first part of the war is a source of gratification to the professional soldier the world over, because it illustrated what the well trained volunteer regular can accomplish in the face of tremendous odds. However, the most casual examination of events shows that the British claim as to the preponderating part played by this small force is not borne out by the facts.

The first British action on a large scale was that of the Somme in the summer of 1916, twenty-three months after the war had started. At that time the British held but sixty-seven miles of front out of the total of 500 miles, or approximately the same as the amount of front we held fifteen months after we entered the war. By this time sixty-five of the total of ninety French divisions had fought at Verdun. The Verdun fight continued after the Somme battle began. The persistency of the efforts on the Somme finally diverted German divisions to it. However, there is no question that the Verdun battle kept the Germans from bringing to the Somme the large forces that they otherwise would have used. Also, the Somme battle was not entirely a British affair. The French attacked along the southern third of the thirty-mile front over which the advance was planned. Their casualties were approximately 30,000 killed and 65,000 wounded, for the same time that the British loss was 60,000 killed and 190,000 wounded.

Probably the gravest period for the British during the war was during the heavy German attacks in March and April of 1918. When the German attack began, the 21st of March, the British line extended as far south as the Oise River. The German attack along a fifty-mile front was so successful that the remnants of the Fifth British Army were driven north as well as west, leaving a gap of more than twenty miles north of this river. This the French filled with twenty of their divisions. On April 8, the Germans made an attack on the northern sector of the British line, forcing their way well into British territory. Again the French came to the rescue. By the end of this fight they had twenty-six divisions in various parts of the British line and twelve in reserve behind it.

Thus the facts show that the French not only fought for the British while they got ready, but gave them material aid in their principal combats up to the end of the war. This the British seem to forget when criticizing us because the French and they themselves had to fight for us our first year and a quarter of the war only.

The charge that our effort was inconsiderable alongside of Great Britain's is best met by comparing first the efforts of the two nations to raise an army, and secondly the readiness with which they were put in the face of the enemy.

WE declared war April 6, 1917. Less than six weeks later, on May 18, the Selective Service Act had become a law. Prior to our declaration of war, there had been considerable dispute in this country as to the merits of the two groups of belligerents in Europe. Sympathy had not been whole-heartedly with the Allies. There is no better evidence that the country was a unit once war was declared, than is afforded by the enthusiastic and universal response of our people to the call for universal service during the war.

It was on January 24, 1916, eighteen months after war was declared, that the British Parliament passed the first Military Service Act. This, however, went no further than to provide that all single men between eighteen and forty, inclusive, not already in the service, should be deemed to have been enlisted and transferred to the Reserve. This put the single men within reach, but left married men nineteen years old and above unavailable. This and other difficulties finally compelled the passage of a second Military Service Act May 16, 1916. This act, passed twenty-one months after Britain declared war, was the first real draft law in that it included virtually all males between eighteen and forty-one.

It is true that our Civil War taught us the fallacy of trying to raise large armies by the volunteer system. But the British have had a longer military history than ours, with the same lesson staring them in the face as the result of each of their wars. The Napoleonic period, in particular, proved it. The efforts necessary to get men enough to subdue the Boers, whose total armed force never exceeded 90,000 men, in the war of 1899 to 1900, demonstrated it beyond dispute in recent times.

Every nation has its proportion of men of adventurous disposition; its proportion of unselfish and heroic men who put duty to their country above self-interest. These men immediately respond to the call of their country under the volunteer system of enlistment. This class of Britisher is second to none

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

To the "wait-a-year" buyer of twelve months ago

At all the Automobile Shows

The improved New Safety Stutz was the center of interest in the New York Show. It is being exhibited this week at the National Show in Chicago.

Now a thoroughly proven, and improved *New* SAFETY STUTZ

PERHAPS you were deterred, a year ago, from the immediate purchase of a New Safety Stutz by one consideration alone—its very newness. It may have been your opinion that the purchase of any "first-year car" is more or less of a gamble.

And the New Safety Stutz, despite its having no untried element in its entire construction, was admittedly the most revolutionary car of a decade—not a new "model", but a new *type*, based on a fundamentally different principle of automotive engineering.

But within the past twelve-month the New Safety Stutz has proved itself an exception to the "first-year car" rule. It has made a great record for standing up under all sorts of conditions.

It is actually the only car in the world designed and built to meet the new conditions created by the tremendous congestion of present-day motoring. Can anyone afford, for even one minute, to be without this insurance, especially as it costs nothing to enjoy it?

Today, you will see a New Safety Stutz that has been thoroughly tried, tested, and proved—to the satisfaction of the most exacting.

Furthermore, you will see a highly improved New Safety Stutz, in the sense of a still further refined and beautified automobile, and in accordance with the consistently progressive Stutz policy.

In the New Safety Stutz for 1927 you will find:

Even surer safety and roadability: Increased stability is imparted by precise balancing and skillfully compensated spring-action. Even greater road-adhesiveness is attained, and a degree of all-around roadability is reached that is beyond any previous conception.

Even more silent operation: Solely by engineering refinements, the famously quiet New Stutz vertical-eight engine is now made even more silent.

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STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. *of* AMERICA, Inc.
Indianapolis

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

in its fighting capacity. However, it is this class that has fought all of Britain's wars until the last one, the mass of the people staying at home and attending to their own affairs. This is the first time in the hundreds of years of history of modern Britain that the manhood of the nation as a whole has had to fight. The recent war was the second time in less than sixty years that the mass of our American manhood had responded to the call of arms.

After being in the war eighteen months, or approximately the length of time it took Britain to pass her first Service Act, we had a total of 3,700,000 in our fighting forces, of whom 1,200,000 were volunteers and 2,500,000 drafted. Besides, we had 2,000,000 carefully selected and listed men ready to draft.

During the first six weeks after Britain declared war 500,000 volunteers rushed to enlist. But by July, 1915, it was apparent that the purely volunteer system would not produce the men needed; that young unmarried men were holding back. From then on, various semi-compulsory acts of Parliament, coupled with campaigns directing public opinion against slackers, were carried out. Through these means the strength of the army in France was raised to slightly over 1,000,000 and the force at home to approximately 1,300,000, or a total of 2,300,000.

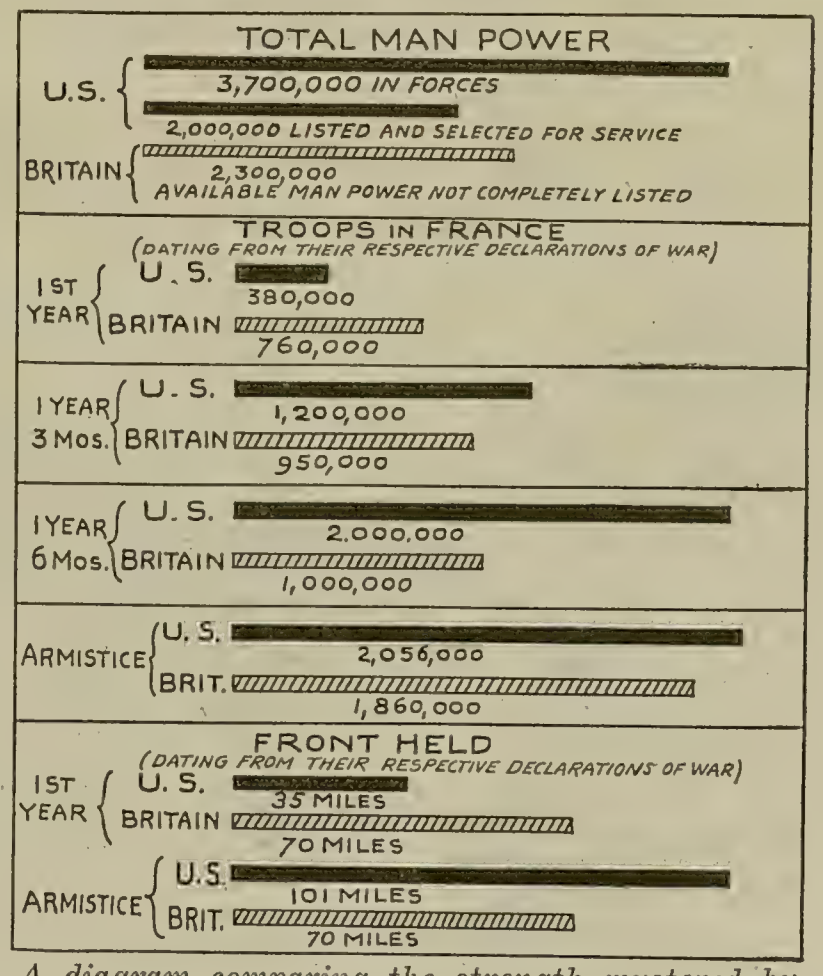
THERE is no better proof of how far the people of a nation really believe in that nation than the readiness and spirit which they display in furnishing men for war. The quick action of our Congress and the slow action of the British Parliament reflected the comparative willingness of the mass of the American and British people to fight for their country.

Troops, to be of any value, must be put in the face of the enemy. Those not so used cannot be considered as materially affecting the course of the war. In the transporting of troops to France, Britain had two advantages by comparison with the United States—the short distance across the Channel, as compared with the long trip across the Atlantic; the largest merchant marine in the world, alongside of our relatively small one.

In August, 1915, one year after its declaration of war, Britain had 760,000 troops in France, or just about twice as many as we had one year after our declaration of war. However, one year and three months after her declaration she had but 950,000 as against 1,200,000 American troops there the same length of time after we had declared war. One year and five months after the respective declarations of war, the comparison is even more in our favor, Britain having but 1,000,000 troops in France, as against our 1,750,000. A year and a half after the respective declarations, Britain had slightly more than 1,000,000 in France and 1,335,000 in all her theaters of war, as against our 2,000,000 in France.

The day of the Armistice she had 1,860,000 in France, as against our 2,056,000.

The failure of Britain to have a greater total in France was due not to lack of troops, but to keeping large numbers at home. At the time of our declaration of war, there were more than 1,400,000 British troops under arms in Britain. At the time of the successful German offensive against the British army in March, 1918, there were more than 1,200,000 in Britain. During the heavy fighting in July, 1918, this number had risen to more than 1,300,000. At the time of the heavy fighting in the Argonne in October, this number had risen to 1,450,000. At the time of the Armistice it was more than 1,300,000. There was no time at which any adequate military reason for keeping such a large number of troops at home could be advanced.



A diagram comparing the strength mustered by the United States and Great Britain for the World War, and the time each country required to produce it.

The more evident it is that the British fleet was superior to that of the Germans, the question had not been settled. As time passed after this battle, the evidence accumulated that the German fleet was not coming out again. After our squadron of battleships joined the British Grand Fleet in 1917, there could no longer be the slightest doubt about the mastery of the sea, and, as a consequence, not the slightest chance for the invasion of England.

On the anniversary of the British entry into the war, she held about seventy miles of front. Seven months later she still held approximately the same amount, as she had done throughout the intervening period. On the anniversary of our entering the war, we held about thirty-five miles of front. From then on, the amount increased until, seven months later, at the time of the Armistice, we held 101 miles, or 23 per cent of the entire front. From the middle of August, 1918, until the Armistice, the greater part of the time we held a greater front than the British. Thus, a comparison by dates from entry into the war shows that we put more troops more quickly in the face of the enemy than did the British, and that in the important last stages of the war we had more facing the enemy than they had.

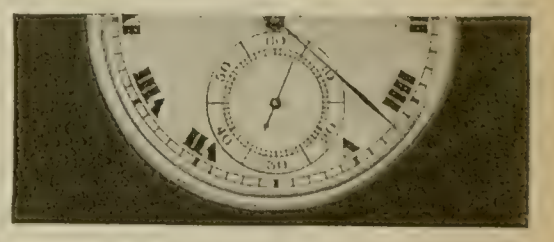
OUR greatest victory was the Argonne battle. The British consider the first Somme battle one of their big victories. We began the Argonne battle not quite one year and six months after we entered the war. They began the first Somme about one year and eleven months after entering the war.

While the Argonne was fought in the last part of the war, when German efficiency was not at so high a standard as in 1916, the Somme was fought when the best German troops had been engaged in a terrific assault on Verdun for more than four months and therefore was an attack largely on German troops not at their highest standard. Also, to quote General Pershing's report: "The object of the Argonne battle was to draw the best German divisions to our front and consume them." As the Argonne was the pivot, upon the holding of which depended the withdrawal to the north of at least the eastern part of the German line in France, there can be little doubt that the best German divisions were sent there as our advance steadily progressed.

The more the records of America and Britain with respect to the Great War are examined and compared, the more evident it is that the British have no just grounds for criticizing us. Both nations have signally failed to profit by the lessons of their past military history. If either is to make criticism of the other as the result of the last war, we are the ones entitled to do it.

THE END

9 drops—4 seconds



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Send the coupon or a postcard for a generous test bottle FREE. The large five ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c (60c in Canada). By mail postpaid in case he is out of it.

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Portrait of a Lady With Red Hair

The Record of a Flaming Life Written in Fire

An Autobiography by

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: When Mrs. Leslie Carter decided upon a stage career, she resolved that no one but David Belasco should prepare her. Separated from her husband, and her child taken from her, she traveled to New York and pleaded many times with the rising young playwright and producer before he consented to train her. Finally he agreed to prepare her for stardom, and then began a course of many months of arduous work and study which is graphically described by Mrs. Carter. In this installment she also tells of her and Belasco's days of poverty, her debut, and the years of almost ceaseless work which culminated in her first smashing success, The Heart of Maryland.]

PART THREE

IN New York at this time lived one of the most amazing personalities I have ever known. This was Dion Boucicault, an inimitable, erratic, distinguished Irishman, with forty-two plays and adaptations to his credit, the most famous of his own being London Assurance, The Shaughran, and Arrah na Pogue.

Boucicault was *persona non grata* just then with his own literary world because of a little matter of laxity of memory. In London he had formed a companionship with one of the loveliest and most talented of the younger actresses. This lasted over a period of many years. In his absorption with the mother of his children he forgot to marry her. She gave him three: one brilliant, one all charm and lovableness, and the third of great beauty—Dion, Nina, and Aubrey.

No one ever knew why Dion Boucicault refused to legitimize his children; but Agnes Robertson went to law, and the British courts gave her the name that he was too forgetful to bestow.

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Mrs. Carter as she appeared in her first play, The Ugly Duckling.

Brown Brothers photo

The height of fashion of the early nineties is worn here by the author.

There they are again, those helpless irreconcilables!—the Boucicaults, the d'Annunzios, the Rodins. Nature, with great largesse, pours her gifts of genius, magnetism, beauty all in one lap, and, to balance it, withdraws the one moral fiber that men demand of their fellow man.

While studying the spirited part of *Lady Gay Spanker* in London Assurance, Mr. Dave asked me: "Would you like to meet the man that could write lines like that?" It was full of England, of color and action, of hunting fields, of hounds in full cry, and was good for two minutes of applause from any audience from Dan to Beersheba. *Lady Gay's* speech was the perfection of craftsmanship in playwriting. It began on an even tone, then mounted, mounted, and ended in one fine, rounded, prolonged note of smashing climax.

I don't recall how long a time elapsed before I met Boucicault, but one evening Mr. Belasco and I drove in a hansom through Central Park and soon found ourselves at his apartment up in the Eighties.

The picture we stepped into might have been a scene taken from a Sardou drama. The frail, delicate old man—he was nearing eighty then

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN"

Yesterday

The Miracle Man; Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; The Affairs of Anatol; The Covered Wagon; The Ten Commandments; Peter Pan; The Pony Express; The Vanishing American.

Today

Old Ironsides; Beau Geste; Sorrows of Satan; The Rough Riders; Wings; Metropolis; The Wedding March; Variety; Hotel Imperial; We're in the Navy Now; The Kid Brother.

Tomorrow

Barnum; An American Tragedy; The War of the Worlds; Sorrell & Son; Gentlemen Prefer Blondes; Beau Sabreur; Glorifying the American Girl; Casey at the Bat.

Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures The Trade Mark of Romance

Old Ironsides

"Finest saga of the sea the screen has ever known." N. Y. Telegram

EIGHT Hweek at the Rivoli, and the sensation of New York! "Rare fine entertainment, not to be missed." N. Y. Eve. World. A James Cruze Production from the story by Laurence Stallings. With Wallace Beery, Esther Ralston, George Bancroft and Charles Farrell.

Metropolis

New York a Hundred Years From Now!

A MYTHICAL metropolis a hundred years from now as the setting for a gripping, human drama! Like nothing you have ever seen before—scenes that stagger the imagination—thrills that leave you breathless! An UFA Production, directed by Fritz Lang.

ABOVE are two of many big Paramount productions of the coming season. These three and those in the chart you can see now or very soon. Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

Hotel Imperial

Pola Negri's Greatest Role

NOW Pola Negri climaxes her screen career in this thrilling story of love, danger and sacrifice centering in Hotel Imperial, the hotbed of intrigue and passion during the Russian drive in Hungary! Produced by Erich Pommer, from the story by Lajos Biro. Directed by Mauritz Stiller.

Harold Lloyd

In His Latest Comedy

THE youngest in the family, and nobody thought he amounted to much, so when his Father, the sheriff, leaves town, Harold puts on the badge—just to show 'em—and how he does is the funniest thing in years! Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Release.

Clara Bow in It

An Elinor Glyn-Clarence Badger Production

A SHOP girl wins her wealthy employer!—a shop girl, with no family prestige and not much education! Why? Because she has "It"—the magnetic power that draws all men to you if you are a woman, and all women to you, if you are a man. See the picture and see if you have "It." Antonio Moreno is the leading man.

Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DIRECTOR	DATE
THE CAMPUS FLIRT	Starring BEBE DANIELS.	Clarence Badger	
YOU'D BE SURPRISED	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH.	Arthur Rosson	
THE ACE OF CADS	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Alice Joyce and Norman Trevor.	Luther Reed	
THE QUARTERBACK	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Esther Ralston.	Fred Newmeyer	
THE EAGLE OF THE SEA	Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez.	Frank Lloyd	
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN	Starring W. C. FIELDS. With Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers.	Gregory La Cava	
THE GREAT GATSBY	Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, William Powell and Georgia Hale.	Herbert Brenon	
EVERYBODY'S ACTING	BETTY BRONSON, Ford Sterling, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Gray, Henry Walthall and Raymond Hitchcock.	Marshall Neilan	
WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW	Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton.	Edward Sutherland	
THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN	William Beaudine	
LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM	Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, Lawrence Gray.	Frank Tuttle	
STRANDED IN PARIS	Starring BEBE DANIELS. With James Hall and Ford Sterling.	Arthur Rosson	
Zane Grey's MAN OF THE FOREST	Jack Holt, George Fawcett, El Brendel, Georgia Hale, Tom Kennedy, Warner Oland.	John Waters	
THE POPULAR SIN	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, Philip Strange, Andre Beranger.	Malcolm St. Clair	
LET IT RAIN	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN.	Eddie Cline	
PARADISE FOR TWO	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Betty Bronson.	Gregory La Cava	
THE POTTERS	Starring W. C. FIELDS	Fred Newmeyer	
BLONDE OR BRUNETTE	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal.	Richard Rosson	
GOD GAVE ME 20 CENTS	Lois Moran, Lya de Putti, Jack Mulhall.	Herbert Brenon	
LONDON	Starring DOROTHY GISH.	Herbert Wilcox	

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., NEW YORK

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Almost unchallenged he stalks; and wherever he goes he drops Red Ink on the balance sheet. Yet there is—easily available—a remedy that is simple, inexpensive, sure.

American Blower Electric Ventilation will supply invigorating, oxygen-laden air to every out-of-the-way corner of the smallest store or the largest industrial building. There is a unit exactly suited to your needs and its cost is low—probably no greater and possibly less than that of adequate lighting fixtures. It can be installed in a day or so—it won't disturb business.

Ask for details. For 46 years we have been helping others throw off the costly handicap of Bad Air, and *always* the returns are big. Just phone your electrical contractor or mail coupon. It will pay you to get the facts—and they cost nothing.

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Toilets	3 to 5 minutes
Bakeries	3 minutes
Cabins	5 minutes
Tunnels	1 to 10 minutes
Projecting Booths	2 minutes
Laboratories	3 to 10 minutes
Conduits	1 to 10 minutes
Ship Holds	10 minutes
Kitchens (Home)	2 to 3 minutes
Laundries	5 minutes
Theaters	5 to 10 minutes
Assembly Halls	5 to 10 minutes
Garages	5 minutes
Dining Rooms	5 to 15 minutes
Machine Shops	15 minutes
Lodge Rooms	10 minutes
Foundries	5 to 10 minutes
Retail Stores	5 to 15 minutes

*This table based on climatic conditions in Central United States. Other tables for specific localities are available.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

—with his hair, hands, face, and clothes that seemed all one color, since he never wore anything but the palest gray suits, summer or winter, looked like an ascetic monk with all the turbulence of life erased from his face—anything but the heedless, elegant old boulevardier he really was.

Crouched like a child at his feet was an extraordinarily beautiful creature, who sat like a great tawny cat, slender, lithe, with copper-blonde hair and golden eyes. This was Louise Thorndyke, then in her early twenties, whom he had just married, thereby causing the anomalous situation of there being two legal Mrs. Dion Boucicaults, one recognized by English law and one by the law of America.

Unsound he might have been temperamentally, but in anything concerning the stage Boucicault would lift you off your feet with the precision and sureness of his judgment.

Before the night was over he did a thing that was rare for him—went through what David Garrick used to call his rounds.

Suddenly his reserve loosened and dropped, through the magic of words, which painted pictures for you so clearly and deftly that you no longer looked on a decrepit old man with a fringe of white hair, but saw only what his art and his face obliged you to fancy them, conveying into them every kind of passion, blending one into another, shadowing them with a prodigious number of gradations.

Dion Boucicault was a superb actor, and, like all French acting, which he followed, his had a style, a dash, an *élan* hard to define.

MR. BELASCO was collaborating with Franklyn Fyles on The Girl I Left Behind Me. He was unable to write a play for me, so he commissioned Paul Potter to do The Ugly Duckling, outlining the plot. This period of waiting was not so hard. The wheels were turning faster and faster, and each day we built better than we knew. Each day was filled, outside of working hours, with rides into the Ghetto, on street cars that were full of men and women and happenings.

"Look into those faces well," said Mr. Dave, with his habit of viewing the affairs of the world from a great mountain height, magnifying or subverting their agonies and joys for his own usage. "Do not look for the goodness or the badness, but only for the struggle, the passion, and the sorrow. See that woman opposite, with her weary, sagging, instructed mouth? Do not look for the evil there. She is fighting with the only weapons left to her."

So the shaping and the molding, which lasted a year and a half, went on, being unlike any other training in the world.

Finally Paul Potter presented us his finished play, and we proceeded to gather the finest cast in New York. It was composed of E. J. Henly, William H. Thompson, Arthur Dacre, Ida Vernon, Helen Bancroft, and Helen Russell. It was directed by Mr. Belasco.

I was smothered in a covering of self-possession, an utter absence of nervousness, and a colossal, overweening confidence. Nothing could crumble it or indent it or even frighten it away—except one thing, and that was Mr. Dave's criticism.

Nothing seemed hard for me to do in this play except the one thing I had been accustomed to doing all my life—drawing off a pair of long gloves. My tenseness and lack of ease made of my elbows, which I kept taut with my hips, ugly angles. What I should have done was to pull them off with a broad, generous movement making a beautiful curve.

Curves are part of the magic of the stage that go to make its rhythm, which I was to find out for myself later.

Mr. Dave used to speak to me of technique. Technique! It was a barren word, and, much as I tried, I could extract no meaning from it.

Any criticism from him was like a blow that whipped the will into making a greater effort. Sometimes, thinking a loudly pitched voice would better express all my bottled emotions, I would shout. Then he would say:

"You are like a new, unplastered house where there are no draperies to deceive. Don't give so much of yourself—keep a little in reserve."

The time for the first presentation of The Ugly Duckling arrived, and everybody except me was in a state of intense excitement. We opened at the Broadway Theater, which was at Broadway and Forty-first Street. Mother, Mr. Dave, and I went there early. That night was the first time I had ever been on a dressed stage, and it was also the first time I had been on the Broadway Theater stage. Mr. Belasco brought to me a green-enameled four-leaf clover. I have four of them that he gave me, one at each consecutive premiere of mine.

"Come here, Mrs. C.," he called to me, just before the curtain went up, and showing me a hole in it, I looked out at a perfect sea of faces, which frightened me not at all.

It was a brilliant audience. The house was full of critics; also society turned out *en masse*. William C. Whitney, Flora Payne Whitney, and their friends occupied a lower box; De Lancey Nicoll, his wife, and Frederick Townsend Martin, with other friends, were in the opposite box. I was so green that I was unaware that the sound which seemed like a torrent of rushing waters was applause. Knowing so little about the art of acting, I never felt that which I was to become so exquisitely aware of in later years—the audience seizing the emotion through me and vibrating to it.

Photos from Albert Davis Collection

The old Star Theater, a popular New York playhouse forty years ago.

Mrs. Carter as she appeared in Miss Helyett.

STAR THEATRE
BROADWAY AND 13th STREET.
Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2 P. M.

Tuesday Evening, November 3, 1891,
CHARLES FROHMAN'S PRODUCTION,

MISS HELYETT,

A COMEDY WITH MUSIC, IN THREE ACTS.
FROM THE FRENCH OF M XIME BOUCHERON.
ARRANGED AND RE-WRITTEN BY DAVID BELASCO
THE MUSIC BY EDMOND AUDRAN.
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF E. D. PRICE.

THE CHARACTERS.

PAUL GRAHAME, a Young American Artist, who has studied in Paris and Italy, ... Mr. MARK SMITH
TODDER BUNNYTHORNE, too rich to think, ... Mr. M. A. KENNEDY
OBADIAH SMITHSON, a Quaker, ... Mr. HARRY HARWOOD
ADMIRAL TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY, of "The Cork Naval Reserve," ..... Mr. GEORGE W. THAYENER
JACQUES BACCAREL, a French Artist, friend of Paul ..... Mr. J. W. HERBERT
MAX CULMBACHER, on his wedding tour, ... Mr. N. R. BUNNHAM
MR. MAC GILLY, on his wedding tour, ... Mr. EDGAR ELY
PROFESSOR BONNEFOY, a dancing master from Paris ..... Mr. GILBERT NARONY
LA SENORA CARMEN RIMBOMBA DELLA TURQUEMADA, Spanish to the back bone, ... Miss KATE DAVIS
MANUELA, her daughter, ... Miss LAURA CLEMENT
MRS. MAX CULMBACHER, on her eleventh trip abroad, ... Miss ADELAIDE EMERSON
MRS. MAC GILLY, a bride of sixteen, ... Miss LILLIAN ELMA
LA STELLA, Premiere danseuse assoluta from the Eden Theatre, Paris, ... Miss HENRIETTA RICH
PASCAL, Guides, ... Miss LOTTA NICOL
CARLOS, ... Miss MOLLIE SHERWOOD
MOLLY, ... Miss NINA JEFFUNE
POLLY, ... Miss JUNO EURBANK
DOLLY, ... Miss GRACE WALLACE
TILLY, ... Miss BEATRICE TATE
TILLY, ... Miss AIDA CARRINGTON
NELLY, ... Miss NANNIE MORSE
Doing the "Grand Tour."

MISS HELYETT, daughter of Smithson, born in Verity Village, Pennsylvania, ... Mrs. LESLIE CARTER

THE SCENES.

Program of the writer's second play.

It is a fantastic, unreal, unnatural world, this world of the theater. It simulates the one it would portray in nothing but a few hours of mimetic action. When other people begin sane, normal lives, we sleep. When it is time to sleep, we just begin to wake. There is dash, continual excitement, and breathless activity.

MY mother at this time was seeing her old friends, dining with the Barneys and Flora Whitney. When not too tired I would join her, and it was after dinner one evening at William C. Whitney's that he put his hand on my shoulder and said:

"You can't live in two worlds at once, Caroline. You'll never make a success in the profession you have chosen. You're not fitted for it. Leave your *unclubable* associates and come back to your own world."

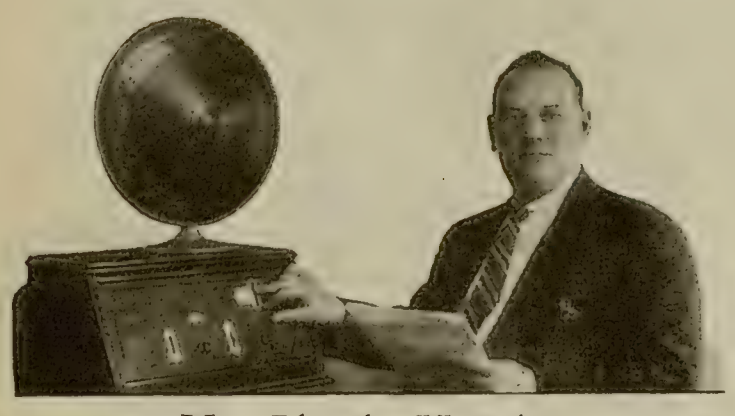
I had never heard that word before, nor have I heard it since. It made an indelible impression on me. Some time later, in an experience I had, the interpretation of Mr. Whitney's *unclubable* sprang full-born to my mind.

By now the strain, the excitement, the strange life, were in their reactions even too much for my strong, healthy body, and I was taken to Dr. Allan McLane's private hospital.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Andrew J. Shirley

Radio Expert 510 Church St., Susquehanna, Pa.
"I have operated Crosley radios under different conditions, clear and stormy weather, low and high altitudes, inside and outside of buildings and they have proven a wonderful piece of mechanism. In my opinion the present Crosley 5-50 one dial control is without a peer. The Crescendon for use on weak stations is certainly wonderful in bringing in the volume."

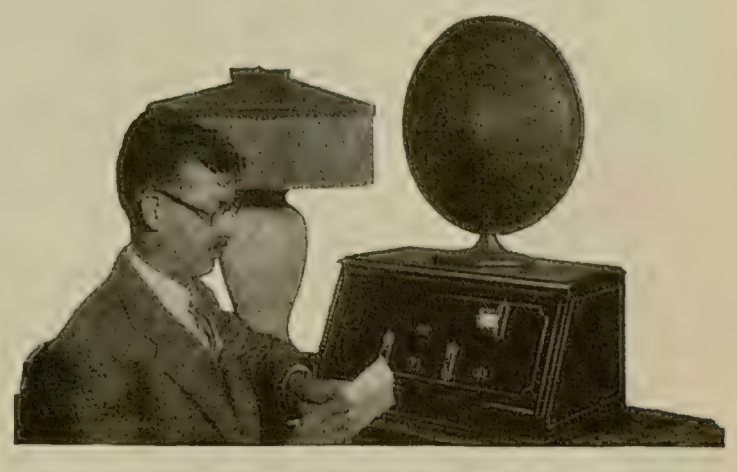


Jack Crayne

Radio Expert 2615 E. Cherry St., Seattle, Wash.
"I am an old timer in the radio game and have been associated with big, high priced sets. Thanks to a little engineering knowledge I can tell all about a set if you show me a circuit; Crosley has it in this 5-50 set. I'll match my 5-50 log with any set on the market, station for station. I find Crosley sets are made to work. They deliver!"

Robert S. Adair

Radio Expert Southern Equip. Co., San Antonio, Texas
"Having an eight tube Super-heterodyne, I have no antenna or ground. I put my finger on the antenna post of the Crosley 5-50 and tuned. Imagine my surprise. I logged 21 stations in an hour and a half. This is a feat seldom equalled using good antenna and ground. Set has volume, tonal quality; all that is desired and is unusually selective."



Mrs. Blanche Hetzel

Radio Expert's Wife Bluefield Welding Co., of W. Va.
"Selectivity is the one big feature of the 5-50. The Crescendon is a wonderful engineering feat and superior to any control I have ever used. The wonder of them all. After three months' use my "B" batteries still test 45 volts each. More radio for the dollar than any set I know. The Musicone's in a class by itself."

E. Chervenka

Radio Expert Young, Lorish & Richardson,
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"Arranged six different radios (price range $29.00 to $300) for three friends to choose one. Covered all with sheets. After blind tests for tone, quality, strength of signal and selectivity, two sets were outstanding. One was the Crosley 5-50 at $50.00. The other cost six times as much. They bought the Crosley!"

EXPERTS *say---*

These folks are radio experts—experienced in all its phases, "trouble shooters," service men, salesmen with engineering training and the wife of a radio expert who is one herself, all keen individuals quick to determine true value in the kaleidoscope field of radio.

What they say comes from their actual experience with the leader of the Crosley Radio line—the 5 tube 5-50. Their enthusiasm in a measure indicates the country wide success of this amazing radio—startling in its operation and its price, and as beautiful in its appearance as in its performance. Also made in exquisite console with genuine Crosley Musicone built in. 5 tube 5-75, $75. 6 tube 6-85, $85.

Other Crosley Radios from $29 to $98.
Electrically operated Batteryless Radios, $70 and $95, with power unit at $50.
New Ultra Musicone, $9.75.
Super Musicone, $14.75.
Crosley A Power Unit, $45.
Crosley Low Wave Receiver for 20 to 80 meter broadcasting, $40.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.

Crosley manufactures radio receiving sets, which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149, or under patent applications of Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc., and other patents issued and pending.

Howard F. Woodward

Radio Expert Woodward Bicycle Store, Taunton, Mass.
"The Crosley 5-50 tunes in many stations with only a slight adjustment of either of the Acuminators, thus showing perfect balance. The 5-50 is a real radio when it picks up stations from Canada and Mississippi River section right through the strongest broadcasting stations in America and delivers them clear and strong through the loud speaker."

D. B. Wing

Radio Expert O. D. Tucker IV Co., Little Rock, Ark.
"The Crosley 5-50 brings in twice as many stations as an ordinary set. And the ordinary set generally costs twice as much as the 5-50. Combines great selectivity —good volume and tone quality—with a very reasonable price. Acuminators permit more exact tuning of DX stations. Set is very easy to tune. 46 stations logged one evening using 25-foot aerial."

Chas. D. Mount

Radio Expert 4601 Whetzel Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
"The Crosley 5-50 has an advantage over the ordinary single dial set in that the selectivity and clarity can be adjusted through the Acuminators. Acuminators make it possible for operator to cut down considerable static noise and heterodyne whistles of interfering stations. In one evening 25 distant stations were logged while four local stations were operating."

L. G. Sawyer

Radio Expert Electric Parts Corp., Syracuse, N. Y.
"37 stations logged with the Crosley 5-50 on an evening when one local (WFBL) was on the air and we are within a half mile of their antenna. The two Acuminators enable you to tune close. Very selective on all wave lengths and brings in low ones wonderfully. Crescendon builds up splendid volume on weak stations."

L. L. Barber

Radio Expert W. H. Rowerdink & Son, Rochester, N. Y.
"Said a dealer to me after a two hours' test: 'Well, I can't see how we are going to sell this other radio at twice the price of the Crosley, when the 5-50 Crosley so outperforms it in tone, quality and selectivity.' Coming from one who is considered a radio critic that statement is the finishing argument. The Crosley 5-50 completely sells itself."

Harry A. Roberson

Radio Expert 940 Mass. Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
"Radio wholesaler asked me to help him in selecting a radio from several makes he had in stock. Bad receiving conditions around his home discouraged him. Nothing worked properly. I installed a Crosley 5-50. It was perfect, and I got an order for two from a man who has a store full of radios at JOBBERS' cost. There's recommendation enough!"

W. F. Gamble

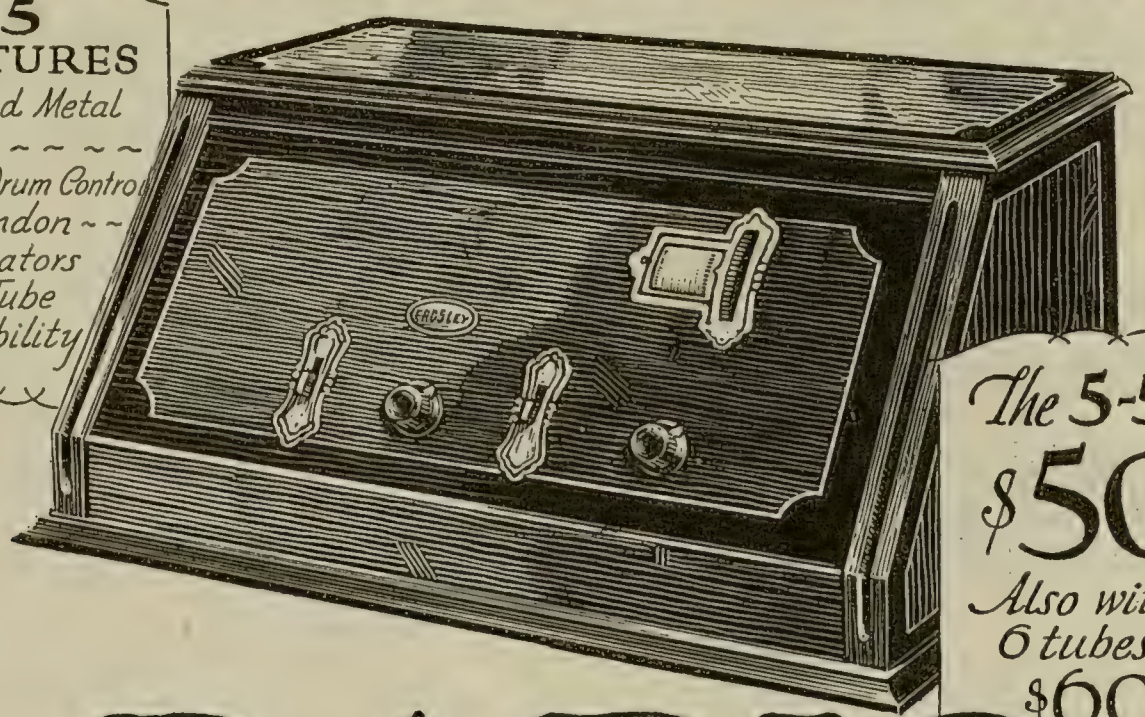
Radio Expert Chattanooga Electric Co., Chatt., Tenn.
"38 programs enjoyed from 9:00 to midnight is a regular evening's entertainment here. Those magic levers—the Acuminator—do their share in bringing to your fireside those stations which are reluctant to answer to the ordinary methods. Crescendon and Acuminators make tuning of large number of stations possible. Single dial makes tuning quick and easy."

O. W. Herb

Radio Expert Bradley-Duffee Electric Co., Norfolk, Va.
"I have been operating radio receiving sets for upward of eight years and am skeptical. No set I have operated compares with your 5-50 in volume and ease of reception. 28 stations logged in one night, probably tops any list compiled by any make of set used in this locality. It is a marvel."

CROSLEY

5 FEATURES
Shielded Metal Chassis
Single Drum Control
Crescendon
Acuminators
Power Tube Adaptability



The 5-50 $50
Also with 6 tubes at $60

RADIO

Write Dept 76 for Illustrative Literature.

James B. Hubbard

Radio Expert 245 Monmouth Rd., Elizabeth, N. J.
"Seems unbelievable the way you can tune out local stations with Crosley 5-50. Picked up CKCX Toronto —moved Acuminator a little and drum half point—cut out Canada and brought in WSBC Chicago. Talking tape tacked to back of bookcase used as aerial. Only single dial set I have seen that will separate Illinois, New Jersey and New York stations by one and a half points."

Oran C. Snyder

Radio Expert Snyder Radio Shop, 2593 New Magnolia Ave., Riverside, Calif.
"Eastern range from Riverside exceeds Chicago stations. The 5-50 combined with the Musicone makes a wonderful outfit, and a very reasonable investment. 35 stations enjoyed and logged before 10 P. M. one evening. Our log conclusively proves that the 5-50 has no 'dumb' spots over entire range. Any test will show the desired merits of this set."

E. C. Amundson

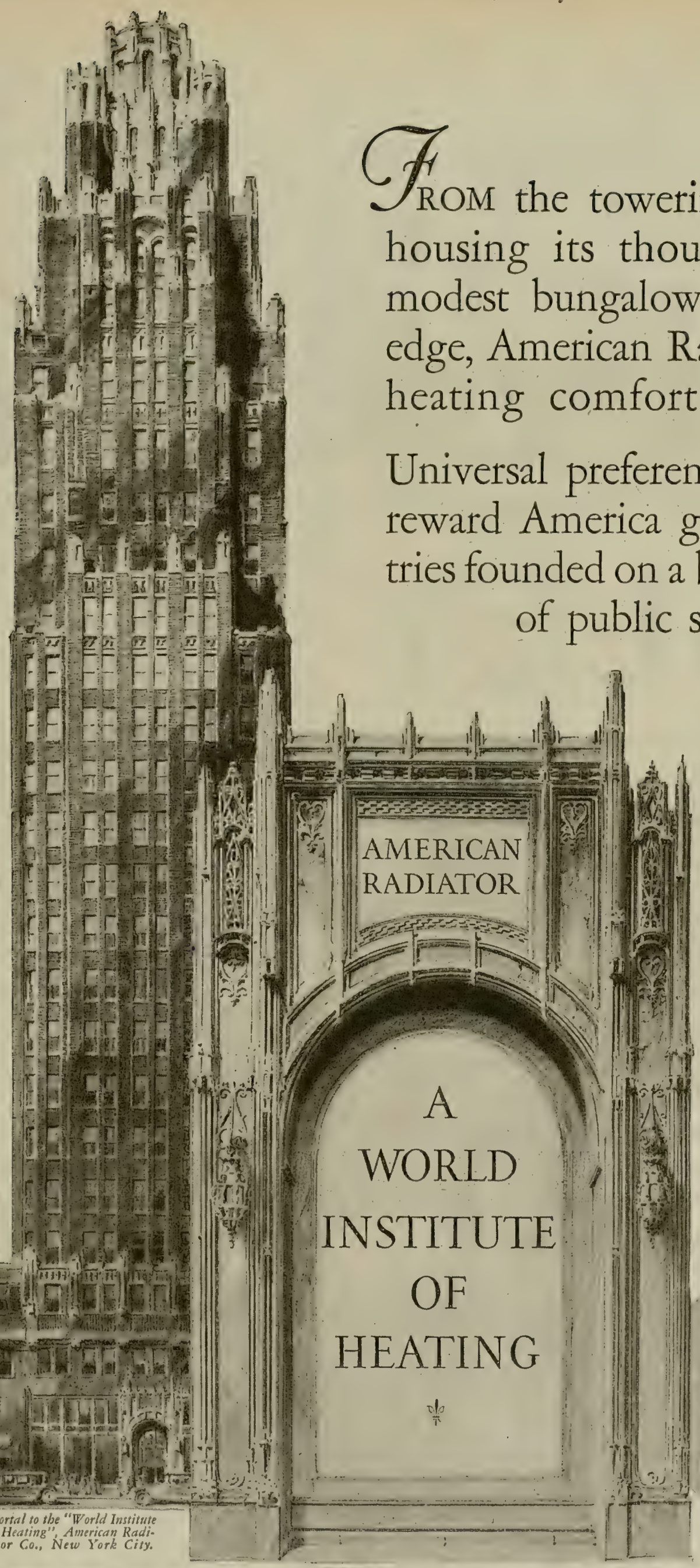
Radio Expert The Radio Shop, New Auburn, Wis.
"Never have I had in my six years of experience in radio so much in simplicity, selectivity, volume, distance and tone quality as the 5-50 revealed to me. I have tried out 25 makes of sets this season, but as yet have found none that will compare with the Crosley 5-50. Selectivity is surprising. More selective than three dial sets I have operated." (Sworn statement.)

Elmer J. Schultz

Radio Expert Southern Electric Co., Baltimore, Md.
"I can only give your 5-50 the utmost praise, as it performed as I thought only a very high priced outfit would. I have heard many sets costing more than twice the amount of the 5-50 which cannot compare to it in performance. By using Acuminators, one will not get slightest interference of those stations located close to each other on wave lengths."

Archie Oboler

Radio Expert B. F. Carr & Son, 850 E. 63 St., Chicago
"After five years of radio it is hard for me to become honestly enthusiastic over any new set. But the Crosley 5-50 has done it. The beauty about it to me is its honesty. Its shielding is used not to facilitate manufacturing processes, but to really aid the set. It efficiently makes use of every bit of energy received. It is a wonderful radio."



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Makers of IDEAL Boilers, AMERICAN Radiators, ARCO Hot Water Supply Heaters, VENTO (Ventilating) Heaters, Heat-Controlling Accessories, etc.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

When I recovered, my mother and I joined Mr. Belasco in Paris, where he had gone to look for a suitable play for me.

Newspapers at this time published a report that he and I had eloped. If we did, we eloped with Susan and my mother also.

The radiance of a Paris spring, so full of the smell of honey, hot bread, fruit, and flowers—the magic of the Paris streets, so full of churches, bizarre, enigmatic faces, aliveness—the color of the Paris nights, so full of certain uncertain sounds of beauty, of scents! Then is when you can touch Paris and taste her, the intoxicating, unexplainable, great Gallic city.

LIFE was good—it had so much to offer. We all jogged around the city in little *voitures*, going nightly to the Comedie Francaise, the Odeon, or the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt. It was at the Odeon we saw a charming actress, Jane Hading, with an unforgettable face. Mr. Dave couldn't speak a word of French, but he watched her intently.

"Marvelous technique—but she doesn't flare."

The word again to baffle and puzzle me. It was a peculiar thing about David Belasco: the French language was an unknown tongue to him, but, by some uncanny reflection of thought, he could nip the whole theme bodily from a play. He often missed the terrible realism of the French, and this was exemplified in Zaza, which I will emphasize later.

We were joined in Paris by Charles Frohman, and were taken by him to see a lovely young actress, Biana Duhamel, in an opera called Miss Helyett, the rights to which he acquired for America. I think Mr. Dave spoke to Mr. Frohman about my playing it; but if he did, nothing was said to me at the time.

A few days later Mr. Frohman asked me to meet Audran, who wrote the music. I was glad my French was so fluent, for there was a community of interest between him and me which I think was instrumental in Mr. Frohman's allowing me to have the part. Miss Helyett was twenty years before its time.

French actresses do not have to possess voices of prima donnas to sing. They use the voice in a delicious chant accompanying the music.

Audran and I had talked Miss Helyett over. On my return to America, when he found they had given me the part, he wrote in a waltz especially for me.

What I intended doing was to make a drama of each song, expressing the intention of the words, since I had no voice to gloss it along. In comic opera there are undoubtedly two arts helping each other. But if you stress the voice you lose the interpretation of the words; if you emphasize the words, you lose the appeal of the voice. A compromise may be obtained by evoking out of the words a sort of chant.

When Mr. Frohman found it was my intention to play it this way because I could play it no other, there was consternation in the Frohman offices.

A coach would have to be procured to place my voice. I knew no more of having my voice placed than I did about sailing a ship. Finally a coach was found in the person of Fred Lyster, an Englishman, who knew all about music and played the piano beautifully.

Original cast of The Heart of Maryland Company.

Photos from Albert Davis Collection

As Maryland Calvert, Mrs. Carter first tasted fame.

There began a long period of arduous coaching, during every minute of the time in which I was terrifically off key. Mr. Dave would come in to see how rehearsals were progressing. Like myself, he didn't know one note from another, nor could he carry a tune; so of course he thought that we were proceeding famously.

WILLIAM FURST, who conducted Miss Helyett, would look at me with petrified amazement at the ease and self-confidence with which I scattered the notes every place in the register but the right place. However, in spite of my lack of singing voice, I brought to each individual song a spacing and a phrasing that carried me through. We opened at the old Star Theater.

In the cast were Harry Harwood, Joseph Herbert, M. J. Kennedy, Laura Clemens, and Kate Davis. To the fact that they were all veterans, perhaps, I owe more than I realized at the time.

There was a stir of excitement one day when the news came that we were to give a professional matinee. Not knowing the meaning of a professional matinee, I went on the following Saturday afternoon, before an enormous, good-natured multitude of actors and actresses, with my usual colossal composure and satisfied assurance. In the boxes were Lillian Russell, Marie Tempest, Pauline Hall, Marie Jansen, and in the house Marion Manola, also members of the McCaul Opera Company.

In after years, when I grew to know Lillian Russell well, she never would admit to me how bad I really was.

It was during the run of Miss Helyett that the proceedings against Nathaniel R. Fairbanks, brought by Mr. Belasco, came to trial.

Around this case rose a curious situation of subtle innuendo which was all entirely outside of it and never a part of it.

The whole truth of the matter can be summed up in a few words: When Mr. Fairbanks, who had backed me, saw that the venture was not turning toward prosperity, he withdrew his support. Mr. Belasco had already committed himself on the strength of Mr. Fairbanks' word to finance a production and see it on its feet.

WHEN it became noised about that Mr. Fairbanks had withdrawn, all the creditors were around our necks like packs of wolves. Mr. Belasco journeyed to Chicago, making a personal appeal to him to wind up the company honorably without jeopardizing my future by plunging me into a morass of unpaid bills. Mr. Fairbanks refused.

Up to this time Mr. Belasco had never received one cent for his part of the contract which was specifically entered into that day in E. G. Gillmore's office. Mr. Fairbanks, acting through one of his attorneys, R. W. Morrison, brought The Ugly Duckling peremptorily to a close in Kansas City. The Fairbanks lawyers came to New York to see what compromise Mr. Belasco would accept, and he answered them by putting all the bills on the table.

"I never contracted to pay these. Mr. Fairbanks did. If you liquidate them the incident is closed."

"Mr. Fairbanks would never have entered into such a speculation if he had known how much was involved," replied his lawyer.

"I told Mr. Fairbanks," said Mr. Belasco, "there were two ways of making an actress. One was to begin in some minor capacity in a company and work her way up—or to begin at the top. I explained

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How One Man Is Building a Fortune

FIFTEEN years ago, a young man came to us with $1,000 to make his first investment. He wanted safety, 6% interest, and freedom from worry.

Together we worked out an investment plan for him. Every year, for fifteen years, he has bought $1,200 in bonds, reinvesting the interest. Now he has $31,100 in Straus Bonds, of which $12,200—more than one-third—was purchased out of his *interest*.

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A digestive aid that quits when its task is done

GASTROGEN Tablets are good—very good—for the prompt relief of indigestion, gas and other after-dinner discomfort. So are bicarbonate of soda and preparations containing it.

But there's one objection to alkalies like "bicarb"—one respect in which they go too far. Unless you measure your dose to a nicety, your stomach is left with an alkaline residue which interferes with normal digestion.

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The stomach, you know, should be *slightly* acid (1/5 of one percent). And until nature restores this delicate balance of acidity, normal digestion cannot proceed.

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So, next time your dinner brings you discomfort, try Gastrogen Tablets. They are mild, safe, effective. They will quickly drive away your indigestion, heartburn and gas. They are aromatic and pleasant to the taste, and they are extraordinarily good for sweetening the breath.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

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73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

frankly that in general this proved a mistaken plan, resulting in utter failure a hundred times for the once it succeeds. But, backed by great courage and genuine ability, this road that seemed rash in the end proved really the most judicious, as in the cases of Julia Marlowe and Mary Anderson.

"There were two roads," continued Mr. Belasco. "The first road costs nothing but endurance and courage, and ordeals, and every word in the dictionary that means fight. The other may cost money. He chose the latter, and he finds the venture a little costly. He is a welsher, Mr. Morrison, who refuses to pay his losses because the horse he picked didn't win. I am so sure of Mrs. Carter's ultimate success that I am willing, by any process you will arrange, to bind myself by a promise to pay everything back."

Mr. Fairbanks' lawyers refused pointblank. There was nothing for Mr. Belasco to do in his own defense but put his muddled affairs into the hands of his friend, Judge Dittenhoefer, to begin suit.

A letter written by me to Charles L. Allen, one of Mr. Fairbanks' principal Chicago lawyers, and which is a matter of record, reads:

> Mr. Belasco feels he cannot go on with me unless he is able to make things creditable. He has stuck by me in my struggle against prejudice; he has stood up for me and given personal written assurance on every contract I have. It is owing to him and his personal influence among theatrical managers that I have succeeded in getting the best route and the best theaters. He has committed himself all on Mr. Fairbanks' word. He has helped me without pay. He has given my play his instruction—he has also given up every other thing he was connected with to put me through. He will produce my play; he will answer for my success—he stands sponsor for my career. And he does it all without asking pay, ready to wait until I am launched for his remuneration—*and he did all this on Mr. Fairbanks' promise to see me through.*

DURING this trial certain newspapers that were partisan to the Medill interests went to extremes of exaggeration in the reports of the testimony. Mr. Belasco bore himself during the acrimonious sessions and bitterly barbed innuendo with the same poise and honesty of purpose that he has borne through life.

When it came to trial and I was called as a witness, I thought Mr. Dave had been unjustly treated, and said so.

Mr. Fairbanks' lawyer began to interrogate me:

"Mr. Fairbanks dined at your house in Chicago many times, Mrs. Carter?"

"And Mrs. Fairbanks," I answered, looking at him intently.

He leaned toward the witness box.

"You danced with Mr. Fairbanks?"

"Many times." I was beginning dimly to perceive the route he wanted his questions to travel.

"Ah, I see. Many times." He rolled this slowly around as if he were tasting a highly spiced morsel of food.

"Just as I have danced with you, Mr. D—, many times. Would you like the jury to infer there was a love affair between us because of that? There wasn't, you know."

That is the truth, and the whole truth, about the famous *cause célèbre* known as the Fairbanks case.

At this period something ugly began to raise its lean and hungry head—something I had never before known in all my life: lack of money. I had received forty dollars a week for playing in Miss Helyett. It played Chicago and the larger cities, and lasted six months.

But, forty dollars not being a munificent sum to a person who knew nothing of its value, on my return to New York I found myself in a very quagmire of debts.

Louise Thorndyke, Boucicault's young wife.

Photos from Albert Davis Collection

Dion Boucicault, famous Irish playwright.

I had a sable coat that I had purchased in England. I took this to Mr. Gunther, who had been my furrier for many years. He gave me $4,000 for it.

It is quite true I was extravagant. It is quite true I am extravagant. It is the gesture that goes with an impulsive nature.

Never having been denied anything in the past, sheriff's writs and process servers were beginning to teach me many costly lessons, most of them unpleasant—a few ludicrously funny.

One matinee day I looked out of the window and saw the suspicious looking man who had been inquiring for me at the theater. Like Cerberus, he was guarding the only exit. It was imperative to keep faith with my public. My two red braids were a menace to my comfort; they made me conspicuous; so I always wore the simplest costume—a dark skirt, a short navy blue reefer coat, and a dark sailor hat—which were becoming well known to the public of New York.

My aunt, who was with me, lent me her long black cloak and her bonnet, under which I tucked my hair. I slipped out with perfect security and watched her follow me in my reefer coat and little sailor.

It is true when I say that laughter kept us all going, for there was nothing else.

I had a feeling deeper than instinct, and in it I was right, that I would never appear before an audience again unless in a play of Mr. Belasco's creating. This decision cost a year and a half of waiting, as Mr. Frohman had commissioned him to write The Girl I Left Behind Me for the Empire Stock Company.

I was being hampered more and more by finances. We moved from Madison Square to a small, cheaper apartment at 63 Clinton Place, back of the Brevoort Hotel. I had to sell the wedding chest of silver and the rest of my furs. In the small faded living-room the first act of The Heart of Maryland was written and the second well begun. Then my mother and I left for Maryland.

In a little town called Oakland I became drenched with the spirit of the South. The provincial, slow-moving, lovely old hotel was its very essence. I slept with *Maryland Calvert*, ate with her, lived with her, breathed with her.

Mr. Dave joined us there. Day by day he grappled with his closely woven structure of language. Hour by hour I listened eagerly to it, first in one form, then in another. It was exactly as if a piano tuner, with a tuning-fork, were striking chords, and when they came back in the form of a wrong note he would begin all over again.

I shared in the plays he wrote for me to this extent: I reacted to his material like the echo of an æolian harp. If a thing struck me wrong, he never would touch it. He had faith in my instincts, just as I had faith, whole-hearted, unending, in what he told me.

WE returned to New York exuberantly happy, with the same old wolf sniffing at our heels. The last of my mother's jewelry began to go; encroachments were made into odd ends of gewgaws and into my wardrobe. It was a time of dreary waiting in which despondency, discouragement, poverty, all played their small parts.

To use Mr. Dave's Californian phrase, "grass was short." The three of us ate at a small restaurant on Third Avenue kept by a mild little Jew, whose dinners cost twenty-five cents, with red cabbage five cents extra. We often had to forgo the cabbage for carfare next day.

One afternoon Mr. Dave appeared with an air of great elation, to tell me that we had an appointment to read the play that evening to Henry Miner, owner and manager of Miner's Theater, at the Imperial Hotel. The snow fell all that day. When night arrived, it still came down in great, heavy gusts.

After paying for our dinners with the money he always tucked

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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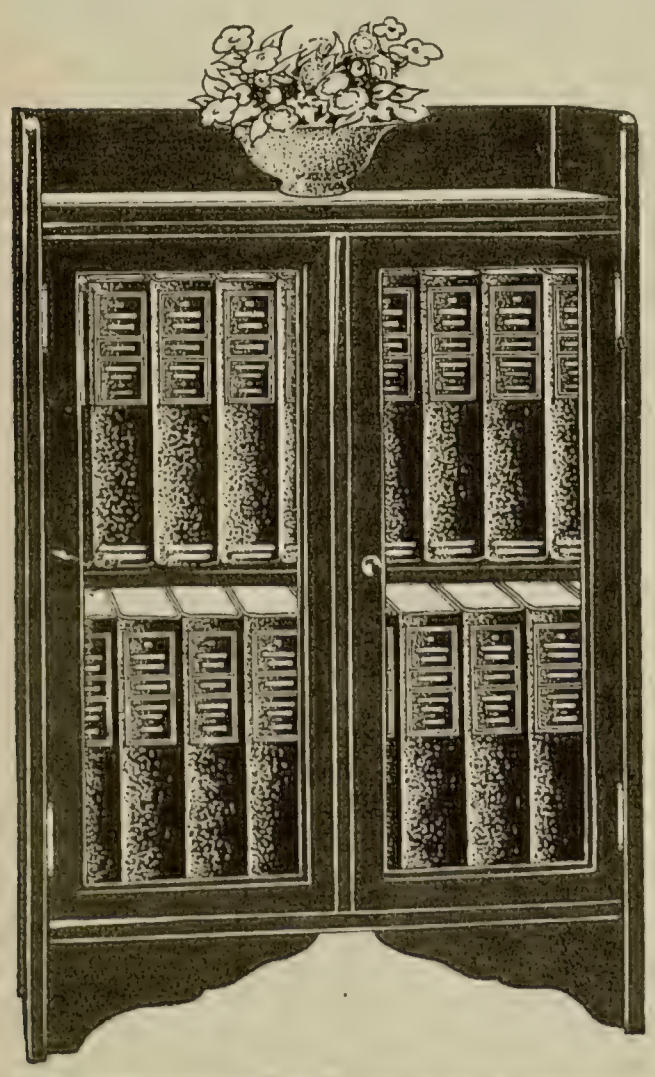

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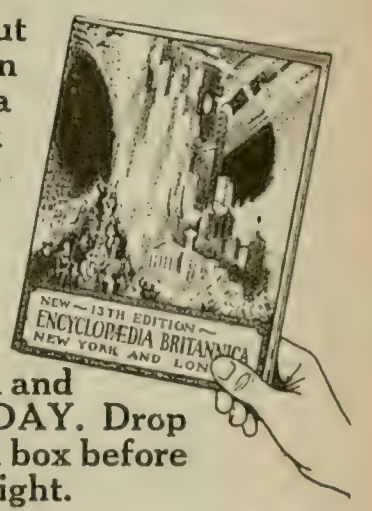

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

away in his vest pocket for that purpose, there was not a penny left for the carfare to take us uptown! Mr. Dave turned his coat collar up around his neck with an air of grim determination, and said, "If you're game, we'll have to walk it."

Walk it we did, from below Clinton Place to the Imperial Hotel at Thirty-first Street and Broadway, with our two faces set against the storm and plowing through it.

In the parlor of Mr. Miner's suite of rooms Mr. Belasco began to read to him The Heart of Maryland. He began it with enthusiasm and hope, only to have these ooze away to the accompaniment of Mr. Miner's deep breathing. He barely listened to two-thirds of it.

NEXT it was offered to Charles Frohman. He accepted it, but with this reservation:

"I'll take it, but I will not produce it with Mrs. Carter, Dave. You'll never make an actress of her. She doesn't belong in this run. Let her go back to her own world."

Mr. Belasco answered him with these words:

"God is no respecter of persons, Charlie. He gave us a Rachel from a Hebrew Ghetto. He gave us a Bernhardt from out of the litter and rubbish of shady French drawing-rooms. He put a starving, unknown Corsican on the throne of France, and made a peasant girl an Empress of Russia. Don't talk to me of worlds!"

Mr. Frohman turned his back when he said this. Gentle as Mr. Dave was, he could get into a white heat.

"By heaven, you'll take her! I'll see the day when you will be glad to take her." And, turning on his heel, he left the offices.

This was the first fly in the honey of their friendship. They were both Titans, in their own way. Their friendship had been as strong as their individualities. Mr. Dave resented with all the force of a nature like his Mr. Frohman's attitude.

With all Mr. Belasco's fineness, gentleness, and ideals, he was racially and fundamentally a Jew, with all a Jew's harboring of hatred. He was as unforgiving as any of the patriarchs of the Old Testament, but had the same utmost capacity to swing as quickly to a great nobleness.

My mother and I were waiting patiently his return. He came in, weary, shabby, and dejected, dropping into a chair near the window. He did not speak—just let his arms drop to his sides, and looked out the window. What he did was far more moving than any words.

"Look at me, Mr. Dave. You and I will have to face facts. They want your manuscript, but they don't want me. You've kept your promise—you can't do any more. You believe—but you can't make others believe."

Then I went to him and knelt at his side. I tell you, I had to learn to kneel: I was always kneeling to someone—to my baby's lawyers, to Mr. Dave, to the whole world. Something pent up inside of me uncoiled, that old mainspring of self—so I said bravely, and I meant it: "Let someone else have the part of *Maryland Calvert*. You'll never get a production if you don't."

There is nothing theatric in David Belasco in times of great stress, but the whole man is held in a grip of cold, deliberate, intrepid sureness. He held up both hands to my mother and me. He always taught me with his hands, and I would watch them rather than his face, because the heart and the intelligence of the man were in them.

"These shall never be used

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Caroline Miskel-Hoyt, once a famous actress.

again to write another play if I do. Never—never!"

Manager after manager refused it. He peddled it from office to office, every week becoming a little more shabby—and every week we all became a little poorer. The wolf was no longer at our heels, but was living right in the house with us.

Susan was making regular weekly visits to the nice pawnbroker on Second Avenue, and Mr. Dave had sold everything he could lay his hands on: the books he had accumulated—they were rare and they were many—his few antiques, all went. We were now dining off the very last of his historical volumes.

ONE night on Third Avenue, when he paid the waiter the seventy-five cents for the three dinners and ten cents extra for his tip, he said, sorrowfully, but half laughingly: "There goes some of Mary Queen of Scots." And a week or so later: "Here's where we eat the last of the Valois Kings."

On an afternoon some time later, Benjamin Roeder came up from Mr. Dave in a white heat of excitement, to say that A. M. Palmer, who had read the play, had accepted it with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the part of *Maryland Calvert*.

Active preparations to produce it were begun, scenery was designed, built, and painted at a cost of $5,500, in those days a large sum. A few weeks later he met Charles Frohman, who said to him:

"I'm sorry. Palmer's gone under. He won't be able to produce The Heart of Maryland." It was like an unexpected blow from an enormous wave that strikes you amidship when it buffets you unawares. It was only too true.

We were becoming so used to Mr. Dave's bursting in and out of the Clinton Place flat with bulletins from The Heart of Maryland battlefield that this day, when he did so, we waited patiently for the last news from the front.

He said not a word, but began taking out of his pockets some eight small pieces of coal he had picked up on his walk down the avenue. Mr. Dave was very superstitious. Why coal should take on a significance of good fortune in his eyes has always mystified me. Later, when he wrote Du Barry and rewrote Zaza, the pockets of his old silk dressing gown were filled with small bits of coal.

He placed his white hands over the black pieces. "This time," he said, speaking with a solemn quiet, "this time The Heart of Maryland is going into production."

And it did.

IT seemed there were three young men who were the lessees of the Herald Square Theater—Charlie Evans, who made a fortune with Hoyt's A Parlor Match; Fred Whitney, who later became famous and rich as a producer of comic operas, and Max Bleiman.

A friend of Mr. Dave's, Henry Butler, said to him:

"Max Bleiman says any man that can do the work you did in Men and Women and The Wife can hand him a play, and he'll take a gamble. Go to him."

The play was accepted, and Bleiman called on Palmer and paid cash for the scenery already made.

The cast was selected with the greatest care. The role of *Captain Allan Kingsland* was written especially for Maurice Barrymore. John Kellard, Frank Mordaunt, Cyril Scott, Angels McCall, Helen Tracy, all fell into perfectly fitted parts like finely oiled cogs into an exquisite mechanism.

Before the opening Fred Whitney took fright and withdrew, leaving only the two partners and Mr. Belasco.

We gave the first presentation in Washington. It was received with a lukewarmness that told us nothing of success or failure. Receipts were small; there was only enough to meet the week's salaries and make the move to Baltimore. Playing here at the time was Caroline Miskel-Hoyt, starring under the management of her playwright husband and his partner, Frank McKee. The latter was in Baltimore. Max Bleiman arrived from New York our first day there, telling us he had come to sell part of his interest in the play to Mr. McKee, to enable him to bring it to New York.

I should like to speak of Max Bleiman, the most curious medley of human complexes wrapped up in a man potentially big, but just never able to measure up to it. Some hidden flare in his temperament made him react to everything in art, especially the drama. Some twisted quirk in his nature made him traffic in the marketing of unauthentic masterpieces of painting. Still, you felt that here, behind this uncultured Russian

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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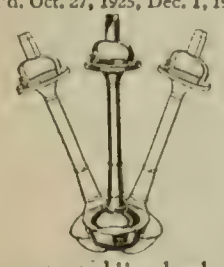

The patented "rock-a-by." base keeps Smokador from being knocked over. Nothing can be spilled. Easy to clean

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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Thirty-five]

Jew, was a man who instinctively loved beauty.

We all were stopping at the Stratford Hotel, and, as is usual with the household habits of the theater, we came into the dining-room for supper after the opening performance.

At a table were Caroline Miskel-Hoyt and Frank McKee, and, sitting with them, Max Bleiman. Of all the painful reflections that grip the human consciousness, there is nothing more ugly or discomfiting than to enter a room where people have been discussing you critically, and to have the fact salute you by a terrible silence. Mr. Dave and I both felt it. When Mrs. Hoyt and Mr. McKee left the dining-room Max Bleiman crossed to us and said:

"McKee saw it and thinks it a great play; but——"

"But?" questioned Mr. Dave ironically.

"But—but——" floundered poor Bleiman, "he can't see Mrs. Carter in the part. He won't touch it."

I put my head on the white tablecloth and burst into tears.

The next morning Mr. Dave knocked at my door and handed me a repousse silver box. He had gone out early and bought it.

"Listen!" he said. "I'm leaving on the next train. I'm going to get the money to take you to New York. If I can't get it, I'm going to pawn all I've got, McKee or no McKee."

And he did.

THE day of our opening in New York dawned for me with crushing depression. None of us left the little flat in Clinton Place. We all felt very solemn, and, while not one of us voiced it, we knew the night's test was to be the augury not alone of our material welfare but of my dramatic future.

Susan and I arrived early in Herald Square. The theater seemed like a church, subdued and still, with small lights flickering here and there. The actors must have borrowed its somberness. Only Maurice Barrymore, with his swaggering gayety, maintained any logic of high spirits.

In a first-night Belasco audience there is something inflammable and stirring in the set of emotions each one brings with him.

The peculiar spirit and electrical atmosphere of these openings became so definable in after years that they were called "Belasco first nights."

My mother said my eyes were wild and frightened.

"Steady, girl," said Mr. Dave, when he came back to give us his last instructions. "William Winter has just come in."

I was beginning to learn to tremble at the thunder of these names:

William Winter—Brander Matthews—what power they had to seat or unseat you!

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Charles Frohman, who ranked among the greatest producers.

When my cue came I had a thing the Germans call *schermerei.* It is a heady lightness, an *exalté* feeling, that bees get just before they are about to swarm, an inner consciousness of being directed by some force quite outside yourself.

The applause on my entrance was half-hearted. My lip trembled. Somewhere, out of the cavern called my body, a voice came—certainly not my voice; it quivered too much.

Down in the audience there were vague movings, a low undertow of restlessness that had not yet settled to an absorbed interest.

Barrymore came on; he felt it also.

"Courage!" he whispered.

AS the play unfolded, interest crept a little nearer, then nearer. Finally the orchestra began very softly the stirring, sweeping music of Maryland, My Maryland.

Then Barrymore began to speak those leaping lines, alive to the finger tips, wherein lay sex and love and conflict. There are certain silences that go beyond mere silence, a tense, riveted quiet that can become filled with a very thunder of stillness. When he lifted one of my braids to his lips, ending with:

"For her I'd live, for her I'd die,
Maryland, My Maryland,"

he leaned over my shoulder and said:

"God, we've got them! We've got them!"

After the second act there were twenty curtain calls; after the third act, thirty. When it finished with the ringing of the curfew with a woman's body used as a human tongue in the bell, it was the first time I was ever to see an audience flare like tinder to its emotions and pandemonium break loose. High on its tiptoes, it shouted, it clapped, it bravoed.

I returned to my dressing-room to find my mother and Susan standing with their hands tightly grasping each other's and the tears running down my mother's face. I went to her and laid my head on her shoulder, but I couldn't speak a word.

When David Belasco came in, his face was ivory white. He took me by the wrist, pulling me gently toward the door.

"You hear that!" he said with a deadly calm. His face was transfigured. "You hear that! Do you know what it means? It means that never—never—never will we have to eat on Third Avenue again!"

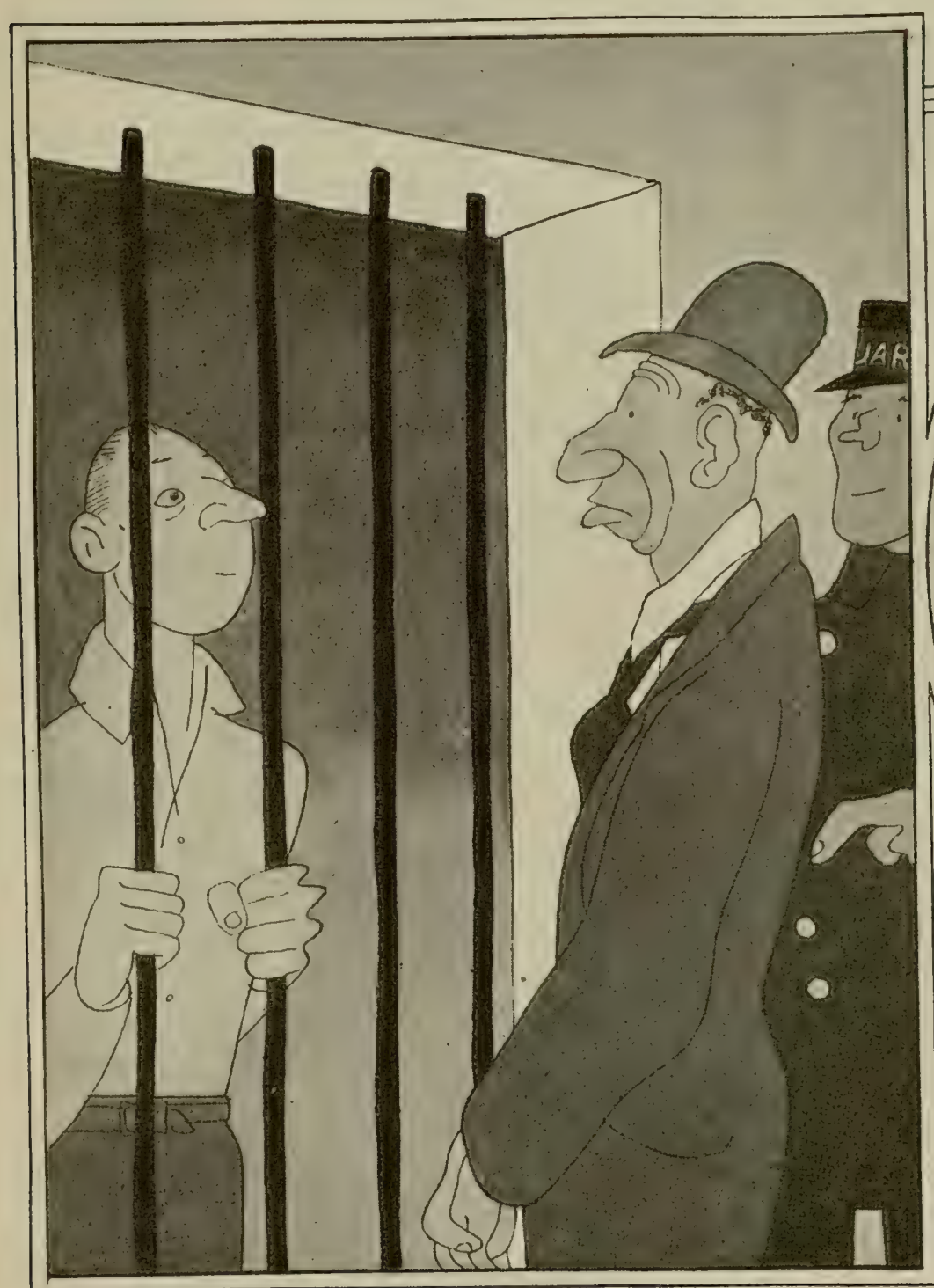
And Moses wist not that his face shone!

The excitement and sensation of Mrs. Carter's first great triumph in New York and London is told in the next installment of her autobiography, which will appear in LIBERTY next week.

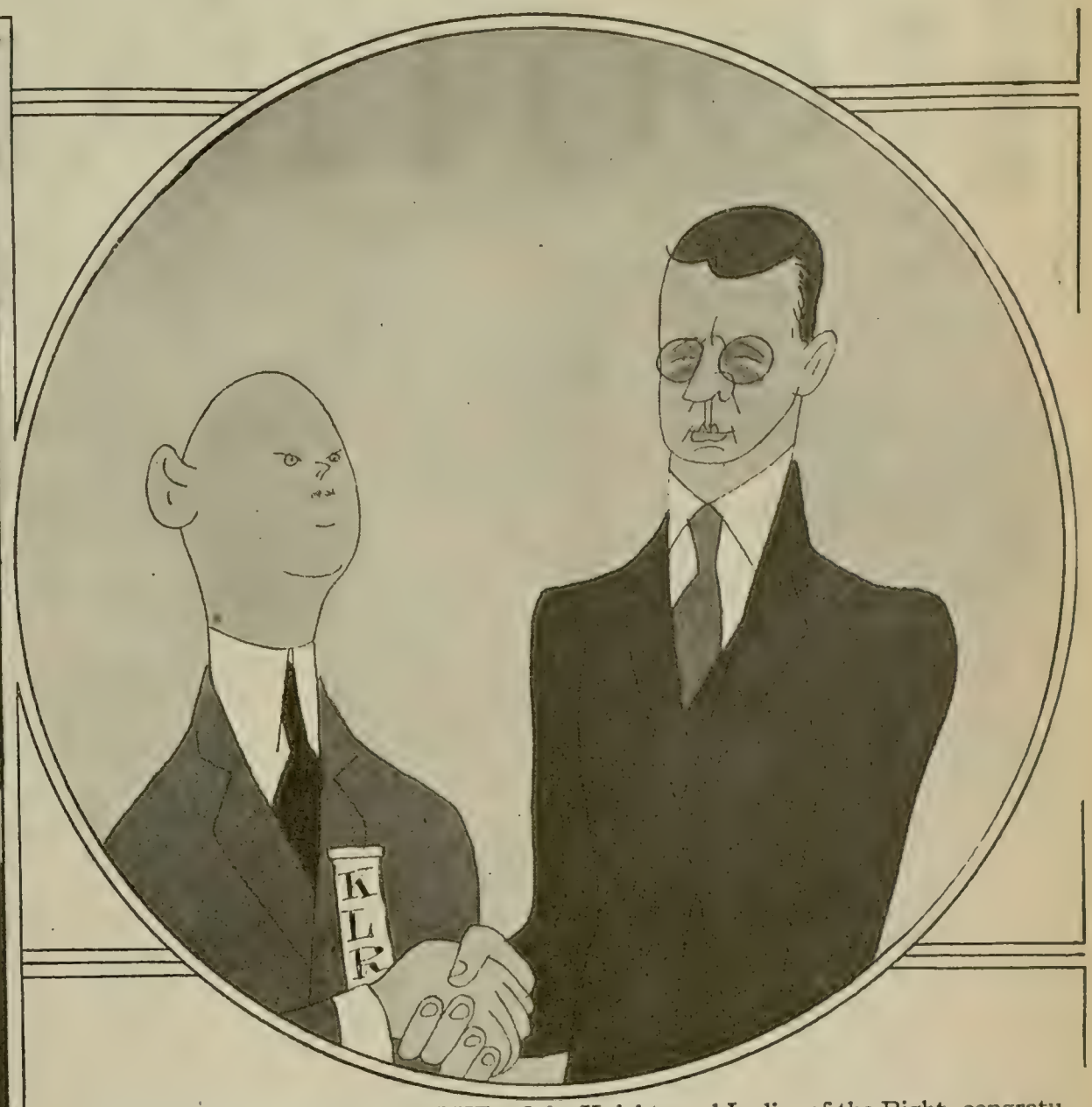
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



VISITORS' DAY CELEBRITY: Mike (Bloody Pete) Levinsky, eminent hold-up man and murderer, enjoying a rest from professional cares while out on parole, visits the inmates in the alimony jail.



OUR OWN MR. JEREMIAH FLUT, of the Knights and Ladies of the Right, congratulates Prohibition Director Chester P. Mills of New York for closing forty-three night clubs on Christmas Eve, thus killing the maximum amount of joy possible in one day.

THE JOYS OF PUBLICITY: Miss Geraldine Jarrold, having entered public life by going into the pictures, finds that only her private life is ever mentioned in the papers.

THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT HITS FRANCE: Leaders marching on the French Academy to protest against the intolerable fact that such words as *ugliness, horror, war, wickedness*, etc., are, in French, in the feminine gender.

JUDGE KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS, in his latest sensation, announces the discovery that Pop Anson cheated at cards in a game played in Boston in 1896.

Dirty FOOTBALL

A Former Harvard Varsity Player Tells Why His University Broke Relations with Princeton

An Article by
WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

Pictures by GEORGE ONEILL

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is a former Harvard football player's explanation of the quarrel between Harvard and Princeton. It was rejected by another weekly magazine as too hot, but LIBERTY believes that, inasmuch as the Harvard-Princeton quarrel has already attracted wide attention, it should be printed. LIBERTY has no first-hand knowledge of the merits of this controversy, but knows that Mr. Hubbard's charges are made in good faith. The Harvard teams on which he played were never beaten, so he cannot be accused of nursing a sense of personal humiliation at the hands of Princeton.

If an authoritative Princeton writer desires to reply, equal space will be accorded him.]

I AM a Harvard man and proud of that fact. I played on the Varsity football teams of 1919 and 1920. As a result, I have two dearly prized gold footballs. The teams I played on were never beaten. We were tied twice and we played some torrid games which we won by a nose, but we were never beaten. I am much prouder of this than of the fact that I went to Harvard. The latter was a matter of circumstance and tradition with which I had very little to do. I just "done went." The football playing was, however, largely a result of my own efforts. No player gets on a Varsity team without a certain amount of effort—rather strenuous effort, at that.

Before I start digging into the football situation I wish to preface my statements with a paragraph of explanation. While I take full responsibility for all statements and write from first-hand knowledge, the occurrences mentioned all may be proved by affidavit from other responsible men. I am writing this because I wish to explain to nontechnical football fans what I believe to be the inside, deep-rooted facts of the recent flare-up between Harvard and Princeton. If I make statements that seem to approach mud-slinging or crybabying, such statements I honestly believe to be based on fact and to be capable of proof.

I expect to be "ridden plenty" for this effort; but I will take a chance, because I know college men to be fair. If there is "something rotten in Denmark," we must find out what it is and expel it, even if our own college turns out to be Denmark.

Harvard and Princeton have terminated football relations. A great deal has been written in the daily press about this break, and much talk has flowed in the various clubs and other circles where football is a subject of interest. Although Princeton was the party actually severing the relations between the two universities, Harvard seems to be the one most blamed.

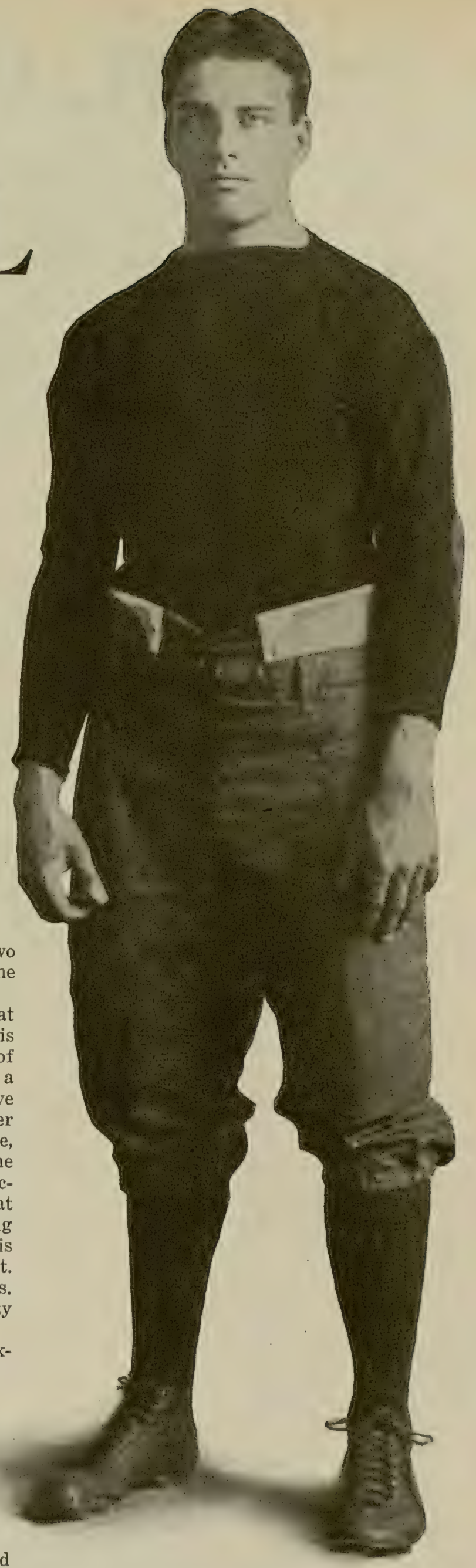
A great many people seem to believe that the *Lampoon* incident is responsible for this severing of athletic relations. The editors of that magazine undoubtedly have come in for a tremendous amount of criticism. They have been made the goat. But no matter whether you think their course tactless, unfortunate, or untimely, they must be given credit for one thing: holding to and expressing their convictions. Unquestionably these men wrote what they honestly believed to be the real feeling of the undergraduate body. Considered in this light, their expression of opinion is important. There must be something back of it. There is.

That something I believe to be dirty football.

What is dirty football? It is an ugly expression and should be used, if at all, with the greatest caution.

Football games between colleges may be divided into three classes: good, hard games, rough games, and dirty games. An example of a hard game was the one this year between Yale and Harvard. Sitting in the stands I could see action between tackle and end, between guard and guard, interferer and tackler, which was rapid and furious. Hand play was hard. Palms cracked down on helmet and shoulder with a vicious crack. The backs ran hard and fast and hit would-be tacklers with force that would not be denied.

But it was not a rough game. In all the sixty minutes of play there were only two penalties—one for offside and one for holding.



Wynant Davis Hubbard, Harvard Varsity tackle, 1919-1920. Height, 6 feet 2½ inches; weight, 208 pounds.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

I *thought* I SMELLED *SMOKE*

REMEMBER the fire at the Mountain View last summer? You must have seen it in the papers. Well, *I* remember it. It comes back to me now like a nightmare.

Along toward early morning, I was awakened by the pungent odor of something suspiciously like wood smoke. I grabbed my Eveready flashlight, which fortunately was parked on a chair next to my bed. I snapped on the flashlight and, sure enough, smoke was seeping under the bedroom door.

I snatched up what clothing I could carry and made for the hallway. All about me was confusion. It seems that when the fire started, every light in the hotel had gone out . . . *like that!* Except for my Eveready, the place was in darkness. By the aid of its bright, penetrating light, I guided all the guests on my floor to safety before the entire structure broke into flames.

I had paid $1.25 for that Eveready. It was worth a million dollars to me that night.

* * *

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A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK

The New GARD

AMERICA'S FIRST EUROPEAN

NER EIGHT-IN-LINE 80

Now—for the first time—all the thrilling brilliance of Gardner *Eight-in-line* performance is available in a car which sells for the price of an average Six—the New Gardner *Eight-in-line 80!*

The minute you see this new-type *Eight-in-line* you will realize that it introduces many proved features heretofore found only in some high-priced American and European cars—features which have never before been grouped together in any car selling at this sensationally low price.

Infinitely More Pleasing

It is entirely new in body and chassis design. There's new animation in every line of it. *The speed* is there! *The power* is there! *The trigger-quick acceleration* is there!

But beyond that there is a new delight—a new fascination—in rounding sharp corners or even "S" curves at a speed that would ordinarily turn over an old-type car. You do it in safety with America's first European-type *Eight-in-line!* Without the slightest rolling, slipping or sidesway!

This safety—this physical and mental ease—this incomparable comfort and true relaxation—is the result of the remarkable roadability of this new-type *Eight-in-line* with its scientifically tilted seats . . . double-drop frame . . . tubular cross-members . . . low center of gravity.

Other Amazing Developments

And on top of these are other revolutionary departures developed by the advanced engineering practice which, combining the best of American and European accomplishments, perfected this sensational new-type car. With one wheel elevated ten inches higher than the others, all doors open and close easily, due to its rigid, new-type chassis.

$1395 to $1795

High lights of this amazing new-type car

Advanced Eight-in-line motor with Swan manifold!

~ ~ ~

Thermostatic heat control. Vibration dampener. Air cleaner ' ' ' Oil filter ' ' ' Gasoline strainer!

~ ~ ~

New-type safety chassis ' ' ' double-drop frame ' ' ' strong and rugged! ' ' ' Tubular cross-members!

~ ~ ~

Height of car less than 70 inches. Low-hung European design ' ' ' Ample head room ' ' ' Normal road clearance!

~ ~ ~

Automatic centralized system of chassis lubrication!

~ ~ ~

Long foreign-type springs ' ' ' snubbers all around. ' ' ' Especially designed steering mechanism!

~ ~ ~

4-wheel brakes, fully enclosed, perfectly equalized!

~ ~ ~

Colorful ' ' ' custom-style ' ' ' clear-vision bodies!

~ ~ ~

Luxurious interior. Chase-Velmo upholstery. Form-fitting seats ' ' ' Tasteful appointments!

~ ~ ~

Fedco theft-proof system with loss-of-use insurance!

Parks in space old-type cars must pass by. Turns in a few feet. Steers with marvelous ease—scoots in and around traffic and danger with astonishing flexibility. Stops—well, on a dime—almost!

Beauty That Fairly Sparkles

This new-type *Eight-in-line* is as beautifully appointed as the most costly cars. The Sedan, for example, is upholstered in genuine Chase-Velmo—and the color of this rich upholstery harmonizes perfectly with the outside body finish. Additional charm and elegance are added by the Butler silver-finished hardware, the walnut panels on the instrument board and window ledges, a dome light, silk window curtains, arm rests and other luxuries you would never expect to find in any car selling for less than $2,000.

Yet the price of this revolutionary new Eight-in-line is no higher than that asked for an average Six!

Both the New Gardner *Eight-in-line 80* (122-inch wheelbase) and the New Gardner *Eight-in-line 90* (130-inch wheelbase) are now being featured in special salon displays by Gardner dealers in all principal cities.

Prices of *Series 80* (122-inch wheelbase) range from $1,395 to $1,795; prices of *Series 90* (130-inch wheelbase), from $1,995 to $2,495. *All prices f. o. b. St. Louis.*

THE GARDNER MOTOR COMPANY, INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Over Fifty Years of Building Well

TYPE EIGHT-IN-LINE

"Skatin' as smooth as Eskimo Pie tastes!"

When you're doin' your best at anything, an' havin' the best fun out of it, you think of everything that's best. That's because there's only one best in everything. When I skate my best I can just hear those good old skates o' mine zippin' "Esk—i—mo—Pie—Esk—i—mo—Pie!" If there was only enough ice to make ice cream for Eskimo Pie I'd quit skatin' right off!

Skatin' makes you hungry an' thirsty both together—an' then's when a fellow likes to bite into that crunchy choc'late an' down into that big thick helpin' of cold, *de-lishus* ice cream, an' just let the good taste drift along till all his own insides are givin' three cheers. An' say, when you feel good you're full o' pep! I skate better with Eskimo Pie in me, an' more comin' when I start home.

Eat it like a banana—peel back the foil wrapper

©1927, E. P. Corp.

Eat Ice Cream for Health

ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS: The most valuable ice cream confection franchise in the history of the ice cream industry. Full information can be obtained by writing us.

NOTE TO DEALERS: *If your manufacturer does not supply you, write us.* Eskimo Pie Corporation, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

ESKIMO PIE

Firm, delicious ice cream inside! Crisp, pure chocolate outside! And around this enticing bar, a sanitary, moisture-proof foil wrapper. That is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—*Eskimo Pie.*

Over two hundred million sold yearly

GENERAL OFFICES:
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
at the
"Cross-roads of the Nation"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

Both were probably either accidental or due to overeagerness.

Many penalties usually mean a rough game. More often than not such penalties are for roughing the kicker, interfering with the receiver of a forward pass, unnecessary taking out of players who are backing up the line, and also for being offside, holding, illegal use of hands, and, once in a great while, slugging. It is this type of game that is usually hailed as dirty, but by the newspapers and the nonplaying fan, rather than by actual players or coaches. In a really hotly contested game between teams that have not been too strictly coached, roughness may almost always be expected.

It is the rather exceptional player who can take a hard beating about the head, or a thorough shaking up in some line smash, and not feel he would like to dump some opposing player in a resounding spill or make his presence obvious to the team opposite him by landing smack on the punter in a kick-blocking effort.

IN the heat of play, illegal use of hands is usually accidental.

There is probably never a game played in which some player at one point or another does not "see red" for a minute. I can remember a game in which I played in which I doubled up my fist with every intention of taking a hearty wallop at a particular opponent. I had just received a nasty clip from behind, and for a moment felt that on top of all the other punishment I had received that clip was too much.

To relieve my own pent-up feelings I just had to paste somebody. As it turned out, I did not actually carry out my intention. I was in the open, and an official stopped me in time. I wasn't put off the field, because that official was wise in the game.

He knew, as I do now, that in the heat of a furiously contested game a player may be stung for a moment and lose his temper. Such an occurrence is unfortunate and to be deprecated, but it is not dirty football. It is too spontaneous for that.

For two weeks or so previous to writing this article, I made a special point of talking with every football player, ex-football player, and student and fan that I could. These men are not only Harvard graduates and undergraduates, they belong to several colleges or academies. Everyone I talked to voiced the opinion that where there is so much smoke there must be fire. The fire is dirty football.

The Harvard teams on which I played came up against a great variety of teams. Among others, we played Boston College, Center, Yale, Princeton, Brown, Valparaiso, Maine, and Oregon. All of the games were hard and some were rough, but only two were dirty. Those two were the ones with Princeton.

Just what does dirty football mean? It means this: sprained knees and ankles, broken legs, smashed noses, dislocated wrists, scissoring, cursing and filthy language, dangerous kicks and wallops in vital spots, deliberate, constant slugging, kneeing, and scratched and torn eyeballs and eyelids.

Played clean and hard, football is a magnificent sport. But unless it *is* played in that spirit it would be far better not to play it at all. Hand-to-hand athletic contests such as football offer too many opportunities for dangerous and unobservable illegal play for the contests to be continued unless they are clean and fair.

My son is about four years old.

When he reaches college age, I hope that he will play football. If he can make the Varsity team, one of my dreams will have come true. But—I would rather have him forgo all the benefits that clean football can confer than have him endanger his body against players using illegal tactics.

HARVARD has been accused of high-hatting Princeton. But no matter what action Harvard takes, she is accused of being high-hat. When the agreement among Yale, Harvard, and Princeton was signed, Harvard was said to be high-hat. There was a great deal of talk about the Big Three. No direct statements were made, but the impression was very cleverly broadcast that these three colleges considered themselves a little better than any others and that they had formed their own football league to the exclusion of other colleges.

Now that Princeton has severed relations with Harvard, criticisms fly again.

Harvard has not high-hatted Princeton. All Harvard men I know will agree with me when I say that Princeton has a tradition and feeling behind her which is the equal of any college. Yale, Princeton, and Harvard all have contributed men to serve as Presidents of the United States. Many famous statesmen, scientists, business men, financiers, and artists have come from their undergraduate ranks. Each is old and each has a tradition. Each also has a firm respect and friendship for the others.

It is thus all the worse when one of these three great universities seems to be allowing a representative team to play a game in such a manner that the threatened continuance of relations brought forth such an article as that which appeared in the Harvard *Lampoon*. But I find it very hard to believe that Princeton graduates and undergraduates really know the true state of affairs.

THESE are my accusations against the Princeton football system:

(1) That when playing Princeton the players on the Harvard team almost invariably come out of the game torn and scratched badly about the eyes. That the Harvard team, although it played seven other colleges every year, never had this happen except when playing against Princeton. That, in one game with Princeton, seven men were torn.

(2) That, in the 1925 game, Miller, Harvard's fullback, came out of the game with the clear imprint of a signet ring on his nose.

(3) That, in the 1924 Princeton game, three of the members of the Harvard team received badly twisted knees and one a broken leg. All of the knee injuries were alike. The men so injured were Daley, Adie, Robb, and Gherke.

(4) That, in the 1922 Freshman game with Princeton, Jack Maher of the Harvard team had his wrist seized with two hands and dislocated.

(5) That, when an occasion arose during the 1922 Varsity game for the doctor of the Harvard team (Dr. T. K. Richards) to go on to the field in his official capacity, a member of the Princeton team rushed up and shouted loudly enough to be heard in the stands: "Look out for that son of a ——; they're all crooks up here."

(6) That Charlie Buell, star player on the Harvard team, had his ankle broken in the first half of the 1922 game with Princeton; that Buell had played six years of football previous to this without an injury. Photographs of this play show Smith, Princeton end, diving on to Buell's outstretched ankle as the latter was in the act of making a forward pass. No attempt to tackle Buell or block the pass is evidenced.

(7) That it is common knowledge that Princeton players direct a constant flow of filthy and abusive language at members of the Harvard teams with the express purpose of getting their goats, making them angry, or otherwise distracting their attention from the game.

(8) That, in the 1923 Freshman game with Princeton, Miller, Coady, Zarakov, and Daley were hurt in the first half. They were all men whose presence was considered essential to the success of the Harvard team.

(9) That, in the 1925 Princeton game, two Princeton linemen going down under their own opening

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your skin feels cool, smooth, refreshed

Quickly heal those tiny

UNSEEN NICKS

your razor leaves

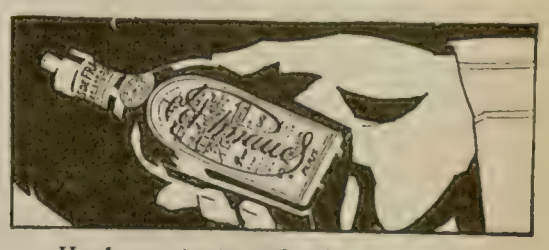
NO matter how sharp your razor, how smooth your skin, hundreds of tiny unseen abrasions are left by every shave.

If it is to feel as cool and smooth as it looks, these must be quickly healed.

A dash of Ed. Pinaud's Lilac on cheeks and chin brings tingling circulation rushing "first-aid" to all these tiny nicks. Then your face feels cool—refreshed—velvet smooth!

Used regularly Ed. Pinaud's toughens the skin without coarsening it, protects against chapping, local infection and eruptions. You'll like its clean, lilac odor.

Get it at any drug or department store *today*. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



Heals, protects, refreshes the skin

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

[DIRTY FOOTBALL
Continued from Page Forty-three]

kick-off scissored Daley, star Harvard guard, and injured his knee so badly that he was taken out of the game. This looked like a deliberate attempt to injure Daley, as ordinarily under such circumstances the Princeton players should be attempting to break through and tackle the Harvard man running back the kick-off instead of taking out an opposing guard, an action which necessarily put them out of the play as well.

(10) That Princeton tackles coming in on kicks often do not try to block punts, but with high, powerful knee action rough up the defending halfbacks. In the 1926 Princeton game, Guarnaccia was so badly kneed while protecting one of Coady's punts that two of his ribs were broken. Later in the same game, and in a similar way, French was badly kneed in the head. Guarnaccia was Harvard's only triple-threat back, and French was a slippery open-field runner.

IF you believed that the foregoing ten statements were true, how would you feel if your college was Harvard? Would you feel that you were high-hatting Princeton, or that you were acting the part of a cry-baby?

Injuries of one kind or another occur in almost every hard football game. The significance of the injuries listed above lies in their similarity and the fact that they were injuries of a type not formerly suffered by the player hurt, although each enjoyed somewhat lengthy school and college football careers.

Added significance is attached when we know that a former Princeton captain, in the youthful exuberance of his first year as one of the Princeton football coaches, said: "You know that if your scouts bring in correct information as to the two or three or four men who are essential to your opponent's success and you 'get' them, you have your opponent licked."

After the 1922 game at Cambridge, a Princeton graduate, when attending the Harvard Law School, made this statement at a social gathering: "My job is to keep a record of the Harvard players hurt in the preliminary games, check on the severity and nature of their injuries, and send the records to the Princeton coaches."

I FEEL that Harvard men are very much to blame for the weak-kneed attitude which they have taken in the past. Believing what they do, they have been placed in a very insecure, ridiculous, and false position not to have come right out and stated their case boldly. They had the opportunity and started to do so twice, but backed down at the last minute.

At the Yale-Harvard game this year 80,000 rabid, partisan football enthusiasts looked on and yelled encouragement. Neither of these two teams was outstanding. Their season's records were poor (I nearly said rotten). Yet the huge Bowl was packed. Why? Because of the tradition behind the two colleges. Because, no matter what happens, the Yale-Harvard game is *the* game of the year to the graduates, undergraduates, girls, sweethearts, wives, and friends of Yale and Harvard men.

It is a mighty fine thing, this enthusiasm and sincere rivalry in the spirit of friendship. It exists between many other colleges as well as between Yale and Harvard, Yale and Princeton, Princeton and Harvard. It is this spirit that makes college football the greatest game in America.

All the more unfortunate that a break should occur between two such splendid rivals as the Tiger and Old Man John. How even more unfortunate that there is a real basis for the charges that have gone forth.

I am writing this article with the sincere hope that it may help to clear the football air by drawing attention to what I believe, and what I know most other football men believe, to be the root of the trouble between Harvard and Princeton. For years charges of all kinds have been floating around. They have all had basis in fact, but they have not been sufficiently substantial to cause a real investigation. They have only created bad feeling and misunderstandings.

HARVARD undoubtedly is to blame for many things. In her policies mistakes have been made and several very tactless acts done. Princeton also is to blame. It is my belief that if Princeton will look squarely into this whole football situation at home, and pay more attention to methods and practices than to the winning of games, relations between Harvard and Princeton may eventually be resumed.

It is very easy to criticize from the sidelines. I realize that. It is because I realize it that I put forth the plea that Harvard state her case (if she has one) plainly and fairly; that Princeton state hers; and that then they get together and thrash the whole matter out in the spirit in which a football game should be played—a spirit of clean, hard, give-and-take fair play.

THE END

WURLITZER

Dorothy Mackail and Jack Mulhall, screen stars and both musicians, prefer the Wurlitzer Studio Grand.

Makes Your Friends Eager to See You

THE marvelous sweet tone of the Wurlitzer Studio Grand invites the full use of your musical ability in the entertainment of your friends. It is always a cheery welcome making them eager to see you again.
Small and exquisitely proportioned, this wonderful little instrument harmonizes perfectly with the interiors of the modern apartment, bungalow, or small home.
The price is so low that you cannot afford to be without the lasting pleasure it will surely bring to you.

Grand Piano Division De Kalb, Ill. WURLITZER *Upright Division N. Tonawanda, N. Y.*

Dealers and Branches Everywhere

Studio Grand $625 *and up. Convenient terms gladly arranged*

f. o. b. factory

OLD IRONSIDES Sails Up Broadway

A Fine Bit of American History in the Year's Best Film

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell in Old Ironsides.

AFTER a year of preparation and filming, Old Ironsides reached Broadway in time to prove itself the best picture of 1926. Its director, James Cruze, has made a better photoplay than was his The Covered Wagon.

"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," is familiar to every American schoolboy. Old Ironsides starts with the Continental Congress' defiance of the Barbary pirates, and then goes on to show how the gallant old Constitution (Old Ironsides, herself) swept the Tripolitan marauders from the seas.

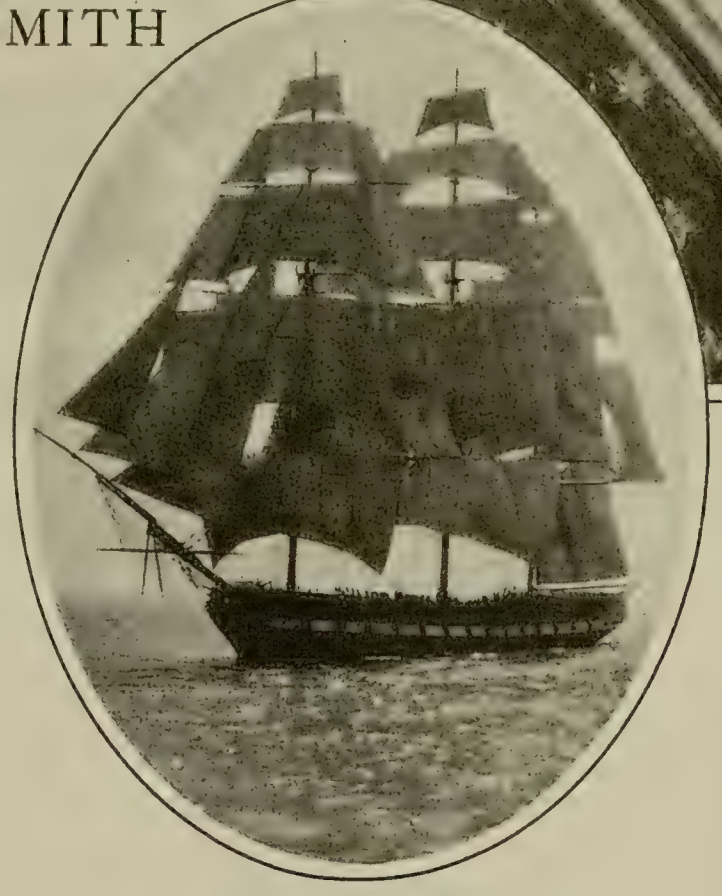
Cruze has presented this epoch of our history with a fine, gusty spirit. There is the usual romance, of course. A young farm boy, bent upon enlisting for service on the Constitution, is shanghaied aboard the bark Esther. The owner of the bark is en route to Spain with his beautiful daughter. There you have the boy and the girl against the pageant of marine history. The Esther is captured by the corsairs, but the Constitution saves everybody when she clears the Mediterranean of pirate rovers.

Cruze has not prettied or diluted history. He has caught the spirit of the first days of the nineteenth century. His sailors listen to a hurried prayer before they go into battle, toss off a lusty round of grog, and strip to the waist for action. You can fairly smell the variegated odors below decks. Those were the days before marines read the best literature and had press agents.

Cruze has caught the feel of the sea, too. Whether his camera snares the vessel's figurehead above the lashing foam, whether it presents the steady roll of the ship in a gale, whether it moves through the maze of rigging and bellying sails, or whether it shows the Constitution coming head on under full sail, it maintains the steady rhythm of the ocean. The film is as salty as the sea.

Wallace Beery as the Bos'n.

Laurence Stallings, co-author of What Price Glory, gets the screen credit for the story. Actually, a large share of the honors belongs to Harry Carr, a Los Angeles newspaper writer. He conceived the idea of building a film around the famous old frigate, now rotting at her dock in Boston. He



Old Ironsides going into action.

obtained the co-operation of Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, and sold the idea to Jesse Lasky.

Cruze possesses a fine flair for humanizing history. Back of his success is as good a yarn as any he ever filmed. He was born in Utah in 1884. His father, an immigrant from Denmark, had pioneered with the Mormons across the plains, staking out an arid claim near Ogden. Tired of farm chores, Jimmie ran away from home. This period of his career includes washing dishes in a Frisco beanery, a job as a seaman on a Bering Sea fishing schooner, and working with a medicine show. This last job shaped his career.

HE struggled along in small medicine shows. One of his employers was Luke Cosgrave, a little white-whiskered man who frequently plays in Cruze's pictures, and who came on from Hollywood to see the Broadway premiere of Old Ironsides.

Cruze worked his way to vaudeville, and then he launched into pictures with the old Thanhouser Company, which had a small studio in New Rochelle, N. Y. Cruze was an actor in those days, usually playing opposite Marguerite Snow. They were both popular, achieving high favor in a serial, The Million Dollar Mystery. Cruze and Miss Snow were married in 1913 and divorced in 1923. Now Betty Compson is Mrs. Cruze.

Cruze had no easy road to directing. He first revealed his sense of speedy humor in some of those early Wallie Reid automobile stories. Then he made an unforgettable little fantastic comedy, One Glorious Day, with Will Rogers. His chance to make The Covered Wagon came to him because nobody else wanted it—or saw its possibilities. It lifted his salary to a flat $1,000 a day.

In handing out laurels to Cruze, I do not want to overlook the cast of Old Ironsides. It presents a twenty-five-year-old newcomer, Charles Farrell, who has been doing small roles around the Fox studios. Farrell plays the Boy and establishes himself as a big film bet.

It is interesting to note that Cruze hired Farrell after seeing him walking around the Fox lot during a chance visit. After being signed, it developed that Farrell hails from Salem, Massachusetts, and the scenes showing him climbing around the ship's rigging came as second nature to him.

Esther Ralston, another New Englander, is a lovely heroine, but the honors of Old Ironsides really are divided between Wallace Beery and George Bancroft.

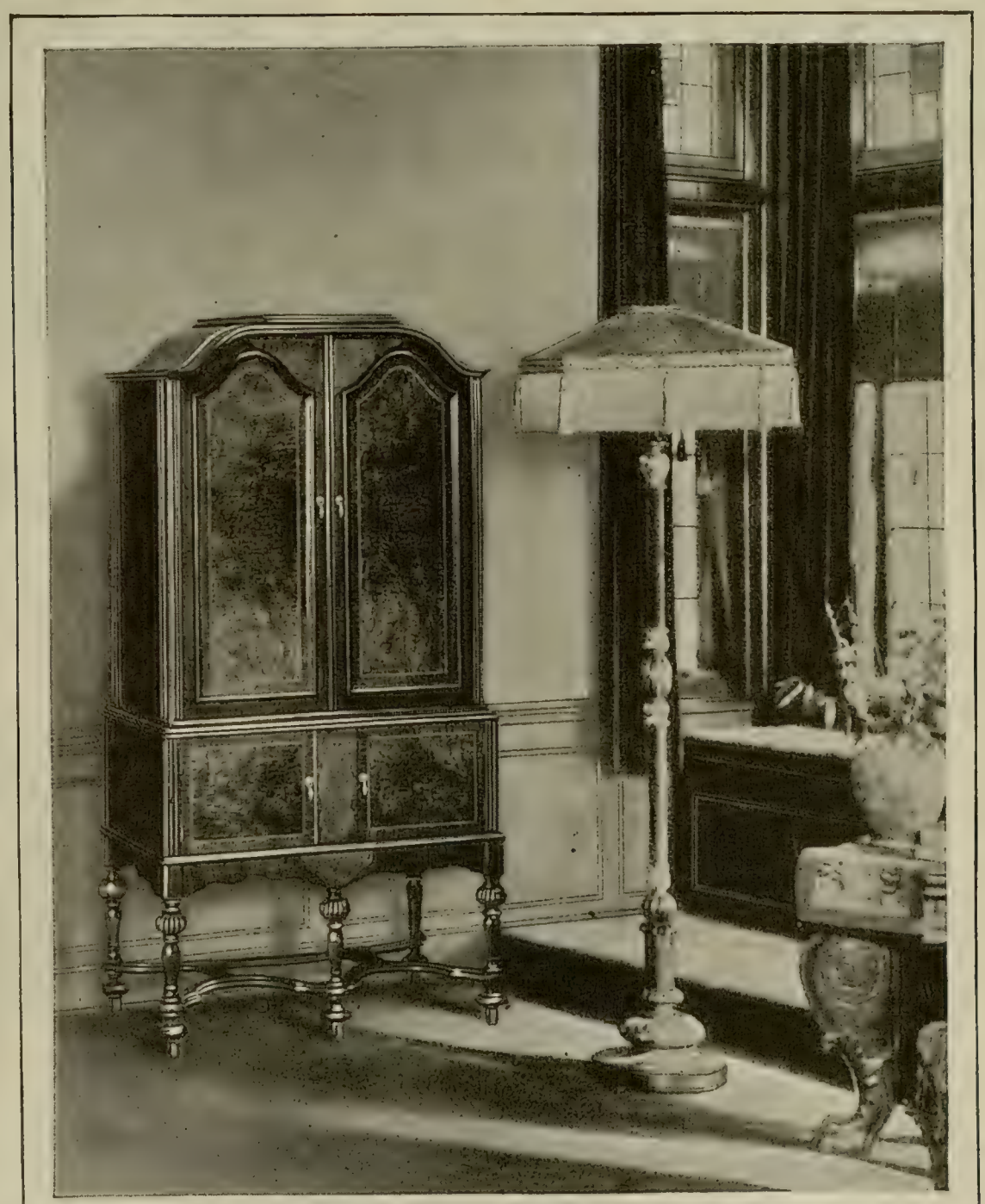
Old Ironsides represents the outlay of nearly $2,000,000.

Do you know that—

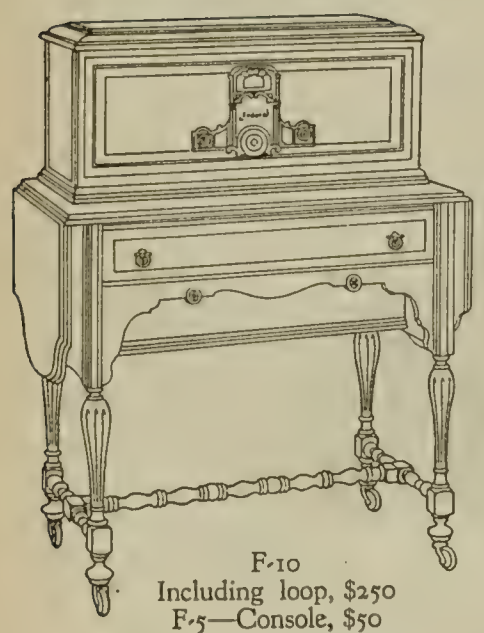
Edna Purviance has gone to France to appear in films? . . . Mildred Davis Lloyd is returning to the screen for Famous in Too Many Crooks? . . . Adolphe Menjou is doing The Man in Evening Clothes? . . . Erich von Stroheim is completing his seventh month on The Wedding March?

George Bancroft as the Gunner.

The only Ortho-sonic *radio*

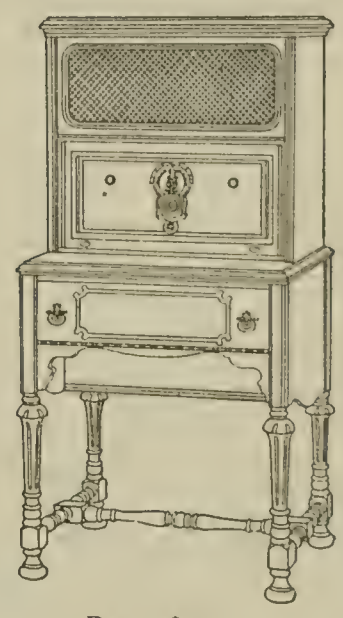


The Louvain—F-60. Custom-built 7-tube set. Loop operated. Single control. $700.

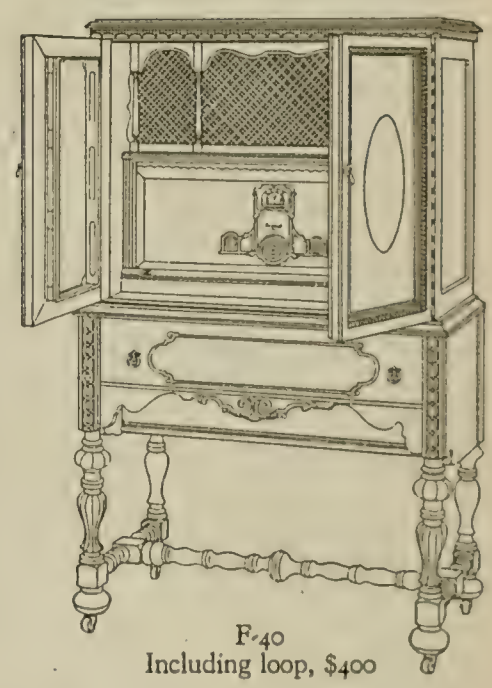


F-10
Including loop, $250
F-5—Console, $50

E-40—$300



D-40—$200



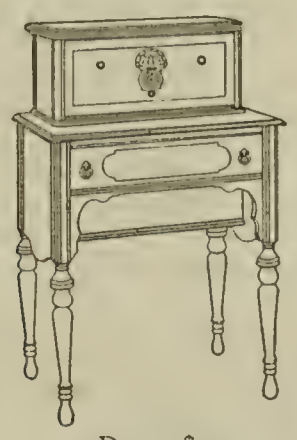
F-40
Including loop, $400

HERE is radio whose reputation for superlative tone quality is supported by a circuit that is years ahead of the times—the only radio with a circuit employing the patented Ortho-sonic principle of sound reproduction. Outstanding, too, in selectivity, power, range, operative simplicity and beauty.

Federal D-10 and D-40 models are five-tube sets with centralized control. E-10 and E-40 are six-tube sets antenna operated. The two latter sets are totally shielded and have the wonderfully simple Federal one-dial control—true also of the F-10 and F-40, each with seven tubes and operated by loop.

Buy no radio before investigating Federal. Ask your retailer about Federal's 14 Points. Usually sold on convenient deferred payments.

FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION, *Buffalo, N. Y.*
(Division of Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company)
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo

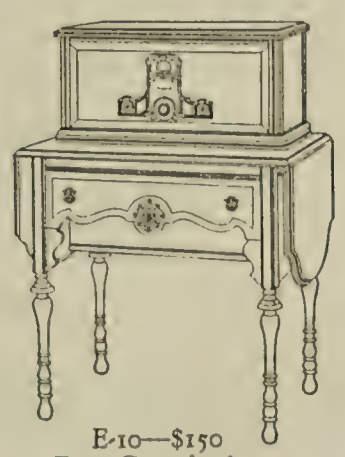


D-10—$100
D-5—Console, $30

FEDERAL RADIO

Federal Radio Retailer

The sign of the designated Federal retailer



E-10—$150
E-5—Console, $40

ORTHO-SONIC*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*The fundamental exclusive circuit making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S. Letters Patent No. 1,582,470.

ILIAD 1918

A War Bird Tells the Story of How His Hair Turned Gray

By Elliott White Springs

(Distinguished American Ace of War Birds Fame)

YOU asked me last week what turned my hair gray. I didn't have time to tell you about it then, but I'll give you the tragedy of my auburn locks now. Get your hands off the controls and look out for that rudder. All clear!

Some time in the spring, during the late unpleasantness, I was doing my bit for democracy and prohibition by flying S. E.'s up on the British front with the 185th Squadron of the Royal Flying Corps. You've seen an S. E., haven't you? It was a fast single-seater scout with a big Hispano-Suiza motor—beautiful thing to fly, fastest thing at the front at that time, and a steady platform to shoot from, though awfully hard to land. The undercarriage was well to the rear and it would turn over on the slightest provocation. A weak tire, a rough spot, or a cross wind, and over they would go on their backs.

Huns were scarce right then, as most of them were down on the Marne delivering the invitations that Ludendorff was issuing for a party in gay Paree; and to shoot down a Hun, you first had to find one.

I was a young man then, with a fine head of good, virile hair.

One day I went hunting by myself to see what I could do for my country. I found one Hun two-seater, and I was so intent on getting him that I didn't see six little Pfaltz scouts until it was too late to do anything about it but pray. I finally got away, but my motor was well shot and I had to land with a dead stick. The C. O. was just taking off and we locked wings in one of the prettiest crashes since Wilbur and Orville Wright invented the undercarriage.

Both machines were complete write-offs and the only things salvaged were the magnetos. The C. O. graciously admitted that it was not my fault, as the dead stick gave me the right of way; but I felt pretty bad about it, as it was my third write-off in two months, and it was beginning to look as if I hadn't found out where the ground was located.

I got a new bus from Marquise and once more soared aloft. The Huns began moving back after they decided against the fleshpots of Paris, and we gave up hunting and took up dodging. About three weeks later I got caught diving on a two-seater over by Armentieres. I got underneath him, according to the instructions and blueprints from G. H. Q.—see page 14, paragraph 6, "How to Attack a Two-

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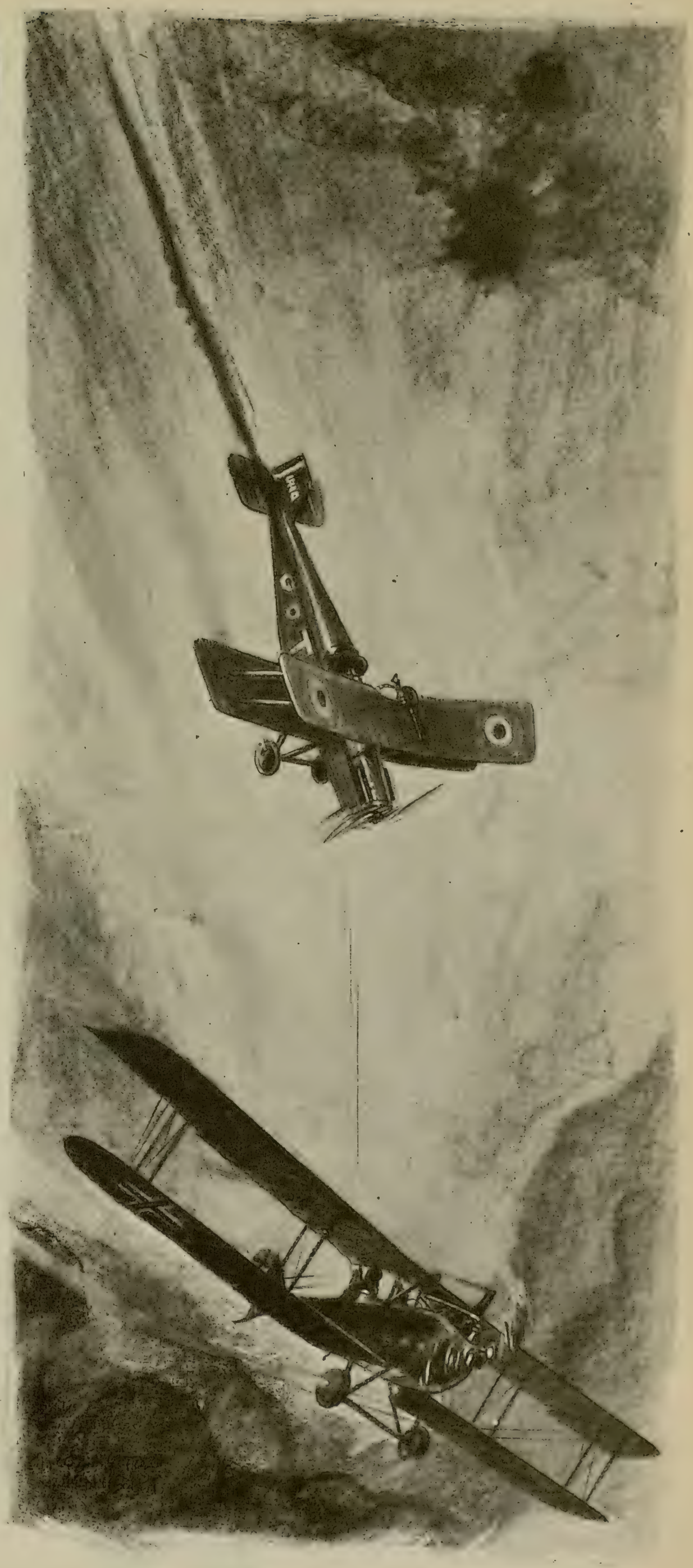


I GOT a new bus and soared aloft again. Three weeks later I got caught diving on a two-seater over by Armentieres.

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

Better Light Plus Safety

Have you ever driven behind Tung-Sols and felt the thrill of Tung-Sol illumination?

Have you ever used Tung-Sols and experienced the confidence which Tung-Sols bring to the driver?

Tung-Sols are constructed with utmost accuracy which results in the highest efficiency.

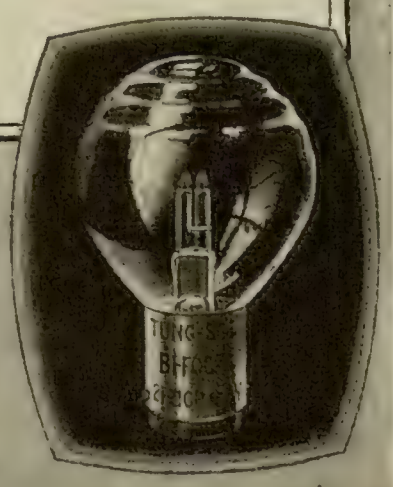
TUNG-SOL

Use Tung-Sols. See that headlamps are properly adjusted and bulbs correctly focused. Courtesy to the other fellow results when Tung-Sols are selected. They light the way to safety with better illumination.

"Let Tung-Sol Light the Way"

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
NEWARK, N. J.

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents.



TUNG-SOL BI-FOCAL BULBS

Tung-Sol Bi-Focal bulbs have two filaments, each rated at 21 C. P. Standard equipment on Buick cars. This type of double-filament bulb has likewise been adopted by the makers of 21 leading automobiles.

TUNG-SOL MINIATURE

[ILIAD 1918
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

Seater." I was all set to hit him with my first burst, but when I pressed my triggers nothing happened, except my heart stopped. Both guns were jammed! While I was trying to clear my guns the two-seater began to maneuver, and before I woke up to what was going on, the observer had taken a good long crack at me and the hot oil was streaming back in my face to call my attention to the fact that my oil lead was hit.

I STARTED back at a thousand feet with the whole Hun army shooting at me, and those that weren't shooting were throwing rocks and old shoes. My motor froze up when the bearings melted and I just did manage to glide over the bayonets and crash gracefully in a shellhole. The motor stayed there, but the fuselage and the guns went on with me and festooned themselves prettily around my neck. I'll have a stiff neck for the rest of my life, as far as I know.

I was a bit bent, so before sewing me up they shot me full of antitetanus serum that had soured by being off the ice too long. And you know what that stuff does to you! You look and feel as if you had been stung by a million mosquitoes—on the inside as well as on the out.

When I got out of the hospital I found I had been promoted and made a flight commander in an American Sopwith Camel squadron that was being organized for service with the British. I had the C. O. to thank for a hearty recommendation, and I still think it was a dirty trick. Any major ought to know all about Camels. The only thing I knew about them was a song:

Oh, mother, put out your Golden Star,
Your son's gone up in a Sop;
The wings are weak, the ship's a freak,
She's got a rickety prop;
The motor's junk, your son is drunk,
He's sure to take a flop.
Oh, mother, put out your Golden Star,
Your son's gone up in a Sop.

Flight commander in a Camel squadron! Deckhand for Charon and raw meat for Cerberus! An S. E. was the grand-stand seat of the war, for a good one would do 130 level. It was as comfortable as a limousine and didn't vibrate at all. You could fly it without goggles and it had no bad habits. When you got tired of fighting, you could pull out and run home.

A Camel was a little half portion that could do a bare hundred and gave you chills and fever when you looked at it on the ground. It was so small that even a pocket-edition pilot had to be fitted in with a shoehorn between a petrol tank at his back and a rotary motor in his lap, and two machine guns level with his face. If he misjudged a landing or had any unexpected contact with the ground, the engine and tank would come together, to the great detriment of his kidneys; the machine guns would slap him in the face and the ground would pat him firmly on the top of his head.

Naturally, no one wanted to fly Camels and everybody had a good alibi. Some claimed to be too big and some claimed to be too little. All of them claimed they got vertigo from the constant stream of burnt castor oil that the motor sprayed back in their faces. Some men's pulses would jump twenty beats at the mere mention of the name Camel or the sight of Mr. Sopwith's picture. And they were so hard to fly that more men were killed in training, trying to master the right-hand spin, than ever got to the front to give the young Huns target practice. You couldn't run home in a Camel. You had to fight your way home, and that was just like outrunning a cannon ball.

In addition to all my other ideas, I had never examined a Camel up close and was getting to the point where I thought I was good on S. E.'s. But my arguments didn't get me a thing, and after a lot of kicking and dodging I had to go on up to Dunkirk and take charge of my new flight of six planes and seven pilots.

BIM OLIVER arrived the same day to take command of another flight and he was two degrees hotter than I was and had a whole truckload of disgust with him. He had been with the 184th Squadron, which had S. E.'s, and he considered himself just as good on them as I did myself. I don't think Bim was really any madder than I was, but he had a much better vocabulary. All he knew about Camels was learned from that old song:

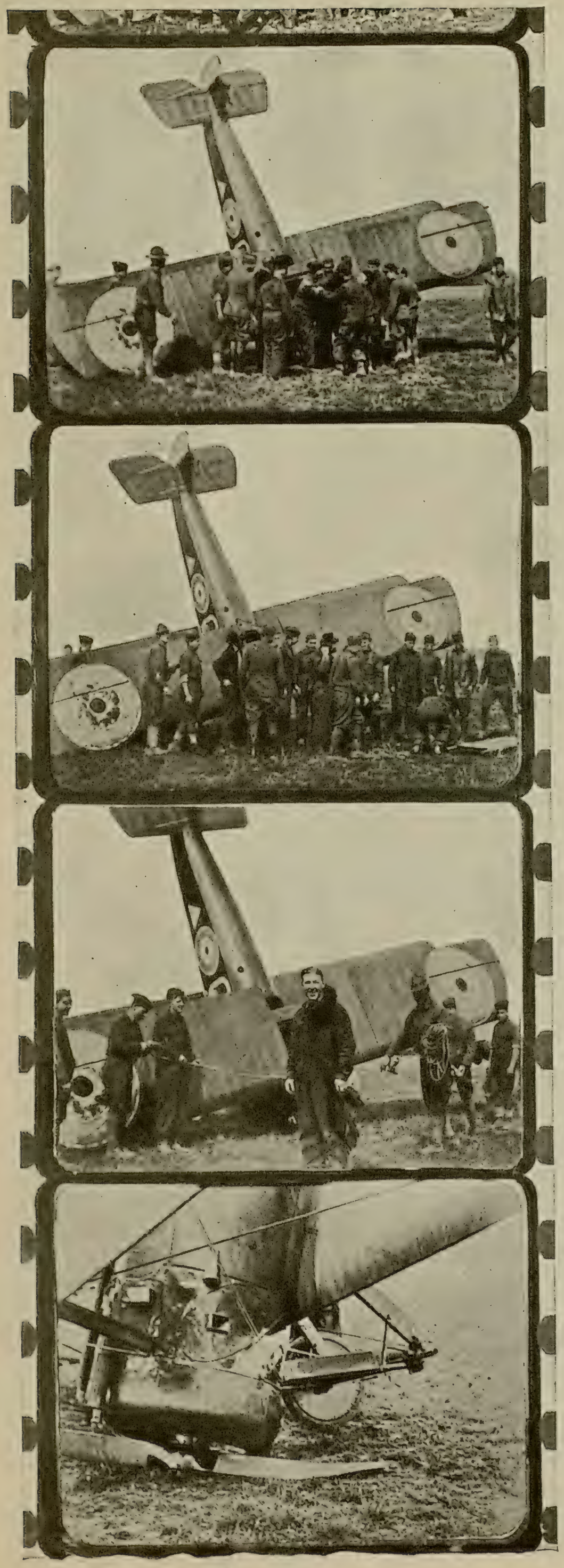
Beside a Belgian 'staminet, when the smoke had cleared away,
Beneath a busted Camel, its former pilot lay;
His throat was cut by the bracing wires, the tank had hit his head,
And coughing a shower of dental work, these parting words he said:

"Oh, I'm going to a better land; they binge there every night.
The cocktails grow on bushes, so everyone stays tight.
They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,
And the little drops of whisky come trickling through the rocks."

The pilot breathed these last few gasps before he passed away:
"I'll tell you how it happened—my flippers didn't stay;
The motor wouldn't hit at all; the struts were far too few;
A shot went through the gas tank and let the gas leak through.

"Oh, I'm going to a better land, where the motors always run;
Where the eggnog grows on the eggplant, and the pilots grow a bun.
They've got no Sops, they've got no Spads, they've got no Flaming Fours,
And the little frosted juleps are served at all the stores."

We didn't, either of us, know how to fly a Camel, but we didn't want our pilots to find that out, so we went on down to the aircraft depot at Marquise to get our planes without asking any questions about them. We got some Ak Emmas to show us how to work



WHEN Captain Springs made his perilous landing with one wheel shot off, as he relates in this story, a Signal Corps photographer happened to be on the airdrome and made an official motion-picture record of it. These pictures at the left were clipped from the film: 1—Mechanics and helpers lifting Springs out of his seat; 2—Springs (bent over) getting the kinks out of his body. Note the stretcher at the right; 3—The pilot posing smilingly on what might easily have been his death scene; 4—Another view of the wrecked plane, showing the axle minus the wheel.

the gadgets and finally got up our nerve to try to fly them. Bim got off all right. He swung cross wind, when he used too much rudder and pulled the old dive-and-zoom; but he did get off with his nose bobbing up and down, and circled around above to wait for me, doing the funniest flat turns I ever saw. I was a regular customer down there and knew the map.

An Ak Emma was sucking in gas for me when a mag shorted and the motor started up and threw him about twenty feet. They put his remains in an ambulance, and someone told me they often did that and advised me to try another. The next one worked better and I staggered off and joined Bim. We found an old deserted airdrome near Calais and practiced landings on it. When we thought we were good enough to get on the ground by the third bounce, we went on back to our own airdrome at Petit Snythe and landed.

You know a Camel was so short that it would roll of its own accord, due to the torque, and naturally a rotary motor increased and emphasized the torque. Flying a Camel was just like riding a gyroscope that's out of balance. They vibrated like a hula dancer's *empennage* and smelled like the inside of a motorman's mit.

WHEN we got back we were well shaken up—shaken up and fed up—and we certainly told the cock-eyed world our opinion of Mr. Sopwith's little nightmare. We resigned, retired, deserted, and quit, but it was no good. We called attention to the fact that at least ten Americans had been trained on Camels, but had ditched them and were now out in British S. E. squadrons. We offered to resign in their favor and give them our captaincies and chances for eternal glory. These lucky gentlemen flew over in their S. E.'s and threatened to shoot us down in cold blood if we divulged their names.

Major Fowler, an American, who had a job trying to wear out a Cadillac, came over to see us. He was so good at his job that after the third Cadillac they made him a colonel. If the war had lasted long enough and the supply of Cadillacs had held out, he'd have been a field marshal. He told us to stop bellyaching and go out and bring down some Huns. What a chance!

The first patrol we did, the whole outfit kept getting into right-hand spins and the Huns thought we were giving an exhibition. The first Hun we saw looped a couple of times to show us that he could stunt, too. And when I tried to fight with him, he opened his throttle wide and left me racing with the clouds. Every time I'd make a turn to the right, I'd have to postpone the b ttle until we got out of the spins and climbed back into position.

Henry Clay, who was the third flight commander, had flown Camels before for five months, and he thought they were fine. We couldn't get any sympathy out of him. The C. O. had a Belgian police dog which had the mange and distemper and fleas, and he was too worried about the dog to pay any attention to Bim and me, so we had to seek an audience for our grievances elsewhere. Every evening we would take one of the squadron cars and go calling on our S. E. friends. We would always find a binge somewhere and entertain them with stories about our Camels.

THAT was meat to the S. E. pilots, as a lot of them had been trained on Camels and felt the same way about them we did. Bim had a big filling come out of a tooth while he was in the air, and he always carried it around with him and exhibited it proudly as evidence of what a Camel could do when it really wanted to vibrate. We had a regular line, like the end men in a minstrel show, and each one would play up to the other's gags.

One afternoon Bim and I were down on the tarmac in front of the hangars, cussing Camels as usual, when a Bristol landed in the middle of the airdrome and lost its prop. The pilot came strolling into the hangars and asked for mechanics to go out and bring in his bus. He had on a dirty trench coat with the new R. A. F. insignia on it and we thought he was a second lieutenant. We sent a couple of Ak Emmas out to his plane, and while we were waiting for them to bring it in, he asked us how we liked Camels. Bim told him what he thought of them, and I made a few pertinent remarks, and then Bim took another turn. He produced the filling and told its history with footnotes and glossary. Our visitor was much perturbed.

"It's quite ridiculous," he told us. "The Camel is one of our best machines. You don't know how to fly them, that's all."

"Oh, is it?" says Bim. "Well, you take my Camel and I'll take your Bristol, and if I don't chase you all over the sky and ride your tail into the ground, I'll give you my sword and spurs. You Bristol pilots know a hell of a lot about war, anyway."

"But I'm not a Bristol pilot," the visitor explained. "I'm from G. H. Q., and I came up to find out what all the bally wind-up is about. The whole sector is buzzing with it. I hear that your Camels fall to pieces in the air, that they are unsafe, and there's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Under the shadows of the Alps—

these rare blends were invented

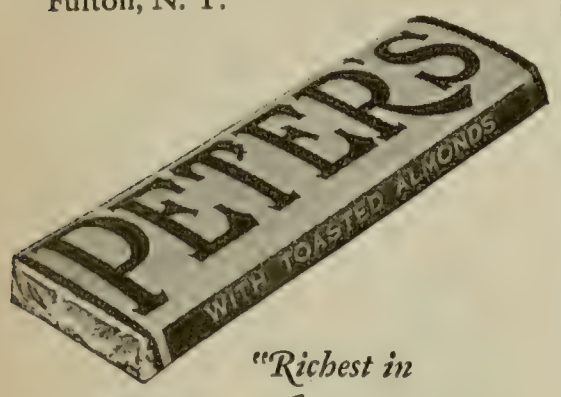
DANIEL PETER invented the first milk chocolate in Switzerland over fifty years ago.

Of all the varieties of cocoa beans only six of the choicest go into Peter's. These are blended and mixed by secret processes developed by the Swiss. Today in America Peter's is made just as Peter himself used to make it.

And then these expert chocolate craftsmen perfected a second blend—Nestle's—with a wonderful velvety creaminess never before achieved.

Gallons of fresh milk with all its cream give Nestle's its mild mellow taste. It's the choice of those who prefer a smooth creamy flavor in milk chocolate.

You can get Peter's and Nestle's in 5 and 10 cent bars—plain and almond—or in convenient croquette packages. Both made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate, the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., Fulton, N. Y.



"Richest in CHOCOLATE"

"Richest in CREAM"

[ILIAD 1918 Continued from Page Forty-nine]

dreadful chaff about it. It almost sounds like enemy propaganda. Of course, the Camel was the only machine available for your squadron, as we are giving our squadrons Snipes and had these left over. But Major Fowler agreed with me that they were better than none and perfectly suited to your purpose. So I decided to send them to you. Where is your commanding officer?" he asked.

"He's washing his dog," Bim told him, getting madder all the time. "If you're the piccolo player that got me put on these damn, self-oscillating, elastic sarcophagi with the St. Vitus dance, you'd jolly well better waft yourself home before I tell my sergeant on you. Maybe you'd like to swap with me? I don't know what purposes you have in mind for us, but if it's pushing up daisies and getting slapped in the face with a shovel, then they are sure suited——"

But he was gone by that time, and Bim was still cussing at the wide, wide world when the orderly came out for us. We found the C. O. spluttering incoherently because the visitor proved to be a general. The new R. A. F. insignia had fooled us. A gold stripe indicated a lieutenant, whereas a blue stripe was a general.

The General took advantage of our embarrassment and ripped our hides off. He concluded with the information that we were ruining his *esprit de corps* and that henceforth we had better register some affection for Mr. Sopwith's bloody airplane or he'd send us to Paris. And we knew what happened to little boys that got sent to Paris—some of them had to stay there two or three months waiting for orders.

Major Fowler dashed over in his Cadillac and told us we'd better shut up or he'd send us home as instructors. The C. O. threatened to make us wash the dog if we didn't quit knocking the Camels. Just remember, though, that none of them was flying camels.

THE General had the best of it until he started to leave. It was a hot July day and he got all wrapped up in his fur suit and boots for high altitude, and got in his Bristol. And for some reason it wouldn't start. For an hour he sat there and sweated, while everybody tinkered with his motor. He seemed to suspect that Bim and I had disconnected a wire somewhere, but we hadn't. When he looked as if he was going to melt entirely at any moment, Bim stepped up and politely offered to lend him a Camel to get home in. He declined with equal politeness and after tinkering with his Bristol a while longer he gave it up and went home in the squadron car.

After that we proclaimed that the Camel was the apple of our eye, but I don't think we fooled anybody.

We did a few practice patrols and then began doing regular offensive work and managed to knock a two-seater and a couple of Pfaltzes. Then we moved south for the big push in front of Amiens.

Mind you, my hair was a nice shade of brown with a slight auburn tint; but things happened fast down there. One day I was leading a patrol and dove on a bunch of the new DV-III Fokkers. I knew we could lick the Pfaltzes, but none of the new Fokkers had been up in our sector at Dunkirk.

As we mixed in with the Fokkers, about ten more that were hiding up in the morning sun leaped on us, and I began to realize just how good an S. E. was. For we had to lick all those Fokkers to get home. We'd all have been rotting in the Somme right now if a squadron of Dolphins hadn't come down while we were milling around and rendered us valuable assistance; in fact, they removed three Huns from my tail. And three was bogey in those days.

I HAD been chased down low and had started back when Ralston flew down beside me and fired his guns. That was the signal for Huns, but I couldn't see a Hun anywhere. He was making funny motions with his left arm, waving it around in a circle, and then he'd roll and hold up his left hand.

It finally sank through my head what he was talking about—my left wheel was shot off. I couldn't see, of course, but nothing else could have been wrong. Ralston headed for home. I followed him slowly. My first idea was to go over and land in the ocean; but I didn't care about drowning, so decided against that. Then I decided to pancake in the woods and try to jump for a limb as I hit; but that had no charms either, for I had landed in woods once before and you can't jump for a limb after you've hit a trunk.

About two weeks before that, when we were down on the Horseshoe Wood at Allonville, I had seen a Dolphin come in with a wheel gone. But this pilot didn't know it and made a fast landing. Now, a Dolphin had twenty-four inches of back stagger and a low top wing, so the pilot sat with his head and shoulders above it, sticking up where the center section should have been. As soon as this pilot flattened out, his axle dug into the ground and over he went.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Learn The Way

to make silk stockings look their best on you.

Less often now do sheer silk stockings reveal unsightly hair beneath. For women have learned that for beauty's sake, hair on legs must be removed.

Wisely have women refrained from shaving legs knowing that shaving leaves a prickly stubble that catches delicate silken threads and causes runners. Wisely, too, have millions turned to Neet, the dainty cream that removes hair by dissolving it, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

By test, learn how this ready-to-use cream brings surprising new beauty to skin blemished surfaces. Get a liberal size, ready-to-use tube of Neet from any drug or department store. Apply to hair blemished surfaces—then rinse with clear, cool water. Note the smoothness of skin and surprising new beauty that results. You'll be delighted. *Hannibal Phar. Co., St. Louis.*

The fragrant new cream deodorant, IMMAC, will delight you with the pleasing freedom it brings from body odors. Get a tube of IMMAC also at your druggist.

If she wakes up with a tight little cough, have Kemp's Balsam handy to stop it.

Children like it.

Sold by druggists everywhere.

KEMP & LANE, Inc., Lo Roy, N. Y. L. L.-29-7

I enclose 4 cents in stamps to pay cost of mailing trial packages of Kemp's Balsam and Lane's Cold Tablets. 14c. worth FREE for cost of mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

His head, being the highest thing right side up, was now the lowest thing, with the south side north, and that Dolphin did a half turn on its back and wrung the pilot's neck before it settled.

The thought of that Dolphin crash was just about as comforting to me as remembering how affectionate my girl was. I kept thinking about this all the way back—the Dolphin; not the girl—with an occasional panorama of my past life flickering before me just as it's supposed to occur to a drowning man. It was more complicated than drowning though, because I had half an hour to think it over, and by that time I was pretty shaky.

Remember, this was a Camel I was going to land, and that wasn't too easy with both wheels. There were some bright spots in my past that made a future seem fairly desirable. I thought of all the drinks I had refused and all the kisses I had fumbled, and I decided that the best thing I could do would be to land where help was nearest and maybe they could salvage some of me.

When I got to the airdrome everybody was running around with wheels for me to see. The ambulance was out in the middle of the field and they were digging out a pilot who had just crashed a Camel. They all opened up on me with signal pistols and waved their left hands, and I signaled I understood and came in to land. I cut my switches and cut off the gas lines so I wouldn't catch fire, and it was just as well I did, for if I hadn't, I'd have lost my nerve and gone back up again. Luckily there was a good breeze blowing and I came in cross wind with my bad side into it. I kicked on full rudder as she settled and closed my eyes and waited. The next thing I knew I was hanging by my safety belt and counting my teeth.

I wasn't hurt, but poor Ralston was in such a hurry to get back with the news and get the ambulance ready for me, that he crashed badly in landing and wrote off the plane. His reputation suffered severely and he got a good crack on the top of his head.

AS I told you before, my hair was still a nice shade of brown. But things kept on happening.

An American colonel came over to inspect us and my top sergeant and the Colonel's chauffeur got drunk and got into a fight. My sergeant knocked him out. So the Colonel was detained for a day and night with us and the C. O. was anxious to entertain him. The C. O. sent for me early in the afternoon and announced that we were going to have a big binge that night and I must produce a large quantity of Bronx cocktails, because the General was coming over for the binge, and he had specified Bronx as his favorite drink. In fact, the General had demanded Bronx.

A binge was the British idea of how to spend the evening. It began with a formal dinner. There were always guests of honor, and everyone had to make a speech. After dinner, when everything had been thoroughly drunk, there was either a free-for-all fight with the home team against the honored guests, or everyone joined in the pleasant pastime of smashing the furniture. Then we would go call on the neighbors and endeavor to divert them long enough to steal their choice trophies. I remember once we had a British colonel to dinner and he distinguished himself by stealing the 211th Squadron's bass drum.

"BUT, skipper," I told the C. O., "we haven't any vermouth or oranges. How can I mix any Bronx cocktails?"

"Well," said he, "go get them. What do you think you're bartender in this squadron for, anyway?"

"The only vermouth in this sector," I told him, "is down at 185 Squadron. I bought four cases for them when I was their head bartender and they haven't had any gin to go with it lately, according to Callahan, who was up here yesterday. But they wouldn't give anything that wasn't contagious to a Camel squadron. I might swap them some gin for it; we've got plenty of gin."

"All right," says he; "but if you don't feed the General Bronx he'll probably send us over on an airdrome strafe, and if he does I'll make you lead it. We can get some ice off the fish and I'll send the car to Boulogne for oranges."

Some brilliant general at G. H. Q. had issued orders that all Camels should be fitted with bomb racks and that we were always to carry four twenty-pound bombs thereon to drop on surprise targets at close range. So I took the pills off my racks and fitted in their places four half-gallon bottles of gin and flew down to 185th's airdrome, which was about forty miles from ours.

One hundred and eighty-five was at tea when I arrived with my gin and my proposition. They were unanimously in favor of accepting it, the only condition in the exchange being that I should mix them some punch with the gin right then. They were getting ready to celebrate their fiftieth Hun, which Callahan had brought down accidentally that morning. They had now destroyed more Huns than S.E.'s, so we had a right good party.

I made up a good punch out of peaches, rum, benedictine, gin, and champagne, that not only tasted like nectar, but had the authority of a field marshal. The C. O. did himself proud and kept pouring it down me.

"It's too bad, Sprinx," he announced, as the punch began to take hold, "that the bally Camel merchants don't appreciate you. You've been skidding about the sky since Moses was a lance corporal in your little hearse and you haven't even got an Albanian Croix de Guerre to show for your trouble. Your grandchildren will have nothing to lament you by. When they ask you, 'What did you do in the Great War, daddy?' all you can do is to show them your loose teeth. You ought to have a medal or two, so come on and do a show with us and I'll fix it up. We've got to do a patrol at five-thirty; suppose you come along and act as decoy.

"The blue-striped Fokkers are on the Armentieres airdrome and you go fly over there at twelve thousand feet. We'll be up above you at eighteen thousand in the sun, and the Fokkers will never see us and will hop on you. You can fight them for a minute or two, and then we'll come down on them like a ton of bricks and we'll all bag a brace apiece. It's about time somebody clipped their wings. I hear young Richthofen is leading them. I'd like to get a crack at him from above."

THE idea seemed all right to me, so we staggered down to the airdrome and I got my four bottles of vermouth tied on to the bomb racks and took off. They were to give me five minutes' start and then we were to rendezvous over Estaire. I got up to 12,000 and waited around, but I couldn't see any signs of 185.

The cold air sobered me quickly and I finally saw a bunch of S. E.'s and waggled my wings

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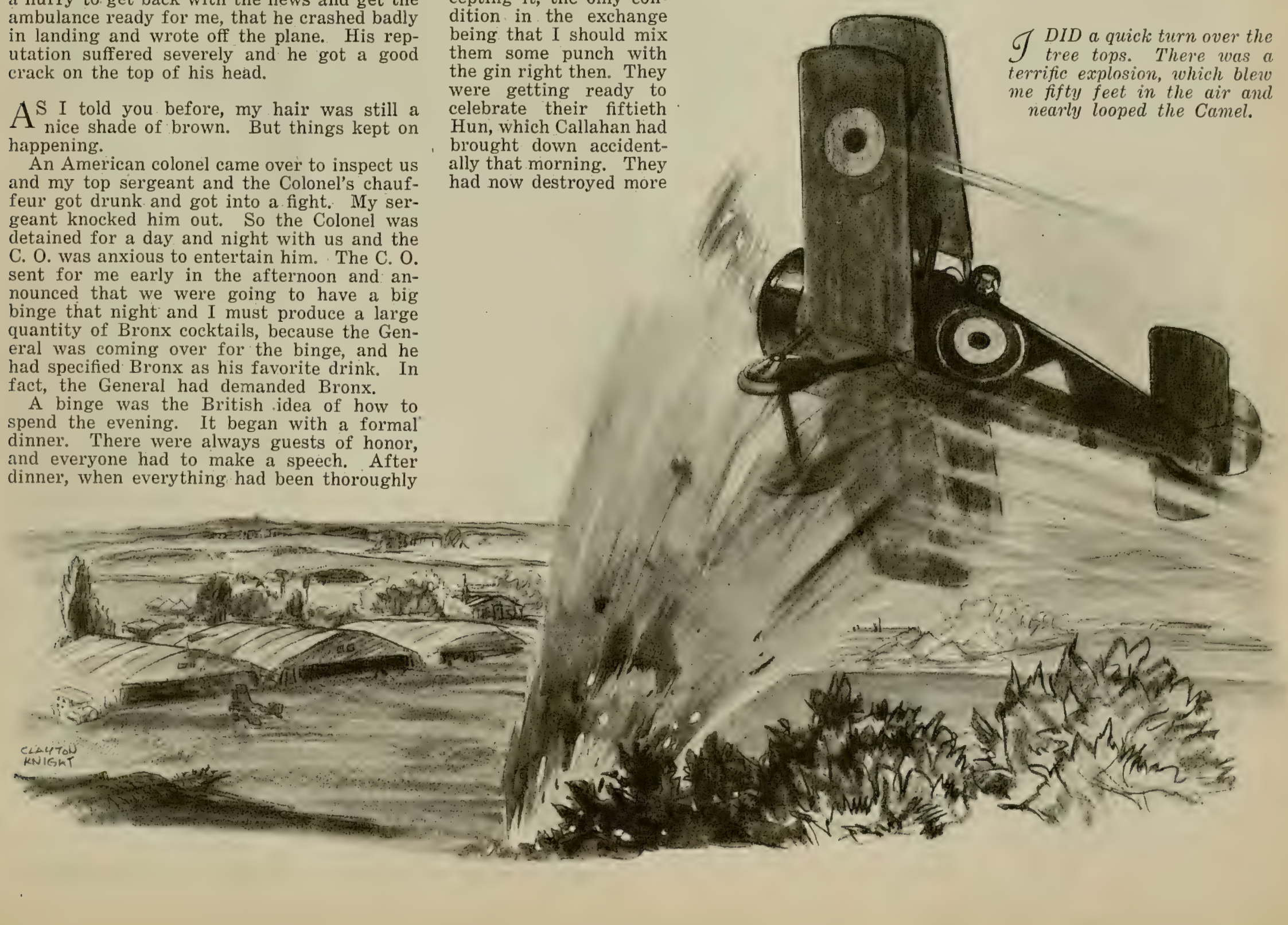

I DID a quick turn over the tree tops. There was a terrific explosion, which blew me fifty feet in the air and nearly looped the Camel.

Why My Hair Stays in Curl

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My hair wavy, fluffy and abundant, is the envy of countless girls. Yet I never have had a Marcel wave.

I accomplish this by applying what I call my Wave and Sheen. I do it after every shampoo. Then I comb my hair backward to give this wave and fluff, and the curl endures.

You can have and keep any style of hair you like best by applying my Wave and Sheen. It is greaseless, it is glossy, and it keeps the hair in shape.

Have curls or waves if you want them, as I do. Or have smooth hair and keep it smooth. Wave and Sheen simply treats the hair and keeps it in any style desired.

Once you use this wondrous hair dress you will never go without it. It adds a wealth of beauty to any woman's hair. Any toilet counter will supply it. Simply ask for Edna Wallace Hopper's Wave and Sheen. The price is 75c. and a guarantee comes with each bottle. Go try it today at my risk.

5 Cents a Day For Beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Girls have said to me, "I would give half my life to be as beautiful as you." Countless older women who see me daily on the stage envy my perennial youth.

But such results are easy. All I used to gain my beauty, all I used to keep my youth, are at every woman's call.

You cannot do what I did. I made 35 trips to France. I have consulted for a lifetime the greatest beauty experts, and the most famous of beauties. So I am placing at your call, at every toilet counter, the best they gave to me.

I urge you to try one of these superb creations —my Youth Cream. It combines in one application many of the best helps I have found, including products of both lemon and strawberry, the greatest complexion helps. Also all the best that men have found to aid the texture of your skin.

There are two types—cold cream and vanishing. I apply one at night, the other in the morning. Never is my face skin without this help and protection.

Please learn what it means. You will gain in one day a new conception of a face cream. The coupon will bring you a sample tube, plus my Beauty Book. Please mail it, for your own sake.

For Trial Tube A-65-L

of Youth Cream mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

[ILIAD 1918
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

to them and headed straight for Armentieres. I found the blue-stripers all right, or, rather, they found me and leaped on my tail with great glee and gusto. I flopped over on my back and waited for the S. E.'s to make a killing. But nothing happened except the Fokkers began to spray the sky with lead, mostly in my direction. I turned and twisted and squirmed, but I couldn't get away from those Fokkers.

A Camel could turn inside a Fokker at that altitude, so they were having considerable difficulty in hitting me, but I had to keep turning to keep their sights off me and I was getting no nearer home — and still no S. E.'s.

Those blue-stripers were good and knew how to fight a Camel. When I would turn or pull up, one of them would overshoot, turn, and take me head on, so as to give the others a good shot at me from the rear. Then there was nothing for me to do but flop over on my back and pray.

If I had tried to get my sights on any of them to do any shooting, I'd have been shot down in a second, but I devoted my entire time to keeping their sights off me. I was ready to call all bets off when some Bristols came up and diverted the Fokkers' attention long enough for me to get into a steep dive and come on home.

I got back all right—with all but one bottle of vermouth, which got hit, and a couple of bolts from my propeller boss that an enterprising Hun had picked off. I called up 185 to tell them what bums they were and found out they hadn't left the ground. Two machines had collided on the ground and the C. O. called the show off, as he said there was a heavy fog about the place. I guess there was—in his immediate vicinity.

The S. E.'s I had seen were from Nineteen Squadron and they were returning from a patrol and were out of gas. Headquarters was all excited because the Nineteenth had reported that the Huns were using our planes. They had run into a lone Camel that had immediately run away from them and flown straight on to Armentieres and joined a squadron of Fokkers.

THE Brass Hats got their Bronxes and I got the heebie geebies and the screaming meemies. But my hair was still a nice shade of brown when I viewed it the next morning.

The next week I enjoyed myself by shooting off my own prop twice before I could convince the gunnery officer of the exact difference between a Kauper and a Constantinesco gun gear.

We were having a lovely time that month. The valley where we had our mess was infested with a million small French yellow jackets that had been starved for four years. As we had no screens, we had to fight for every morsel of food. We'd start a spoonful of food for the oral cavity, and before it would arrive there would be a dozen yellow jackets riding on it. We got stung until we were swollen out of recognition. However, I couldn't eat much in those days anyway.

And we had a plague of earwigs. They were nice bedfellows. Before we would go to bed each night, we would knock several hundred of these little visitors off the walls of the tent, but in a few minutes another regiment would crawl up out of the grass. Their idea of a wonderful time was to crawl up the side of the tent and then drop in your ear.

AND there was the curse of society. Every time we moved into a new sector there were certain formalities that were absolutely necessary. About the third night after we moved, the General of the brigade would invite the C. O. and the three flight commanders over to his chateau for dinner and a binge. And when a general invited you over to a binge, he expected you to binge! No piking or short-skating allowed!

Then we would have to have the General and his staff over to our mess one evening and give them a chance at our furniture. And it was more trying than it sounds, because the Brass Hats didn't have to lead any dawn patrols.

I remember one Colonel got the idea that he wanted to stage a daylight raid on a Hun airdrome at Busigny, in retaliation for a night bomb raid they staged on one of his airdromes while he was attending a movie. Now, Busigny was about thirty miles across the lines, and, in addition to two squadrons of Fokkers on it, the old circus of Richthofen's had moved into the neighborhood and were looking for cold meat.

It took me ten days to change that Colonel's mind. And I nearly got the D. T.'s doing it.

But I had plenty of other troubles to take my mind off my social duties. We still got mail from home.

One day I had just crossed the lines under some clouds when I spotted a two-seater down low doing an artillery shoot. I dove straight on him, and as I was losing altitude at about two hundred, I remembered that I still had my four little bombs on. I gave the Bowdoin control four yanks to release my little calling cards and went on down. A Camel wouldn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

maneuver with that extra weight. The two-seater had a good start on me and did some fast diving himself and landed before I got a good crack at him. I dodged Archie and some pom-poms and came on back to the lines to climb up again. Callahan had come up from 185 to join me, and he dove down beside me and began firing his guns and making funny motions and pointing underneath me. I couldn't see another Hun anywhere and then I got his meaning.

"Sweet glory," I thought to myself, "surely I haven't lost another wheel!" But that seemed to be what Callahan was trying to explain to me, so I waved back that I understood and he turned and beat it for home. I wasn't particularly worried this time, because I thought I knew how to land on one wheel.

WHEN I got back to the airdrome there was no one in sight. Callahan's plane was out in front of the hangars, but there was no sign of him or any of the mechanics. Even the ambulance was abandoned. This didn't look right, so I came down low to investigate. I located the squadron. They were all in the bombproof dugout. I could see them grouped around the entrance and they waved at me frantically.

I thought at first there was a daylight bomb raid on, but I couldn't see a Hun anywhere nor any sign of Archie. I had cut off to come in and did a quick turn over the tree tops. There was a terrific explosion, which blew me fifty feet in the air and nearly looped the Camel.

Then, and then only, did I figure out what it was all about. When I pulled my bomb release, I was diving vertically and one bomb must have got caught in the undercarriage bracing wires. The safety pin was released and the safety wind vane screwed down, and it would have gone off when I landed. And as I usually landed right in front of the hangars, everyone had taken shelter. That was why Callahan had hurried back to warn everyone, as it might have dropped off at any time.

It took me several minutes to figure it all out, and then I really got scared. I didn't know whether there were any more hanging on there or not, so I went up and looped and rolled and spun in an effort to shake off imaginary bombs.

I saw the squadron coming out of the dugout, so I decided it was safe for me to land. I was expecting to find that the wheels were gone or the fuselage was hanging by a wire, but everything was all right and I managed it. I had just enough strength left to get out of the plane and walk down to the bar alone, but I had a pulse like the tide.

As I told you before, I had a fine head of hair—brown in color and free from dandruff, thanks to the daily shampoo in castor oil from the motor.

About three weeks later, I was out in front of the hangars, getting off a patrol in place of the C. O., who was busy washing his dog. We had had a hard time those three weeks and I was feeling pretty low. Jenkinson, Siebald, Forster, and Frobisher had been killed before our eyes, and Curtis, Kenyon, and Mandel were missing. Callahan had been shot down and spent the day in a shell hole with a dead German, and when he came back he certainly made death realistic. May Dorsey, Zistell, and Wiley were wounded and in hospital. Kindley was saved from boredom by having his goggles shot off, and the C. O.'s dog had bitten him, absent-mindedly. Clay and I had been licked decisively twice by the new Hannoveranners, and the new B. M. W. Fokkers were having a regular picnic shooting down Camels.

THE field was muddy and A Flight had taxied to the far end of the field and was taking off toward the hangars. Kindley was leading and, just as he got above my head, I saw a big black lump detach itself from his fuselage and come straight down to where I was standing. I let out a yell to warn the others and flopped on my face in the mud and oil and waited for the bomb to explode.

They say I got my head and shoulders completely buried and that they had trouble in pulling me out. I waited an eternity for the bomb to explode and then decided that I was dead and didn't know it. Everybody was laughing at me as I tried to get the mud out of my eyes.

"But the bomb! The bomb!" I gasped. My knees were shaking so I could hardly stand up. They pointed to a big lump of sod and mud about twenty feet from me. Kindley's tail skid had picked it up taxi-ing and it had come loose and fallen off when his motor began to vibrate.

I walked slowly on down to the bar and gazed at myself in the mirror. My beautiful auburn-tinted locks were as you behold them now—a salt-and-pepper gray.

THE END

Renegades, another thrilling story of war birds written by Captain Elliott White Springs, will appear in the issue of LIBERTY for February 12. Don't fail to read it, as it is one of the best Captain Springs has written.

The General took advantage of our embarrassment and ripped our hides off.

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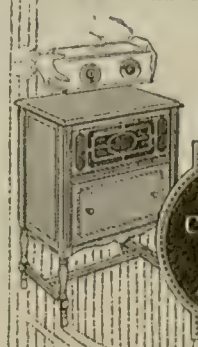

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

EVERY week LIBERTY asks twenty questions. *You* send them in, together with the answers. For each question and answer *published*, we will pay $5. Address *Questions Editor*, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

How many of these can you answer?

1—Where did the phrase, "They shall not pass," originate?—*Wm. Greenwood, Haverhill, Mass.*

2—How many men does the quota of the U. S. National Guard call for?—*G. F. Morris Binghamton, N. Y.*

3—Who is the only woman who has received the Nobel Prize for literature?—*Mrs. L. L. Smith, Crawfordsville, Ind.*

4—What great honor did the French Staff do the U. S. Marines for their part in the Great War?—*Wallace B. Ragan, Topeka, Kan.*

5—What is the most reproductive insect in the world?—*Mrs. Georgia Carroll, McGregor, Ia.*

6—What U. S. battleships were at the surrender of the German fleet?—*R. H. Bantz, San Pedro, Calif.*

7—When was the last horse-car line abandoned in New York City?—*George Fitzgerald, Maywood, Calif.*

8—When was the fleur-de-lis superseded by the tricolor as the national emblem of France?—*Pearl Valpre, Lodi, Calif.*

9—What three American countries did the United States troops enter during President Wilson's term?—*Virginia E. Day, Hudson, Wis.*

10—Who was the first American cardinal?—*Camille J. Robert, New Bedford, Mass.*

11—When and by whom were microbes discovered?—*M. de Laet, New York City.*

12—Who is the only woman motion-picture director?—*Delia Parsons, Frankfort, Ind.*

13—When was the first wireless message sent from a ship at sea?—*W. P. Emmett, Wilmar, Calif.*

14—What are the two branches of the Alaska Legislature and how many members are there in each?—*L. R. Bowen, Rockford, Ill.*

15—What country legalizes a verbal marriage agreement?—*Sol. K. Snyder, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

16—When, where, and by whom was the first public land set aside for forestry purposes?—*W. H. Bolles, McCall, Idaho.*

17—What bird never builds a nest or raises young?—*Fred Stephens, Olpe, Kan.*

18—What is liquid air?—*R. W. McDonald, Hamilton, Ind.*

19—What was known as Seward's Folly?—*Emma Gilley, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

20—What investment, now universal, was once considered gambling and was prohibited by law in France?—*Leo L. Duncan, Indianapolis, Ind.*

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What was the first American city to provide free textbooks in its schools?—*O. Theodore Larson, Madison, Minn.*
A.—Philadelphia in 1818.

2—What determines the flavor and quality of tea?—*E. Strassburger, Cedarburg, Wis.*
A.—The position of the leaves on the stem. All teas come from the same plant.

3—What fish gives birth to its young instead of laying eggs?—*Edgar C. Robinson, Los Angeles, Calif.*
A.—The ocean-perch.

4—Where is the original draft of the Declaration of Independence kept today?—*Sarah McFall Williams, St. Louis, Mo.*
A.—In a vault in the State Department, Washington, D. C., where it was placed shortly after the Civil War to keep the ink from fading.

5—What coins were called "pieces of eight"?—*Mrs. Fred M. Freutel, Huntington, W. Va.*
A.—California slugs, octagon shape, $50 gold pieces.

6—Who was the only President's mother who lived to see her son inaugurated?—*Vernon R. Winslow, Minneapolis, Minn.*
A.—The mother of William McKinley.

7—When was the United States entirely out of debt?—*Henrietta Wilson, Warren, Ohio.*
A.—In 1835 during Andrew Jackson's administration.

8—Where was the Liberty Bell concealed during the Revolutionary War while Philadelphia was occupied by the British?—*Mrs. Thos. O. Schrader, Jr., Allentown, Pa.*
A.—In Zion's Reformed Church, Allentown, Pa.

9—What is the greatest speed ever made by an airplane?—*Dr. William F. Taylor, Aztec, N. M.*
A.—258 miles an hour, averaged by Major Mario de Bernardi, recently at Norfolk, Va.

10—Among what race of people is the birth of a single child unusual?—*George E. Clough, Virden, Manitoba, Canada.*
A.—Among the Pygmies of Central Africa.

11—What is German silver?—*Alice Riley, Dayton, Ohio.*
A.—A metal composed of copper, nickel, and zinc, but no silver.

12—What English nobleman stands next in rank to the royal family?—*Mrs. A. E. Larnett, Sarasota, Fla.*
A.—The Duke of Norfolk.

13.—Can radio messages be sent and received from a submerged submarine?—*A. R. Hastings, Riverside, Calif.*
A.—Yes, but only for a few miles.

14—What gas promises to double the time and depth of under-water operation by divers?—*G. M. Babcock, Tucson, Ariz.*
A.—Helium, which speeds up the restoration to normal atmospheric conditions of the divers.

15—What animal is immune to the bite of the cobra?—*Richard Moon, Philadelphia, Pa.*
A.—The mongoose.

16—With what European countries has the United States no diplomatic relations?—*Mrs. J. G. Durnin, Davenport, Ia.*
A.—Andorra, Liechtenstein, Monaco, Russia, San Marino, and Turkey.

17—What famous prize fighter is a deacon in the Baptist Church?—*Aubrey Robertson, Athens, Ga.*
A.—Tiger Flowers of Atlanta, Ga.

18—Where and when was the first Chamber of Commerce organized in America?—*John Jacunski, Georgetown, Ohio.*
A.—In 1768 the New York City Chamber of Commerce was organized and incorporated under a royal charter from King George III.

19—What woman has twice won Nobel prizes?—*Ruth Trzcinski, San Bernardino, Calif.*
A.—Madame Curie.

20—What was the origin of the term "Mrs. Grundy"?—*E. B. Crosswhite, Alhambra, Calif.*
A.—She is mentioned in the play, Speed the Plough, by Morton. *Dame Ashfield*, a neighbor of *Mrs. Grundy*, shapes her actions by the thought: "What will *Mrs. Grundy* say?"

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

Picture by
GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

The WAY We Used *to* EAT

A Noted Chef Tells How Man's Appetite Has Shrunk from a Whole Ox to Filet Mignon

By

OSCAR *of the* WALDORF

as told to

RUTH RIDENOUR

LOOKING over a collection of old menus the other day, it suddenly occurred to me that man must be losing his appetite. Formal dinners are not nearly so prodigal and elaborate and prolonged as they used to be, and daily menus are simpler.

Twenty-five years ago a dinner was a lavish function. Guests lingered over it throughout the evening, and serving was conducted in a leisurely fashion. The dinners of today are arranged so that the guests may get on to the speeches or the theater.

Samuel Johnson remarked away back in the eighteenth century that "a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner." But since then man has changed his mind. His food weighs less heavily on his consciousness—and his stomach.

The decline of the appetite was gradual until the past half-century, when it failed rapidly.

When I first came to New York, in 1883, meals were tremendous compared to what they are now, although even then they could not compare with the astonishing feasts of preceding eras.

Gervase Markham, famous gastronome of the sixteenth century, remarked that no gentleman should eat more than the table could hold—and they used broad, sturdy tables in those days. He states that sixteen kinds of meat, provided there are at least thirty-two other dishes, should be sufficient for any modest and polite gentleman.

In my early days man's taste had become more discriminating. Instead of a whole ox on the table, it was satisfied with a selection of the choicer cuts. At its present level it is pleased with a slice of the daintiest and most delectable portion of the ox—the filet.

Each of us has his special tastes and demands in the quantity of daily fare. The individual taste regulates domestic cookery. I know very little about the amount of food people eat in their own homes, but I suspect that domestic meals have become smaller, just as hotel dinners have.

The war may have had something to do with this decrease in eating. Conservation and economy propaganda taught everybody how to be well fed and happy on a moderate and properly balanced diet. Before the modern science of dietetics had become popularized, the amount a man ate was determined by his capacity rather than his needs. And the more he ate the greater his capacity grew, until he stretched it to the apoplectic point.

In 1851 a dinner was served to thirty distinguished people in Philadelphia that sounds incredible to us today. As reported by a guest present: "There were seventeen courses, each a perfect banquet in itself. . . . We sat so long at table that the sun, in the meantime, had both set and risen again. It was precisely six o'clock in the evening when we sat down, and it was high six in the morning when we rose."

The menu was as follows, each course accompanied with appropriate wines:

1. Oysters. Mons River Cove, on shell.
2. Soup. Green Turtle. Potage a la Reine.
3. Fish. Fresh Salmon, Lobster Sauce. Baked Rock, a la Chambord.
4. Boiled. Turkey, Celery and Oyster Sauce. Chicken and Egg Sauce. Beef Tongues.
5. Cold Dishes. Galantine de Dinde a la Gelee.
   Salade a la Russe en Bordure de Gelee.
   Boeuf a la Mode.
   Salade a la Volaille, a la mode Anglaise.
   Jambon Decoree.
   Aspic aux Huitres.
   Mayonnaise of Lobster.
   Aspic de Volaille aux Truffes.
6. Entree Number 1.
   Filet de Boeuf aux Champignons.
   Riz de Veau, Sauce Tomato.
   Vol au Vent a la Financiere.
   Cotelletes de Mouton.
   Croquettes de Volaille.
7. Entree Number 2.
   Pigeons Braise, Sauce Madere.
   Arcade de Volaille.
   Fricassee de Poulets a la Chevalier.
   Lamb Chops Milanaise.
   Turtle Steak.
   Callepash.
8. Roast. Spring Chicken on Toast, Capons, Barbet, Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce.
9. Pieces Montees.
   Swiss Basket.
   Panier en Nougat.
   Vase Montee with Fruit Glacee.
   Cottage Basket.
   Flora's Offering.
   Moorish Fountain.
   Indian Temple.
   Vegetables.
   White Potatoes.
   Corn.
   Tomatoes.
   Green Peas.
   Cauliflower.
   Asparagus.
   Sweet Potatoes.
   Hominy.
   Celery.
   Spinach.
   Dressed Lettuce.
10. Coupe de Milieu. Sorbets au Vin de Tokai.
    (Note: This course was introduced as a novelty and explained by the caterer as intended to "cool the palates, whet the appetites anew, so that they might go at it again with all the zest of a fresh start.")
11. Game.
    Jack Snipe.
    Teal Duck.
    Woodcock.
    Plover.
    Celery Hearts.
    Rice Birds.
    Saratoga Potatoes.
12. Diamond-Back Terrapin.
13. Pastry. (13 varieties—Lemon Pudding, Peach Pie, Meringues, Blancmange, etc.)
14. Confectionery. (10 varieties—Brandy Drops, Burnt Almonds, Nougat de Provence, etc.)
15. Ice Creams and Water Ices. (10 kinds—Biscuit Glace, Pouche a la Romaine, Champagne Frappe, etc.)
16. Fruits and Nuts. (Apples, Figs, Walnuts, Raisins, Pecans, Oranges, Almonds, Filberts, etc.)
17. Cafe Noir and Liqueurs.

P. & A. photo

"The more man ate the greater his capacity grew," says Oscar, whose other name is Tschirky.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A. photo

"The decline of the appetite has become gradual."

[CONT'D FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

This menu, testifying to the gastronomic feats of seventy-five years ago, is on file in the New York Public Library.

A hearty digestion was required to handle all of that fare. Of course, this was considered an elaborate feast. Many seventeen-course or even longer dinners were served in those days, though not always was there such a large variety of dishes to each course.

Some years later, when I was at Delmonico's, the appetite was considerably less vigorous. The correct formal dinner consisted of only twelve courses. Here is a typical Delmonico dinner which I served in 1890:

Jeudi le 18 Decembre 1890

MENU

Huitres

Potages	Comsomme a la Thumery—Bisque d'Ecrevisse	(Sherry)
Hors d'Oeuvres	Timbales a la Rothschild	
Poisson	Aiguillette de Bass a la Royale Pommes de Terre Fondante	(Sauterne)
Releve	Selle d'Antilope a la Tyrolienne Choux de Bruxelles	(Claret)
Entrees	Ailes de Poulet Chevreuse Petits Pois Parisienne Terrapine a la Maryland Sorbet au Champagne	(Champagne)
Rotis	Canvasback Duck avec Ris Sauvage Salad de Laitue	(Burgundy)
Entremets	Poires a la Ferriere Pieces Montees Glace Fantaisies Gelee aux Oranges	(Port)
	Fruits Petits Fours Bonbons Mottoes Cafe	(Liqueurs)

Today, if I dared serve such a quantity of fish, meat, and game, my patrons would pass up half the courses and would be astounded, if not offended, by the display.

Meals have been cut down as abruptly as the women's hair, and courses eliminated as fast as their clothes, until today the margin has been reached in both, I hope. New standards of speed and efficiency, economy and simplicity regulate modern life, and formal menus have kept pace with them.

WHEN royalty visited us in the preceding century, we overdid ourselves in the lavishness and prodigality of our dinners.

Today the guest is not surfeited with a devastating abundance. The menu of a formal luncheon given at the Waldorf in honor of the Crown Prince of Sweden is a sample of the modern taste for simplicity and restraint.

June 5, 1926

MENU

Leaf of Lettuce, Swedish Style
Celery Olives
Egg Princess with Asparagus
English Lamb Chop Waldorf
String Beans Mornay
Genoise Glace Fraisette
Coffee

The elaborate dinner I served President Coolidge on November 19, 1925, would have been considered a mere "snack" in the hungry nineties, when the least one dared offer a President was twelve courses. But President Coolidge considered this quite sufficient:

MENU

Grapefruit with Cherries
Celery Salted Nuts Olives
Cream of Tomato Soup
Medaillon of Bass Mornay
Potatoes Rissolees
Crown of Sweetbreads Virginienne Green Peas Saute
Supreme of Partridge Tyrolienne Wild Rice
Hearts of Romaine Salad
Bombe Neapolitan Ice Cream
Assorted Cakes Macaroons
Coffee

This is the proper dinner for formal occasions today. Caviar may be served first, if desired; followed by oysters or fruit, soup, fish; an entree with vegetable; game, if available, with salad; dessert and coffee. Any more is literally "out of date."

NOT only are fewer courses served now, but that colorful assortment of fruits, bonbons, ices, fancy desserts, and exotically designed cakes which topped off the dinners of the old days is rare. Then the caterer's skill was that of designer, artist, and sculptor, as well as cook. After the palate had been surfeited with the many heavy dishes of meat and game, he enlivened the menu and tempted further gastronomic feats by an appeal to the eye in his ornamental dishes. The forms and varieties and beauties of these astonishing culinary creations were unlimited; edible hats and bicycles, animals, ships, and cities, and busts of famous people were created with ices, sugar, and pastry.

At the banquet given by the German Societies of New York on February 26, 1902, for Prince Henry, the sensation of the evening was the serving of the ices. These creations marked the height of culinary achievement. There were many varieties of design, each exquisitely executed and appropriate to the occasion—golden crowns filled with snowballs; German and American flags floating as gracefully across the plates as if they had been made of silk instead of ice; Prussian eagles about to take flight, and bouquets of gorgeous flowers that looked as if they had just arrived from the hothouse instead of the kitchen.

I had arranged a procession of ices. At a given signal, my regiment of waiters entered the dining-room two by two, each holding high over his head one of these magnificent designs.

Picture by Wallace Morgan

"Perhaps man just is not hungry any more."

Today New York society and theatrical people scoff at the exaggerated portrayal of what are supposed to represent their functions in the movies. But in the past I have seen entertainments as elaborate and fantastic as any prepared on the sets in Hollywood.

A well known actress of the old days gave a "fish feast" in which the walls were hung with seaweed and festooned with fish nets draped from the ceiling. Incidentally (for this was none of my affair) the waiters were dressed as fishermen, and the hostess was arrayed in sea-green satin with draperies of falling lace resembling sea spray.

P. & A. photo

"I suspect that domestic meals have become smaller, just as hotel dinners have."

In the center of the table I arranged a miniature lake alive with goldfish and surrounded by seaweeds and marine plants. A tiny sloop yacht with outspread sails on which was printed the menu floated upon the waters of the lake, and from the mouths of crustacean inhabitants of the deep dangled fish lines with cards bearing the names of the guests.

The "grape-arbor dinner" of Mr. Randolph Guggenheimer is famous in catering history. The room was converted into a garden, with hedges of firs inclosing flower beds of gorgeous tulips against a background of palms. Grapes hung in profusion from the arbor where the tables were laid. On a hill carpeted with tulips there was a fountain playing into a marble basin. Nightingales sang in the foliage.

The dessert was worthy of the occasion. At the proper moment a waiter appeared carrying a huge pastry which was placed before the host. When he cut into it, up flew a covey of twittering blackbirds.

At a dinner given to the officials of a mining syndicate, the center table decoration was an exact replica in miniature of the mining camp. It was accurate in every detail, from the shanties and shafts to the hills surrounding them.

The fare, of course, was as elaborate as the decorations on all of these occasions and designed in harmony with them. And the cost was a fortune.

But now all the extravagant flamboyancies are gone the way of the wines. Even decorations are simpler.

I CANNOT say what has created the changes which I have seen with my own eyes. Perhaps it was the war, perhaps the fashion for slenderer figures. It may be economy or prohibition or the indoor life or the rush of business. Or, perhaps man just is not hungry any more. I cannot explain, I can only remark what I have seen.

In some ways I deplore the change. There are certain culinary beauties and graces and gayeties that the young generation that has never enjoyed one of the magnificent feasts of the old days will never know.

But there is one great advantage in the new fashion for simplicity in formal dinners. Twenty-five years ago only a rich man could entertain with a dinner party. Today a correct eight-course dinner is easily within the reach of the average purse.

THE END

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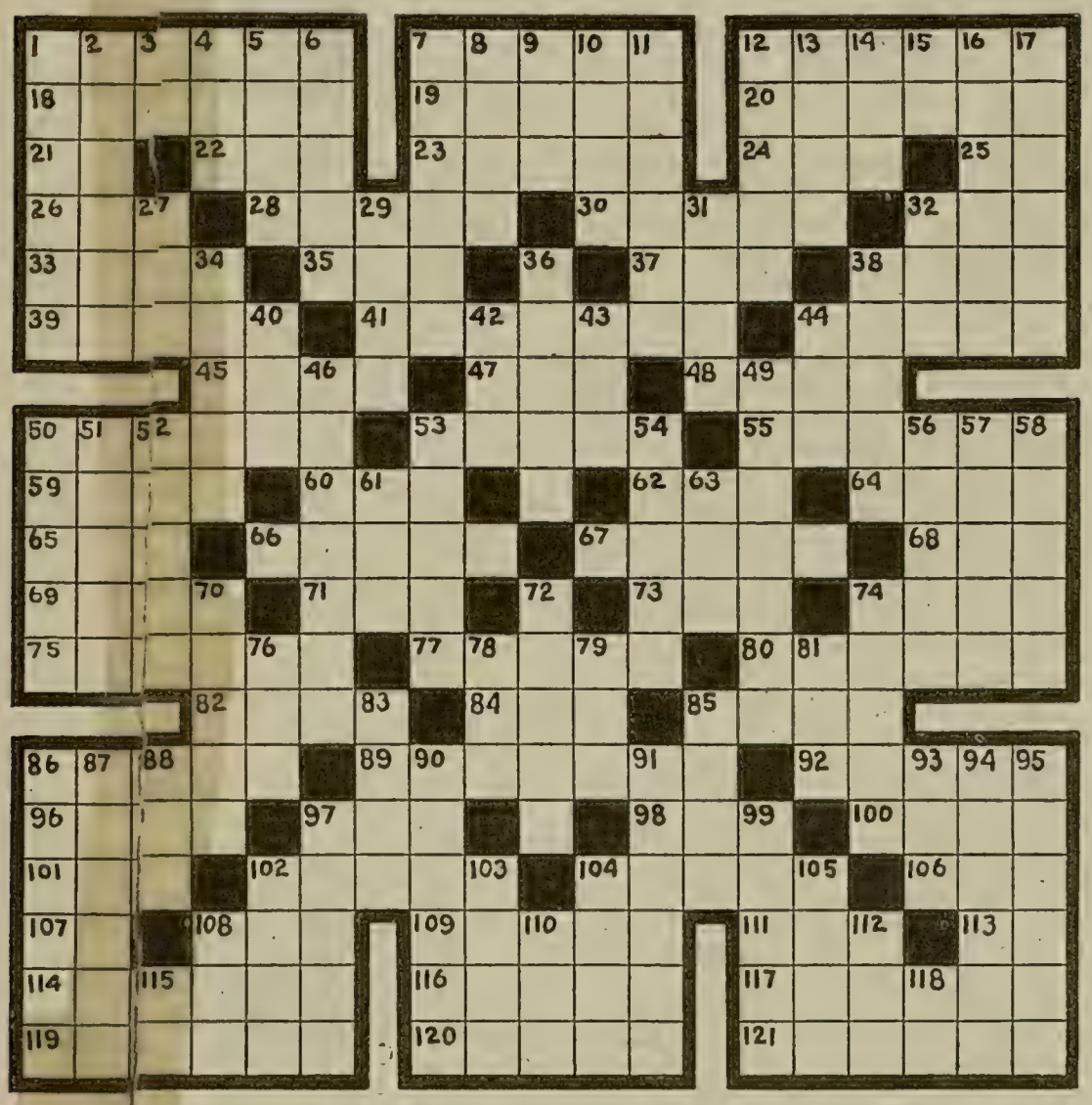
ARE you discouraged because the puzzles you construct so painstakingly have not, thus far, won $25? Ask LIBERTY to tell you what is wrong. The Puzzle Editor will answer any reasonable question.

Puzzles are returned only when accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 21

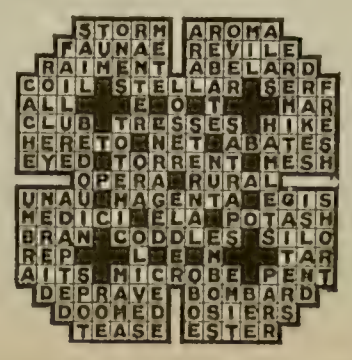
By MRS. JESSIE PHILLIPS, New Orleans, La.

HORIZONTAL

1 Vegetable substance used for stiffening
7 Mild
12 Peeling
18 Act of holding, as property
19 East Indian coin
20 Disclaimer
21 A public carrier (abbreviation)
22 Thick, viscous fluid distilled from vegetable matter
23 Sunken space around a building (plural)
24 Perch
25 In the direction of
26 Spleen
28 Endured
30 Wearied
32 Muscular twitching
33 A minute orifice
35 Land east of Eden (Genesis)
37 Quit of
38 One of the gaits of a quadruped
39 Upright
41 Shaped like a lyre
44 Measuring instrument
45 That which may be learned
47 A wing
48 Uniform
50 Layers
53 A slender, graceful woman
55 A style of type
59 Tight
60 Entangle
62 Vase with a pedestal
64 To furnish with an inner covering
65 Evil
66 Monastery
67 Good will
68 Mixture of volcanic ashes and water
69 Versifier
71 One circuit of a race track
73 Receptacle for consecrated wine
74 Dreadful
75 Provoke to angry passion
77 A reception-room
80 Part of a stove (plural)
82 Unadulterated
84 Sped
85 Pull apart
86 A unit of weight
89 Sliding compartments in a case
92 Assails with missiles
96 Den
97 A bond
98 Attention
100 Render unclean
101 Inlet of a body of water
102 To supply with a name
104 Fragment
106 Anglo-Saxon coin
107 Syllable used in the solfa system
108 Comrade
109 One grown to maturity
111 Comprehend
113 Contiguous to
114 Deliverance from injury or evil
116 Drum and bugle call previous to taps (variant spelling)
117 Pompous show
119 That which checks or restrains
120 Emir (variant spelling)
121 Gazed

VERTICAL

1 A line
2 A violent dread
3 One
4 Groove
5 Crustacean
6 Wading bird
7 Alcoholic beverage
8 A decoy
9 Simian
10 Orderly
11 Longing
12 Attitudinized
13 Parched
14 A murine animal
15 A pronoun
16 Intimation or warning
17 Purveyor of foodstuffs
27 Rather than
29 An assumed part
31 To be carried
32 Gunny cloth
34 Brilliant show
36 Score
38 Punitive
40 Small child
42 A beam
43 Faucet
44 Confronted
46 A species of rose
49 Produce of a season's wine
50 Short stalk in a plant
51 Claw
52 A straightedge
53 Stairs
54 Of mankind
56 Restriction
57 To accustom
58 Surrenders
61 Loose garment worn by Arabs
63 Edge
70 Tropical piglike animal
72 Imperfections
74 Defies
76 A piece of ordnance
78 A constellation
79 A pronoun
81 To strike
83 Amend and revise
85 A monarch
86 Stares fiercely
87 Most unusual
88 Intention
90 Have reference
91 Clergyman
93 A game at cards
94 Intemperate discourse
95 Registered for nomination
96 Guardian of a lodge door
99 Files
102 Narrow woven fabric
103 A city in Holland
104 Fruit of the blackthorn
105 A fuel
108 Recompense
110 Member of an Indian tribe
112 A period
115 Calcium (symbol)
118 A measure of area



Answer to Puzzle No. 20

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Time to start to bring back the vigorous health and enduring energy that once marked him as a man, strong and self reliant.

The time to act is when you feel yourself slowing up—when that tired feeling creeps over you while the day is still young.

Thousands of men—weary and out of sorts—tired out—yes ofttimes despondent, have discovered the road to buoyant, happy health.

The vitalizing vitamines in McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets quickly help run down men and women to restore that old time feeling of forceful strength that brings with it ambition, activity and the joy of living.

All over America in every drug store worthy the name, McCoy's are in great demand and all because they do help to restore health—60 tablets 60 cents. Demand McCoy's and get the genuine.

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they will save any man's money

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An extreme instance, of course, but convincing proof of the amazing strength of NOGAR Utility Clothes. When a fabric will stand a test like that, imagine the wear it will give you!

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For the Love o' Lil

The Montana Glistener

A New Chapter in Liberty's Famous Cover Continuity

By LESLIE THRASHER

THE morning after Mr. Hammerschlosser's proposal, Lil hurried down to breakfast. It was a bright, crispy Saturday.

Pop, already at the table, was deep in his *Morning Breeze*.

Lil looked for Sunflower Aluminum Button stock on the financial page. She did that every morning while her coffee cooled. Sandy had ten shares. Two he had bought—the other eight were complimentary for having sold shares to friends. He carried around specimens of these buttons in his pocket, but Lil had warned him against approaching her father. Once Pop had sunk some money in a pecan-nut-farm chain, and ever since he had been extra conservative. Those fatal pecans had always rankled.

"Ma says it's all off between you and Mr. Hammerschlosser?" Pop was floating a waffle in syrup. "Well, he has the coin, but if you'd married him, Lil, my son-in-law would have looked old enough to be my own father." Then Pop laughed the way he always did when he thought he had been clever.

Silently Lil watched Pop's manipulation of a waffle. He folded it over and over; then speared it with his fork. She made a mental note of that as one other thing she wouldn't let Sandy do when they were married.

Unsuspecting Sandy didn't know she was compiling a list of "don'ts." He believed her acceptance assured his perfection. But Lil already had two items on this list: "Don't take a toothpick when leaving a restaurant," and "Don't sing so loud in church."

"What about walking downtown this morning, Lil?" her father asked, after five waffles and two cups of coffee. "You mustn't get fat like your mother."

"Fat?" Ma flared right up. "I've kept my figure better than any other woman my age in the lodge—in spite of all the housework." This was Ma's favorite trump—usually good for a new hat.

"You're all right, Ma." Pop gave her a kiss. "Meet me at lunch."

Pop felt on top of the world, walking downtown with Lil. And he tipped his hat gayly as she left him. Some girl! He crossed the street whistling. Then he admired his own reflection in several shop windows.

Suddenly his military strides ceased. Glancing into Keith's jewelry-store window, he saw Sandford Jenkins at the ring counter! Pop's intuitive hunch was: "Well, if the scamp isn't buying Lil a ring!" Chuckling, he pressed his head right against the glass and took a good look.

INSIDE, Sandy felt like a bull in a china shop. While he had been in jewelry stores before, to get new watch crystals, only once had his errand been important. That was when he bought his mother a present from his first pay envelope—a gold fisherman's bend knotted around three emerald chips! With that as a background, Sandy classed himself as a Rare Jewel King.

A show case of diamond rings! Sandy winced at their glitter. Lil's ring was in there somewhere! He ran his finger along the counter.

"How about one of those?" he asked, frowning importantly.

Mr. Keith lifted out the tray. "These are the finest I have," smiling benevolently. "A beautiful diamond, eighteen-carat white gold, platinum top, and a delicately carved shank."

"Is it the largest stone you have?" Sandy's sentiment demanding quantity as well as quality.

"Yes; and of the finest cut. Examine it yourself."

Sandy examined it, his squint equaled only by an old lady's initial star gaze through a telescope.

Brilliant high lights. Radiant colors. Flashing rainbow streaks. Lil's ring!

Pop Morse drew away from the window.

"Here's my five dollars down and three weeks' payments."

Sandy plunked down eight dollars. The coveted Montana Glistener was his!

(*To be continued next week*)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Qualifying Her Praise

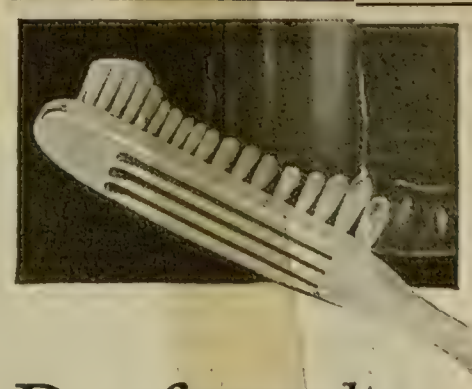
Lou, our baby girl, is quite a thoughtful little lady in the matter of politeness. One day she was invited to lunch with a little playmate. After the meal, wishing to express her appreciation in the most impressive manner, she very charmingly said:

"Mrs. Elliot, I did enjoy the dinner, such as it was."—H. H., McAlester, Okla.

"Out of the Mouths of Babes—"

Little Molly had been very trying all day. That evening, when her grown-up sister was putting her to bed, she said she hoped Molly would be a better girl tomorrow and not make everybody unhappy with her naughty temper. Molly listened in silence, and then said:

"Yes, when it's me, it's temper; but when it's you, it's nerves!"—M. H., Dallas, Tex.



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THE *most faithful brushing is not enough*—if your tooth brush is damp, oversoft—"dead"—every time you use it.

The Pebeco Tooth Brush—*ventilated*—is never moist, weak—because it dries quickly. Its firm, "live" bristles clean between your teeth, stimulate your gums. And its *two tufts* reach every part of your teeth. All druggists. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

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To Live Long BE— Not DRY— Not WET— Just DAMP

A Distinguished Scientist Finds That Moderate Pickling in Alcohol Has Certain Advantages

An Article by LIN BONNER

Pictures by TOUSEY

Professor Raymond Pearl

WHETHER you are dry or wet, or don't give a hoot one way or the other, you will be interested to know that science, figuratively impaling the drinker and nondrinker of ardent spirits on pins, has discovered:

1—That total abstainers outlive sots, and moderate drinkers outlive them both, although their superiority over abstainers is not great.

2—The drinking habits of parents have no effect upon the mental or physical qualities of their offspring.

3—Parents who use alcohol do not, because of it, produce weak or defective children.

4—Cirrhosis of the liver is not more frequent among drunkards than among teetotalers.

5—Alcohol, properly administered, improves a species, this having been proved with chickens and other animals. A hunger striker would survive longer on alcohol than on water.

6—One drink does not make a man drunk, as has been contended.

7—Decimation of the population of the South Sea Islands, heretofore laid to liquor and disease introduced by whites, is due more to boredom because the missionaries deprive them of native social amenities, such as head-hunting, and have put clothes on them.

Six of these findings are contained in Alcohol and Longevity, an important biological work by Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University; the seventh was advanced by Dr. Pearl on the basis of investigations by a distinguished English anthropologist, the late Dr. W. H. R. Rovers, in reply to a question inspired by Dr. Pearl's treatise.

Though this book left the printing press about the same time as Prohibition at Its Worst, a justification of the dry era by Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, it is not intended as a contribution to the debate on the political aspect of the liquor question. Its author specifically states at the outset of the book that he is considering alcohol solely in its relation to physical health and life.

DR. PEARL figuratively put 5,000 heavy and moderate drinkers and abstainers under his glass.

DR. PEARL was born in Farmington, New Hampshire, forty-seven years ago—he looks at least ten years younger—was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1899, when he was twenty, and received his degree of Ph.D. from the University of Michigan in 1902; continuing his studies at the University of Leipzig in 1905, and at University College, London, in 1905-06. He was chief of the Statistical Division, United States Food Administration, during 1917-19, and from 1918 to 1925 was professor of biometry and vital statistics in the School of Hygiene and Public Health at Johns Hopkins. Since then he has been director of the Institute of Biological Research there.

Pearl takes high rank among American scientists, and his works in behalf of the future of the human race are accepted as authorities. For years he has been editor and contributor to scientific publications and has written various important scientific works, among them being The Biology of Death, The Nation's Food, Studies in Human Biology, Modes of Research in Genetics, which deals with the phenomena of heredity and variation of species, and The Biology of Population Growth.

Pearl, who is a giant of a man, six feet three and a half inches tall, and of 208 pounds weight when trained down, probably would list himself as a moderate, occasional drinker.

In preparing Alcohol and Longevity, Dr. Pearl took the drinking records of 5,248 men and women of Baltimore, as a typical cross-section of the population, embracing both old and new classes of citizens. Of this group, 3,084 were men and 2,164 were women, representing many races and mixtures of white stock. Negroes were not considered, because, as the investigator puts it, of the difficulty—the impossibility—of getting any accurate genealogical record of the race.

In this search for information about the influence of alcohol on length of life, Dr. Pearl picked up a great deal of valuable material on the drinking habits of men and women of various races.

He found, for instance, that men were divided as follows: abstainers, 30 per cent; mod-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Extra Outlets?

Hemco Plugs Provide Just What You Need

Where do you tap in the toaster, the iron, the radio charger, the floor lamp—the electrical things that mean so much to the modern home? If you are using some of the millions of Hemco Plugs that are in service, you know the secret.

You can have extra outlets *just* where you need them!

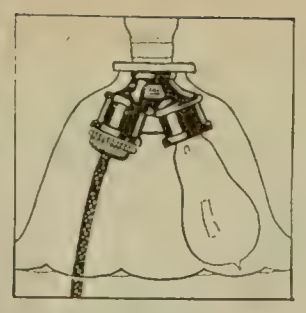
The seven Hemco models answer completely every outlet need. In them, thousands of people daily find ways to make rooms more beautiful and convenient. Check over their uses, as illustrated, with *your* home in mind.

You'll appreciate, if you haven't noticed before, that Hemco Plugs are smaller despite their greater strength. Always dependable—never conspicuous. Each is molded in one piece with the metal parts embedded in the everlasting Bakelite. The metal shells in Hemco Plugs can never loosen or turn to cause blown fuses.

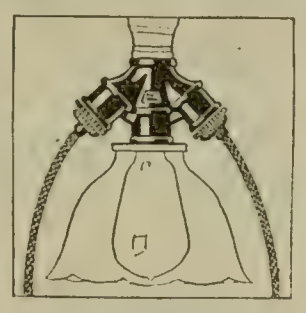
Insist on the Genuine Hemco

Ask your dealer (*most every store handling any electrical goods at all, carries Hemco Plugs*) to show you the different Hemco models. But be sure to find the Hemco name. It alone is your guarantee of *lifetime convenience*. If you cannot obtain exactly the model you require, order direct, mentioning your dealer's name.

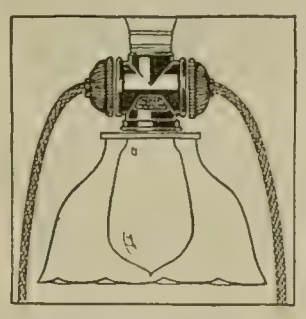
George Richards & Co., 557 W. Monroe St., Chicago



HEMCO TWIN-LITE—Double outlet plug. High capacity. Small size and properly designed to fit under shades. Lasts a Lifetime. Price 60c

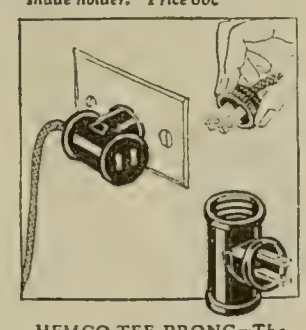


HEMCO TRIP-LITE—The three outlet plug. Outlets specially threaded to take standard screw or clamp type shade holder. Price $1.00



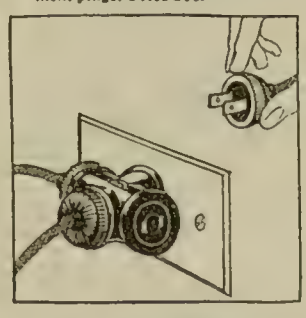
HEMCO THRU-LITE—Provides two slotted outlets for easy connection and disconnection of appliances and one screw shell vertical outlet for lamp. Vertical outlet threaded to take either screw or clamp type shade holder Price 90c

HEMCO TACH-LITE—The side outlet plug. Allows lamp to be used in vertical position. Outlets, as shown, threaded to take any standard screw or clamp type shade holder. Price 60c

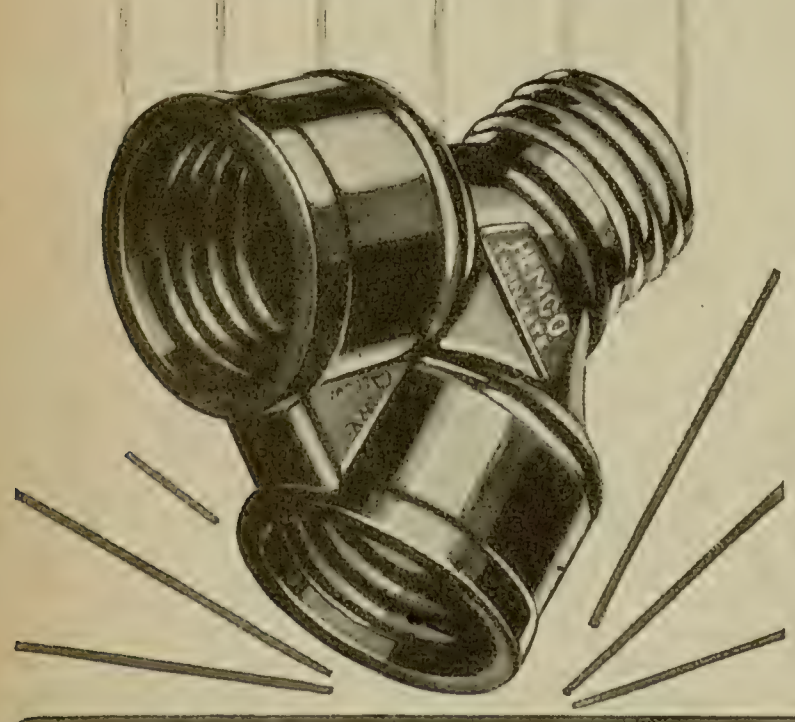


HEMCO TEE-PRONG—The plug for flush (wall) receptacles. Provides two slotted outlets to take any standard parallel blade attachment caps. Very small size—neat and unobtrusive. Sold everywhere at 50c.

HEMCO TEE-LITE—Similar in design to the Hemco Tee-Prong, except that standard screw shell outlets are provided instead of slots. Takes any standard attachment plugs. Price 60c.



HEMCO TRIP-PRONG—Similar in design to Tee-Prong—except that three instead of two slotted outlets are provided to take standard parallel blade attachment caps. Price 60c.



HEMCO

[TO LIVE LONG BE—NOT DRY—NOT WET—JUST DAMP
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

erates, 42.6 per cent, and heavy drinkers, 27.4. In other words, the number of those who don't drink at all is about equal to the number who drink too much, while the moderate drinkers outnumber each of the two other classes.

Among women, he found 67.1 per cent abstainers, 29.8 per cent moderates, and only 3.1 per cent heavy drinkers. The only racial stock in which women showed a marked tendency toward heavy drinking was the Scandinavian, with 17.1 per cent.

The largest percentage of abstainers was found among the English, Scotch, and Welsh; the smallest among the Slavonic peoples (Russians, Lithuanians, Poles, Magyars, Bohemians, etc.), with the Italians next to the smallest.

But it seems that abstinence and heavy drinking go hand in hand, leaving little room for moderation, for the British stock which led in teetotalers also showed the greatest proportion of drunkards. The Slavonic stock, on the other hand, with a minimum of abstainers, led all the others in its percentage of moderates, with the Italians a close second.

BY far the smallest proportion of heavy drinkers was found among the Jews—less than 9 per cent. The Italians ranked next with slightly more than 20 per cent, and after them came the Slavonic group.

The people of old American stock were found to rank with the British as heavy drinkers.

Neither Dr. Pearl, nor any other authority cited by him, attempts to fix upon any amount of alcohol as a "moderate" ration, because, he states, what may be a gentle pick-me-up for one person may make another person drunk.

The Doctor, one gathers both from his conversation and from his book, has no patience with chronic drunkards.

"The person who changes his drinking habits in a vacillating manner really does not change them at all," he says. "The toper who 'swears off' for a few days, or weeks, or months, or years, and then resumes his heavy drinking,

Rabbits lived 21.4 days on alcohol, while those on water averaged 17.5 days.

and repeats this performance again and again till he dies, simply has vacillation as an integral part of his habits relative to drink, and is to be classified accordingly."

The results apparent to Pearl from the mass of data upon which Alcohol and Longevity is based

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. 15c, 30c, 60c.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

seem to be in favor of a moderate usage of alcohol as a factor in life extension. Generally, his tables show that abstainers have greater life expectancy than all drinkers put together. But, when the moderate drinkers are segregated from the "heavies," they show, at thirty years, a life expectancy of three and a third years more than the extreme drinker.

Reducing the data obtained from the 5,248 Baltimoreans into the standard life tables on the basis of 100,000 population, the Doctor learned that between the ages of thirty and sixty, more than one-half of the heavy drinkers died, while more than 65 per cent of the moderate drinkers and abstainers still lived.

After sixty-nine years of age, life expectancy favors the heavy drinker, against the teetotaler.

At seventy, however, the abstainer and moderate groups commence to drop off rapidly, while the drunkard death list slows up. At age ninety-five there survived, among the men, 965 abstainers, 851 heavies, and 2,018 moderates; among the women there were left at that age 1,639 abstainers and 3,170 moderates. From the age of sixty-nine, at which teetotalers and heavy drinking men showed the same life expectancy, the tables ran in favor of the heavy drinker.

"The explanation of this seemingly paradoxical result," Dr. Pearl declares, "probably is that the excess mortality from heavy drinking in early life is selective in considerable degree. On this view the heavy drinker who survives to age seventy has proved himself to be a tough customer, not easily killed. He is presumably a sounder person than is his abstaining brother who reaches the age of seventy. For, while the latter has had to withstand successfully and survive only the ordinary environmental vicissitudes of life, the former has not only had to do that much, but also to survive the effects of deleterious quantities of alcohol."

THEREFORE, reasons Dr. Pearl, while fewer heavy drinkers than total abstainers reach the age of seventy, those who do "are presumably better persons constitutionally."

Pearl states that alcohol acts, or may act, upon man in three ways: (*a*) as a food; (*b*) as a drug; (*c*) as a poison; and that man, as far as he knows, is the only vertebrate animal that takes alcohol regularly and normally as a part of its alimentary regime. Discussing alcohol as a food, he says:

"Alcohol, in moderate amounts, is almost completely oxidized or burned up in the body, yielding energy available for use in muscular work, in the maintenance of body temperature or otherwise. It can, within limits, replace equivalent amounts of fats and carbohydrates in the diet and, within these limits, can spare protein in the same way that fats and carbohydrates can. In the wine- and beer-drinking countries of Europe alcohol is extensively used as a normal and useful part of the diet."

Here he cites authorities who say that "several million people regularly obtain a somewhat larger proportion of their total energy requirement from alcohol than they do from protein." Observation of the lives and habits of the common people of France, Italy, and Germany, says Pearl, confirms this statement.

DR. PEARL cites cases of dogs that were fed nothing but plain alcohol or absinthe, with water chasers. They averaged thirty-seven days of life on this diet. Rabbits lived 21.4 days on alcohol, while those on water survived only 17.5 days. He told also of another scientist who had trained white rats to drink liquor, with the result that they prospered equally with normal rats, taking an 8 to 10 per cent alcohol solution without injuring themselves in any discoverable manner or degree.

"Considered as a drug," he says, "alcohol is purely narcotic in its action. The notion formerly widely held that alcohol is a stimulant, has been generally disproved by . . . careful physiological study. Its action on the nervous system is depressant. While the action of alcohol in considerable doses appears always to be depressant upon such physiological functions as heartbeat, respiration, etc., there is evidence that it may act as a stimulant to growth."

On the hereditary effects of alcohol Pearl says he has been experimenting for more than ten years, and tells of his work, as well as that of others, with chickens and other species.

In one series of tests, birds placed in closed metal tanks were administered ethyl alcohol vapor daily, to the point of saturation. Dr. Pearl found that there were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[TO LIVE LONG BE—NOT DRY—NOT WET—JUST DAMP
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

fewer embryos produced from alcoholized birds, but the surviving chicks were stronger than those of sober parents. During fifteen months, 41 per cent of the sober birds died, mostly due to an epidemic of roup, but not one of the besotted roosters and hens perished. The alcoholics far outlived the abstainers, grew so fat that their legs would hardly support them, and produced young that outlived the young of teetotalers by 25 per cent.

Pearl cited cases of guinea pigs that were drunk six days a week and lived to unprecedented ages, in some instances to six or seven years, and showed no damage to their organs. He admits these results are not perfect indices as applied to man, because the laboratory creatures inhale the alcohol, while man drinks it.

Dr. Pearl regards himself as fortunate in having been able to get the alcohol histories of the 5,000-odd persons who figure in his studies, saying that while experiments with animals are all right, they are not ideal, because it is impossible to submit human beings to the same experimental study.

"EVEN if it could be done," he observes naively, "the duration of life of man is so great that the experimenter would almost surely die before he had completed his observations on some of his individual subjects." He added a comment on the difficulty of getting data by citing how free-born Americans and others not so free rebel against "the extremely meager and innocuous questions of the census enumerator" as "paternal prying of the government into the private affairs of the citizenry."

Nevertheless he feels that his own experiments and those of other investigators, plus revelations in his group of Baltimoreans, provide an authentic guide to conclusions regarding not only the effect of alcohol upon longevity, but also its effect in an hereditary manner upon the human race.

More than half the heavy drinkers die between thirty and sixty, while 65 per cent of the moderates reach the high mark.

He quotes Karl Pearson, the famous British scientist, in this respect:

"There is a higher death rate among the offspring of alcoholics than among offspring of sober parents. This appears to be more marked in the case of the mother than in the case of the father. And since it is sensibly higher in the case of the mother who has

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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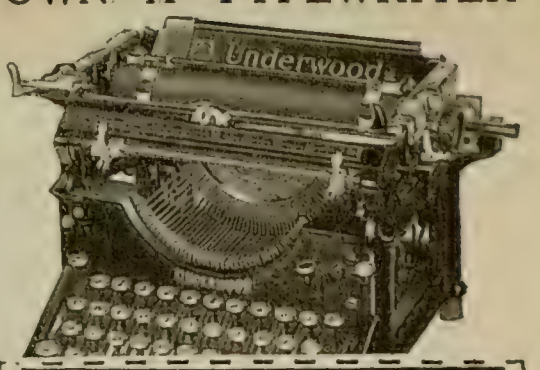

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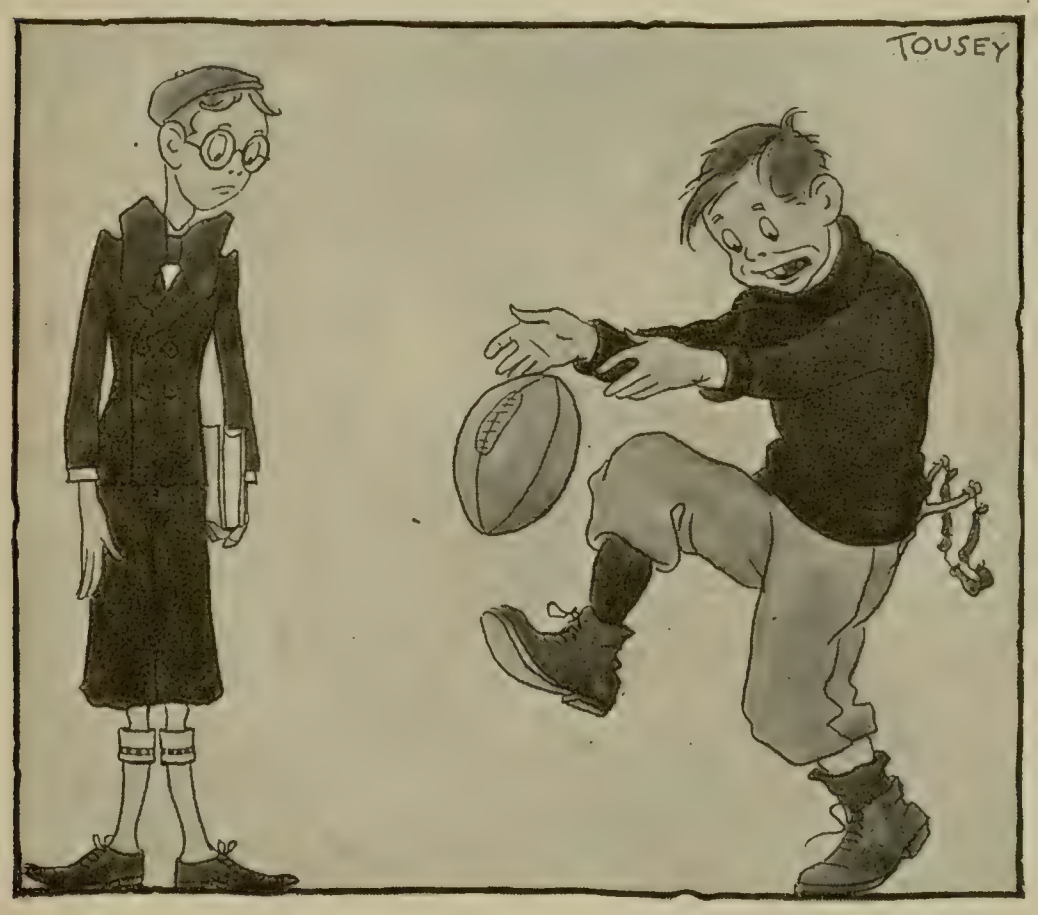
[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

drinking bouts than of the mother who habitually drinks, it would appear to be due very considerably to accidents and gross carelessness and possibly in a minor degree to a toxic effect upon the offspring.

"Owing to the greater fertility of alcoholic parents, the nett family of the sober is hardly larger than the nett family of the alcoholic.

"The mean weight and height of the children of alcoholic parents his chicken tests in his study of human beings, calls attention to the fact that Pearson suggests alcoholism in parents may have a selective effect upon the race, so that the weak die young and only the best survive.

Turning to diseases ordinarily associated with alcohol, he cites authorities who show that alcohol retards tumor growths; that moderate use of it assists the stomach in its work in some cases, but has no effect in others; and



The general health of children of alcoholic parents appears better than that of sober parents.

are slightly greater than those of sober parents. . . .

"The general health of the children of alcoholic parents appears on the whole slightly better than the health of the children of sober parents. There are fewer delicate children and in a most marked way cases of tuberculosis and epilepsy are less frequent than among the children of sober parents. The source of this relation may be sought in two directions: the physically strongest in the community have probably the greatest capacity and taste for alcohol; further, the higher death rate of the children of alcoholic parents leaves the fitter to survive. Parental alcoholism is not a source of mental defect in offspring. . . .

"THE normal visioned and normal refractioned appear to be in rather a preponderance in the families of the drinking parents; but there is no substantial relationship between goodness of sight and parental alcoholism. The frequency of diseases of the eye and eyelids, which might well be attributed to parental neglect, was found to have little, if any, relation to parental alcoholism.

"To sum up, then, no marked relation has been found between the intelligence, physique, or disease of the offspring and parental alcoholism in any of the categories investigated. On the whole, the balance turns as often in favor of the alcoholic as of the nonalcoholic parentage."

Pearl, finding substantiation of that it increases secretion of gastric juice and aids digestion when taken at meals.

"MANY worthy persons who somehow seem unable to keep separate their moral convictions and their scientific activities," he says, "have taken an extreme position, wholly unwarranted by the facts, to the effect that alcohol in any quantity, however minute, is always biologically harmful. An amusing commentary upon this position is afforded by the fact that ethyl alcohol is regularly and normally present in the blood and tissues of the living body."

In illustration of this he refers to a recent experiment which showed that a single dose of alcohol, in the form of two bottles of beer taken with a large meal, produced less increase in blood alcohol than is occasionally observed after administration of a carbohydrate without alcohol.

In a recent statement, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has shown that deaths from alcohol among its policyholders had increased 14 per cent within the last year; and stress was laid upon the fact that *cirrhosis of the liver, which is closely associated with alcoholism*, had caused 863 deaths. The experience of Pearl and his colleagues does not coincide with this. Referring to experiments wherein alcohol was fed to rabbits through the stomach, he says: "No animal which died and came to autopsy showed either cirrhosis or

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[TO LIVE LONG BE—NOT DRY—NOT WET—JUST DAMP
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

fatty degeneration of the liver, or inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach."

Elsewhere he says that cirrhosis of the liver has been produced experimentally with alcohol only in the rarest of instances. As to the effect of alcohol upon the kidneys, he cites studies showing that among 461 heavy drinkers only 42, or 9.1 per cent, gave evidence of nephritis.

The proportion of abstainers, moderate and heavy drinkers among men and women.

ASKED what effect he thought his book would have upon insurance companies in their attitude toward drinkers as risks, Pearl candidly declared he questioned if they would pay any attention to it. He says in his book that the insurance companies separate people into two classes—drinkers and nondrinkers; that they penalize the drinker and thereby cause people to lie about their drinking habits; that they make no distinction between heavy and moderate drinkers in their statistics, and that once a drinking person is accepted as a policyholder he may drink himself to death, just the same as he may, after due regard for his policy time allowance, commit suicide in some other form.

Pearl thinks science and the insurance companies would both profit if the latter were more meticulous in their grading of alcohol users, just as he thinks South Sea Islanders would have been more numerous today if greater consideration had been given to their life histories.

During the discussion about the racial effect of alcohol, the case of the islanders was suggested as one in which alcohol and disease introduced by the whites had resulted in killing off many of the natives.

"Not primarily," he replied. "The missionaries and colonial administrators, though their intentions were good, are chiefly to blame. By interfering with the social practices of the people, such as head-hunting and tribal wars, they took a large part of the interest out of life for them and they were bored to death. Putting clothes on them also made them subject to pneumonia when they got caught in the rain."

Pearl frowns upon heavy drinking, but also, however involuntarily, rebukes those who interfere with the lifelong habits of a people.

Where he speaks of propaganda against drinking, he divides the abstainer populace into three classes:

(*a*) Those who do not drink because of fear of the consequences (those who fear they will not be able to control their consumption of alcohol if they start drinking at all, or because of its possible effect upon their health).

(*b*) Those who do not drink because they choose to conform to the pressure of opinion, chiefly from family and church (Protestant) against heavy drinking.

(*c*) Those who simply never have had any desire to use alcohol as a beverage.

"Moderate drinking males," he says, "may, I think, fairly be regarded as a normal average group of men, whose health has always been such as to give them no particular concern and who have no misgivings about their power of controlling their appetites. The outstanding feature about them would seem to be their average, normal quality. They are not afraid of drink or of themselves, on the one hand, nor have they any abnormal or pathological craving for the pleasures of the senses, on the other. They are, in short, well balanced mentally and physically."

"Guinea pigs drunk six days a week lived to unprecedented old age."

Summarizing his book, Pearl states:

"In a fairly large and homogeneous sample of the working-class population of Baltimore, the moderate drinking of alcoholic beverages did not shorten life. On the contrary, moderate steady drinkers exhibited somewhat lower rates of mortality and greater expectation of life than did abstainers. This superiority is not great in the male moderate drinkers, and may not be significant statistically; but it certainly gives no support to the almost universal belief that alcohol always shortens life, even in moderate quantities.

"THOSE persons in this experience who were heavy drinkers of alcoholic beverages exhibited considerably increased rates of mortality and diminished longevity, as compared with abstainers or moderate drinkers.

"Experiments by various workers on different forms of life agree in showing a beneficial effect of alcohol upon the race. This beneficial effect appears to be produced chiefly as a result of the remarkably sharp and precise selective action of this agent upon germ cells and enveloping embryos, killing off the weak and defective, and leaving the strong and sound to survive and perpetuate the race. The prevalent notion that parental alcoholism tends to cause the production of weak, defective, or monstrous progeny is not supported by the extensive body of experimental work which has been done on the problem.

"The results of this investigation seem to indicate, with great clearness, that any biological harmfulness chargeable against alcohol, in this group of over 5,000 people, resulted solely from its abuse, and not from its reasonable and proper use."

THE END

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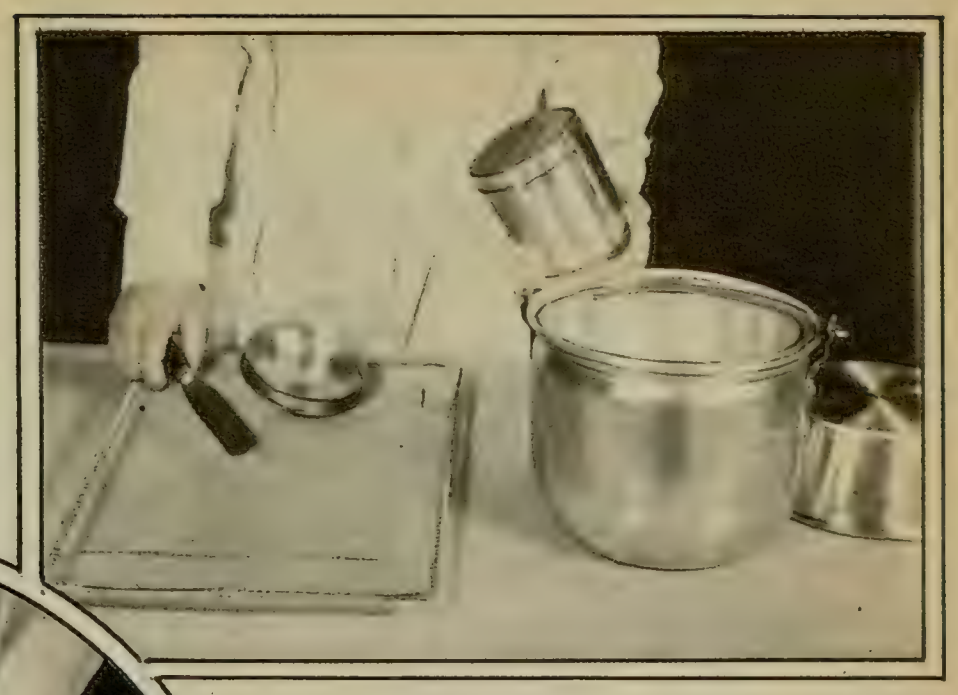
By ETHEL SOMERS



A greased steamer mold, two-thirds full of batter, produces a plump, attractive loaf of Boston brown bread.

Much simplicity in the menu is often entirely disguised if the table appointments and service are appealing.

IN this age of delicatessen lure, simple home dinners are becoming all too uncommon. Their low cost, ease of preparation, and wholesome simplicity do much to recommend them, yet they are commonly shunned.

If the cook is painstaking, a meager meal may quite easily be made sufficient, well balanced, and delicious. Aesthetic influences are important. Excellence of quality in food goes much farther in gratifying one's æsthetic taste than does a multiplicity of foods.

MENU

Tomato Cream Soup **Croutons**
Baked Beans **Boston Brown Bread**
Health Salad
Gingerbread Apple Cobbler
or
Raw Fruit

Universal Cream Soup Base

1 quart milk
¼ cup flour
¼ cup or 4 tablespoons butter

MELT butter over a low flame. Remove from the fire and mix in the flour, stir to a smooth paste. Gradually stir in one cup of the milk, stirring constantly to make a smooth mixture. Return to the fire and cook and stir until thickened. Add a second cup of milk and, after the mixture has been stirred and cooked for 10 minutes, add the remaining milk and keep piping hot, but do not boil. A double boiler serves this purpose best. Add the vegetable pulp to be used, and seasonings, unless tomato is being used, and cook over water 30 minutes. In preparing tomato soup, add 4 tablespoons of flour mixed with ¼ cup water, slowly to the hot, sieved tomatoes. Stir and cook this until thickened. Keep both the milk and tomato mixtures hot in separate kettles until ready to serve, and then gradually stir the thickened tomato mixture into the milk.

Tomato Cream Soup

1 quart canned tomatoes, cooked with
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon sugar
1 clove
¼ teaspoon celery seed
1 tablespoon minced onion
¼ teaspoon pepper
1½ teaspoons salt

Cook together for 10 minutes and sieve.

Croutons—Cut ½-inch cubes of stale bread and brown in a hot oven, or cut a slice of toast into ½-inch cubes. Serve while hot.

Baked Beans

1 pound navy beans
2 quarts cold water
2 teaspoons salt
1 to 1½ teaspoons mustard
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup molasses
⅓ to ⅔ cup brown sugar, as desired
½ pound pork shoulder, cut in cubes
Sliced salt pork, if desired, for topping

WASH and pick over the beans. Add the cold water and let soak overnight. Put on the fire to cook gently until parboiled. At this stage the beans are cooked enough if the skins curl when held up in the draft (or blown upon). Pour off the water and rinse beans well in cold water. Put a layer of beans into a casserole. Sprinkle with a layer of all the mixed seasonings, except the molasses. Scatter in some cubes of pork shoulder, and continue until all of the ingredients are used up, pouring the molasses on top at the end. Add enough water to come to the level of the top layer of beans. Cover with salt pork slices, if desired, and bake in a slow oven (275° F.) for from 4 to 5 hours, baking tightly covered, except for the last hour, when beans become thoroughly browned, or at 250° F. for 6 or more hours.

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1-29-27

WELL seasoned par-boiled beans (at left) in alternate layers with cubes of pork are delicious after a long baking.

Boston Brown Bread

I

2 cups Graham flour
1 cup cornmeal
1 teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons baking powder
1¼ teaspoons baking soda
¼ cup brown sugar
¾ cup molasses
1¾ cups sour milk
Fruit and nuts, if desired

II

1 cup cornmeal
2 cups Graham flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
¼ cup brown sugar
¾ cup molasses
1½ cups sweet milk
1 cup floured raisins, figs, or dates, if desired
1 cup chopped nutmeats, if desired

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the liquids and beat these into the sifted dry ingredients until the mixture is thoroughly blended. Add the floured raisins and nuts, if used. Pour into greased molds not more than two-thirds full. Cover the molds and steam over boiling water from 4 to 5 hours. In some cases the molds leak steam, and the bread should be placed in a moderate oven (375° F.) for a few minutes to dry out any wet areas.

Gingerbread Apple Cobbler

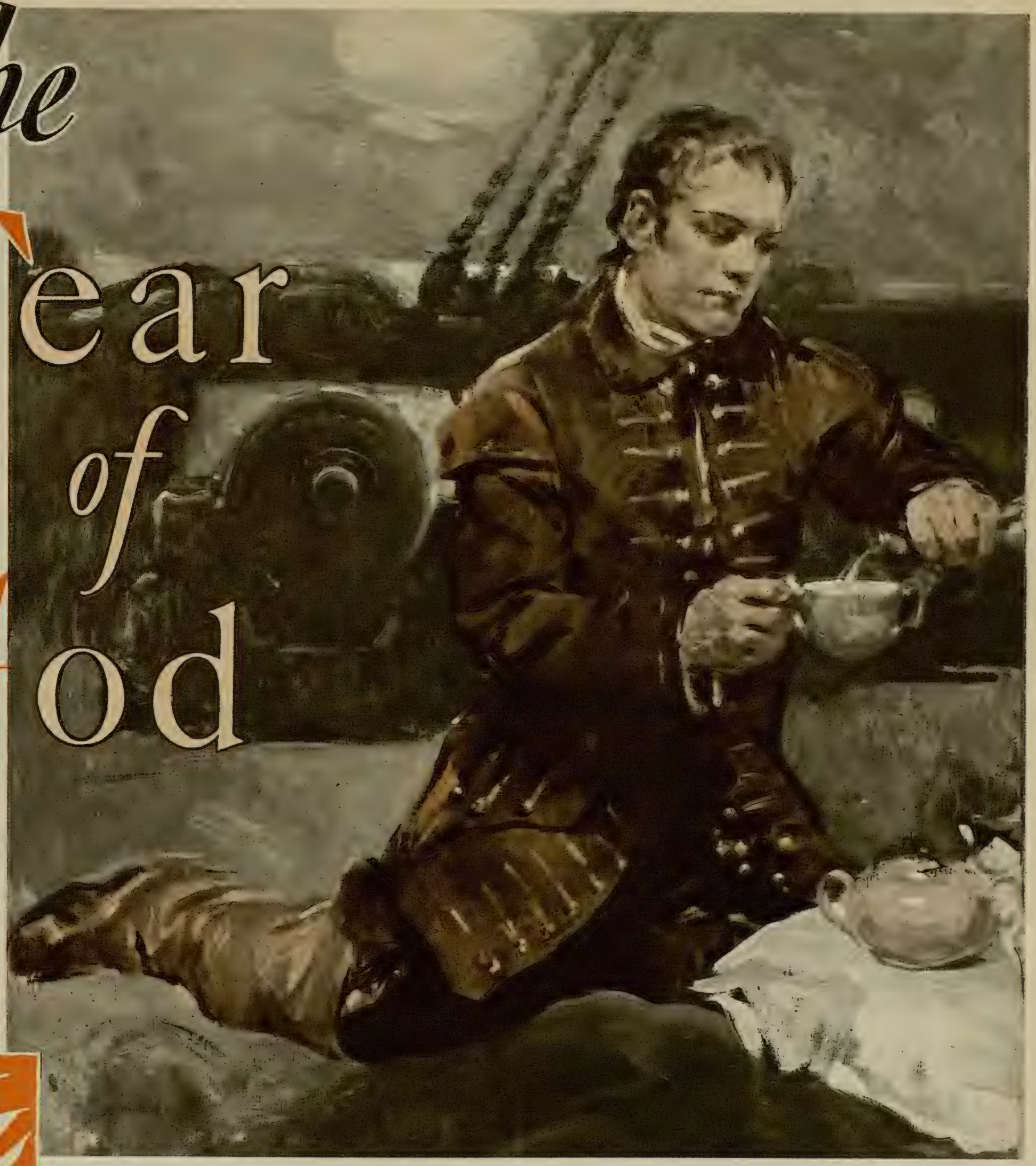
6 to 8 apples
¾ to 1 cup sugar (brown or white)
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
or
2 tablespoons butter and 1 teaspoon nutmeg

PLACE the washed, pared, cored, and sliced apples in a buttered casserole (large size), sprinkle with the sugar and seasoning. Place in a hot oven (450° F.) for from 10 to 15 minutes while the following gingerbread batter is being prepared:

1 cup flour (bread flour)
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger
¼ cup sugar
⅜ teaspoon baking soda
¼ cup molasses
½ cup thick sour milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons melted butter

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the sour milk, molasses, and beaten egg and add these liquids to the dry ingredients. Beat in the slightly cooled melted butter until the mixture is thoroughly blended. Pour over the hot apples and replace in the hot oven, reducing the flame to maintain the temperature of a moderate oven (350° F.). Bake from 40 to 50 minutes, according to the thickness of the gingerbread layer on top of the apples. The product is done when the gingerbread springs back when lightly dented with the finger.

The Fear of God



Pictures by
WILL FOSTER

Decorations by
W. Fletcher-White

The Story of a Man Who Defied His King for a Woman's Honor

AN Englishman put to me a monstrous question. "Michelle," he said, "are you branded with the fleur-de-lis?" This meant: "Michelle, are you a prostitute?"

It was not strange, as matters stood, that Sir Harry Quarles should think ill of me, but strange were the events that had brought me to such a plight.

My father, a colonel in the army of Louis XIV of France, had been forced to flee in the Huguenot persecutions.

I, barely twenty, and motherless, took refuge in a convent.

But Armand Gribouri, a royal spy, who had conceived for me a violent passion, pursued me even there. By a trick I got possession of his horses and carriage, drove to Calais, fled to England, and, under the protection of my lovely cousin, the Baroness d'Elven, went to the English court.

King James II, with an eye for beauty, required us to appear at a public garden, where one went discreetly masked. We dressed as gypsies.

A young naval officer, himself unmasked, was taken in by our disguise. He dined and wined us. This proved to be Sir Harry Quarles, who was much to my liking. Suddenly, three masked men reeled toward us, and one of them tore the covering from my face. Sir Harry's sword flashed! They set upon him.

He killed one and wounded one. The dead man was Louis de Frontenac, son of Quebec's Governor, and the wounded man Gribouri, my pursuer.

The third unmasked. The King himself!

Milord and I fled wildly, reached the sea, and took ship. There he questioned me, but

LIKE an immense bubble we saw the moon floating above the sea. Milord took the bottle and filled our two cups.

A SERIAL *by* ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of The Maid-at-Arms, The Fighting Chance, The Firing Line, The Girl Philippa, The Restless Sex, Slayer of Souls, etc.

to him I remained a mystery. We were landed in Dieppe and found the town in a state of siege. I was thrown into prison as a prostitute without papers! But first I had seen the man I loved struck down, defending me. He was sent to the same prison, where he languished, ill.

At length a pardon came to each of us, on condition that we cross the waters to Canada, where immigrants were needed. We went. And on the same ship was—Gribouri! He sent a servant to conduct me before him.

PART EIGHT

WHEN we arrived at the quarters of Monsieur Gribouri, he received me with every ceremony and with all the politeness in the world, and led me to a very grand armchair, which, I thought to myself, was affectation. But I was as polite as he, and determined to let nothing frighten me.

"Mademoiselle de Maniscamp," said he, "I am agreeably astonished to find you aboard the Duchess of Burgundy."

"I am equally surprised that you should be aboard, Monsieur Gribouri."

"That," said he, "is not so astonishing, because his gracious majesty has condescended to appoint me Sub-Intendant at Quebec, where Monsieur le Comte de Frontenac is again Royal Governor."

"Doubtless, monsieur, that is very gratifying to you."

"It is, mademoiselle, now that I learn you also are to be in Canada."

THERE was a pause. He looked at my peasant dress; I gazed about me at the gilded cabin with its crimson hangings, its fixed sofas done in red damask, its settees, table, desk, and a handsome bronze lamp swinging from the ceiling.

"Mademoiselle de Maniscamp," said he bluntly, "how, in God's name, did you come to be a prisoner in Dieppe?"

"*Pardieu!* I had neglected the formality of papers to identify me, monsieur."

After a few minutes he said quietly: "You were not very polite to me in the garden of the Recollettes."

"Ah, monsieur, I ask your pardon; but you left me no alternative. I hope you recovered your horses and caleche."

He reddened.

"As for what happened in London," said I, "it was deplorable; but it was the fault of Louis de Frontenac and yourself."

His countenance became scarlet, and he muttered something about his foot slipping and being unfortunate.

I stared him full in the eyes. "How came *you* there?" I asked.

"An accident——"

"You seem subject to accidents, sir. You followed me to London. You saw me in the matted gallery. You ran to Louis de Frontenac; he carried you to the King; and the King carried you both to the Spring Gardens."

I saw his tongue wetting his thick red lips, and in his eyes was a stealthy look.

He considered me for a while in silence. Then: "You are very blunt with me," he said, "and it is perhaps more polite that I take my tone from you. Therefore, without phrases, I love you and desire to possess you."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

"Monsieur," said I, "this is a sorry suit you press. I would not listen to you before, because I did not love you. I do not love you now, and never shall."

"Do you understand that it is of marriage I speak? That it is your hand I ask——"

"*Tonnerre de Dieu,* monsieur!" I flamed. "Have you the impudence to meditate anything less? And if this ship were the palace at Versailles, and you the King—by the damned soul of Satan, you should have a shorter answer!"

"My God, Michelle!" he burst out. "I offered you no such affront! I offer you all you have lost—fortune, position, power——"

"Offer me nothing! I do not love you and am no prostitute, though they jailed me for one in Dieppe! If my family is ruined at this hour, it does not concern you. If I am destitute, if I go in prison garb, if I choose exile in a savage and unknown land, it is my affair, not yours."

He dropped his well shaped head in his hands and sat so for a time. After a while he got up and began to pace the cabin in his lithe, graceful way, and I thought his lips moved and he was muttering to himself, but could not hear what he was saying.

He wearied me, yet I remained alert, because always, in this young man, I seemed conscious of hidden perils and knew not what to expect, nor when.

NOW he stopped and advanced to the damask chair on which I sat with both my hands gripping the gilded arms.

"That night in Versailles," he said, "you were not in love. But I could have made you love me."

To remember it angered me; but I looked him hardily in the eyes.

"That night you were not in love," he repeated. "But you are in love *now!* If you force me to extremes I shall not hesitate. A word from me and the man who slew young Frontenac hangs from the yardarm of this ship. One word from me to old Count Frontenac when we reach Quebec, and that English outlaw hangs from the great rock. You know as well as I that he is an outlaw in France as he is in England. His head is forfeit to two kings, both at the Court of France."

I sat straight up with my head held high and looked at him out of eyes that scarcely saw him.

He said: "I am striving to control myself. Everything I was, or hoped to be, I risked for you. I flung my future at your feet. With the first glance you ever gave me—with the first word I ever heard you breathe—I loved you. Love—terrible, irresistible; instant, flaming, imperishable love! God help me, it was none of my seeking—this passion—this anguish—this punishment that burns——"

His voice broke. He covered his face with his hands, and I saw grief swelling in his throat and twisting his supple body like a soul in torment.

All was ended now. If there had been in me any self-hope at all—and now I knew there had been—that had died. It was dead.

He came toward me in a blind way, scarce seeing where he moved, and knelt down at my chair and laid his face against my knees.

My voice was dead, and its ghost spoke now: "Is that the price, monsieur?"

"Have pity, Michelle——"

"I ask you, is that the price?"

"I—must have you. Give me a chance to win you——"

"No. But I am for sale."

"In God's name——"

"No! Not in His name, this bargaining. I tell you, I am for sale. Do you buy me, monsieur?"

"With a life's slavery——"

"Of no value. Bid higher. I am not worth what I ask, but you cannot buy me for less."

He rested his hot face and hotter hands upon my knees as though I were a prie-dieu, and for all sensation I might have been.

He said in a low, shamed voice: "You ask my word of honor——"

"No, I do not! I do not deal in phrases. Shorten your words, monsieur, or I will clip them to suit me."

"You demand safety for your—outlaw," he murmured between his hands.

"Safe conduct to New York or Boston. That buys me. Nothing less."

His hands clenched on my knees and he straightened up and looked at me intently.

"Then he is your lover," he said.

"I wish he had been," said I wearily. "But I shall never have one, now."

"I shall teach you differently——"

"Does he go free?" I demanded.

Monsieur Gribouri got up from his knees and I rose from my chair.

"That is my price," I said.

"You marry me when I pay it?"

"Yes."

"I shall make you forget him," he said, his somber, burning gaze on me. "You do not believe me, but I tell you I *know!* From the moment our lips met that night I knew I could make you love me. So—I pay your price."

"When you pay I pay," said I. "Until that reckoning, then——"

I turned to the cabin door, groped blindly for it.

"Where is your damned servant to show me to my deck?" I demanded. "No, not you! I've a lifetime to endure with you!"

I think he saw in my eyes the hell that raged in mind and body, for he summoned a servant, and opened the gilded door for me, and stood aside.

Out into the battle-lantern's light I went, like a lost soul's shadow; and how I came to my deck I know not, but found it at last, and all abed.

And so I lay me down to bitterness and tears.

HAD I not been born a soldier's daughter, and from my father learned how to look Fear in his hollow eyes and face Fate with becoming courage, my heart, which naturally is somewhat valiant, must have failed me, and I never could have endured that voyage to the New World.

But milord's life was in my hands. I could save him if I loved him. One does not hesitate when one loves. I did not even ask myself if I loved him *enough.* There are no degrees in love. It is love or it is nothing.

There were terrible hours—days of revolt, of horror, of despair. Yet hope survived. It is not to be slain in any living soul.

During June we had fair weather, but little wind, and lay becalmed for many days.

Milord was nearly well, and had his strength again in such degree that all day long he was a-walking of his narrow deck, or, with his fellow prisoners, playing at singlestick, or, stripped to the waist, wrestling, or at bowls.

His had become a supple body now; all limber steel in a white and silken sheath—so fine and white his skin seemed, even to me who have that snowy coloring which is the fellow of red hair.

And all this time Gribouri came not near him, nor, so far as I discovered, ever approached that deck. But lately some of the young French officers came curiously to inspect the Englishman who had volunteered out of prison. Somehow the rumor got abroad that milord was very mighty with the sword, and for that reason had been pardoned some grave offense.

During all these weeks, in storm or calm, I never failed to carry to milord his broth and wine and bread. When a beef was killed, or a fowl, I saved my share and he and I supped together.

As I have told you, three poor nuns could not control us; and it would have required the mother house and every Ursuline convent in the world to have prevented me from caring for milord.

I loved, and had but a little while to look and love and sometimes touch.

THERE was a sunset sky in August, when all the heavens and the ocean made but one vast vault of yellow light, and we seemed to be a-sailing straight into God's own glory.

Early in the morning we had passed our fleet out of Canada, which sails twice every year—in spring and in autumn; and had spoke a frigate, La Couronne, who asked and gave us news.

Thus we learned that war had begun in the New World between Canada and New England; that the French had burned two English towns called Schenectady and Salmon Falls; had taken the English fortress of Pemaquid; and that old Count Frontenac, with his fleet, was already afloat in St. Lawrence Gulf to invade all New England and cut the Puritan head from the Dutch neck at Albany and the Dutch body in New York.

All the vessels of the Canada fleet bound for France showed us all their flags to confirm the victories of our arms; and we showed them ours, and gave them back gun for gun. answering the faint cheering that came across the waves—"*Vive la France! Vive le Roi! Vive Frontenac!*"

That sunset evening I sat on the deck beside milord upon his mattress, clasping my knees between my arms and gazing into the flaming eye of the west.

We had supped; the generous Burgoyne wine had restored us both, for the moment, from the sloth and long ennui of many idle weeks.

He was in a humor of his own which sometimes possessed him, to rally me and make a jest of everything, which was a kind of gentle intimacy grown up between us, though often disguised with gayest mockery. And often he begged of me to save my King the cost of lighting the great bronze war lamp on the quarterdeck, and sit there myself and let my red hair illuminate the night.

Said I: "What would you have my hair, milord?"

"Green," said he, "like other sirens of the seas; and a fish's tail instead of those two pretty, slender feet that tap-tap while you talk to me."

"I tap my shoes to time my thoughts. Like the gay French drumbeats that marched the English out of Pemaquid."

"Oho!" said he. "Monsieur de Frontenac's drums play one tune and ours another!"

"Yes, a parley," said I demurely.

He laughed. "Taken," said he; "and I salute you and beg leave to pick up my sword."

"You must dive for it, then."

"Why, how?"

"Ah, milord, you should ask Jean Bart that, and Surcouf, and Tourville——"

"Lord," said he, still laughing, "I have taken your point too many times to carry hardily. Be pleased, Michelle, to give me quarters."

"Yes, sir, a *billet de logement* in my heart."

"Ah," said he gayly, "I give you more, for

your barracks are builded within my breast."

"Generous quarters," said I, "and snug—until the barrack master cleans house for the newcomers."

"No; for you remain the bodyguard. You are my Black Musketeer, Michelle. None can displace you."

"Must I then call you Sire and Majesty, milord?"

He looked at me in a bantering way.

"Why do you call me 'milord' who am not a lord, but a baronet of the King's realm?"

"Milord means—all things to me!" said I lightly.

NOW, like an immense bubble, we saw the moon floating above the sea, and the spell seemed to still our gayety.

Milord took the bottle and filled our two cups, and there was no water to temper mine, to which indulgence I am not accustomed.

"To the two great peoples of the earth," said he, "from which we sprang."

"And which have cast us out. Nevertheless——"

I lifted my cup and tasted it.

"Why," said he, "should a third great race not spring from the New World?"

"Milord, great races spring only from a beloved soil."

"The land that cradled them. Yes. But—there are children already born in the New World. And, of these, many, many yet to be given birth—English and French and Dutch children. And many of these shall intermarry and found a race such as was founded in France and in England."

I said nothing; and, for a moment, the rush of bitterness poisoned me, who knew that in the founding of any race I should have no part, but remain sterile. There is no punishment like this, that a barren woman must stand aside and gaze at mothers.

"You are silent," he said.

"Yes, milord."

"The moon's splendor and the beauty of the sea hold me, also. It is a wondrous world."

I looked up at the sky. The moon's luster had flooded out the stars.

I know not why I folded my hands and recited in English:

"'Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.'"

After a silence:

"Then you are a Huguenot, Michelle?"

"I know not. We had an English Bible. Why should the beauties of God's Word be covered with the dust of Greece and Rome?"

"I have wondered, too," he said simply.

I laid my hand on his where it rested on the deck.

For a long while his hand never stirred; then he moved it, turned in the moonlight, and took me in his arms.

"Milord," said I, amazed, "have a care what you are about——"

"Yes," said he; "I have had a care for many, many days, only to learn each day anew what I had known so long ago—that you are very dear to me, Michelle."

Gently I unwound his arms from my body, and took his hands between mine.

Thus we sat in silence for a little while, and my heart so loud that I felt he must hear its beating.

Mary Mother! I would have gone all my life in rags for leave to follow him—to touch his sleeve as I groped my way through life.

And now, if he spoke—and I knew he would!—all I could give him was his own life. Not mine. Nothing of me that he might desire. Nothing except these last few days at sea.

Now, in a blissful terror, I saw his head bend to my hands clasping his, and felt the heaven of his lips. Now he looked into my eyes through which my soul cried out to him in gratitude, yet begged God's mercy on us both.

He said: "Do you know that I love you, and am deep in love, Michelle?"

"Milord," said a still voice that was unlike mine, "whatever it pleases you to think of me, I have been chaste, and shall remain blameless."

"I have not asked you that——"

"MILORD, your austere mind has asked your heart that question till both are sick on it, I know. I know, too, how all the finer has been your condescension to this friendship — for that is what it means—friendship—no more, no less——"

"It means I love you."

"Ah, monsieur, you are confusing kindness with passion——"

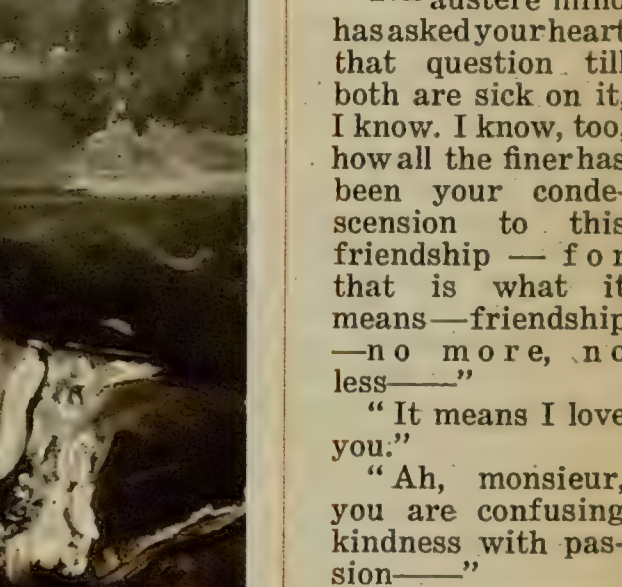
"Do you suppose I desire you as a mistress?"

"Oh, Mary Mother! either that or the other must be born of inclination, sir."

"You mean you do not love me?"

Desperately I clung to my father's warning that one's self mattered nothing, but only the achievement. I was engaged in battle to give this young man his life. Blindly I gave it, and took a mortal wound.

He came and knelt down at my chair and laid his face against my knees. My voice was dead, and its ghost spoke now: "Is that the price, monsieur?"



"Milord," I said, "I could love you neither as your mistress nor your wife. But I can love you as a grateful friend, and ever must until I die."

After a long while: "Well, I am answered," said he. "And thus ends— I know nothing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

of how to court a woman, but would be at pains to learn if, maybe, you might incline to listen —or teach me how to win you——"

"Milord, long since you have won of me all I have to give you."

"Cold friendship."

"It is very warm, sir——"

"Thank you."

He nodded his head slowly, as though communing with a secret self which was interposing admonitions.

"I am to understand," said he, "that you desire me to be at no pains to win you for my wife."

Through the wild triumph in my brain swept a confused darkness that overwhelmed and left me swaying, so that I thought to fall forward on my face.

It passed. And, when my voice returned to me: "Milord," I said, "I have no gift to give you in return for the so great honor offered—excepting friendship. And, if that be too contemptible a gift, then, milord, I have lost you, and must live forever unconsoled."

"It is I who must live on unconsoled," he said in a low voice.

But I was past all words now; beyond all further strength.

A little while I sat to rest me and gain firmness to stand and go my way again.

And so, at last, I rose, bade him good night, and went my way through the honey luster of the moon.

OFF from Nova Scotia, out of a gale of rain, a pilot hailed us and came aboard; also a Sulpician father who, they told me, carried a commission as Governor of Montreal for Monsieur Gribouri.

For days, now, we sailed slowly westward through the great gulf of the St. Lawrence and up that gigantic river, and at last were approaching Quebec, they said. But nowhere did we encounter the battle fleet of Monsieur de Frontenac.

The day we were informed that Quebec was very near, I went to Monsieur Gribouri in his cabin; and there I coldly complimented him upon his new Governorship, and then I asked him how it was to be arranged that milord should be released, and how he was to gain the English colonies.

It became plain to me that Gribouri's patience had reached the breaking point, though he was sullenly polite to me; and I began to realize how hotly his rage had smoldered and how deeply it had burned into his pride.

"Monsieur," said I, "your high office in your new government of Montreal should authorize you to send this English gentleman away in secrecy and safety, and without the knowledge of Monsieur de Frontenac."

"Whenever you choose," said he carelessly, "I will tell this gentleman that traitors are not welcome in New France, and so pack him off about his business."

I smiled; for I could see milord take Gribouri by the throat at any slightest insolence from him; and I told him sharply that this was not the way to carry out our bargain.

"Write me an order," said I, "releasing this Englishman from his voluntary engagement."

"Is the gentleman's honor so exquisitely sensitive that he would not take to his heels if warned that his life is in danger?" asked Gribouri, with a sneer that twitched his whole face.

"Is common honesty so difficult a virtue for you to comprehend, monsieur?"

"No," said he; "I am still child enough to like nursery tales. But what, then, is your idea, mademoiselle—a release from parole and a safe-conduct? And shall I send your Englishman with a flag to the Boston Puritan, Phips?"

HIS brutal duplicity and his contempt of my experience and intelligence disgusted me.

"Doubtless," said I, "you are fully aware that to ask a flag of Monsieur de Frontenac would ruin this Englishman. Come, sir, are you loyal or disloyal to your agreement with me?"

"He shall depart in any manner you desire," said Gribouri sullenly.

"Then cancel his parole and write me a discharge and safe-conduct."

"Shall you tell your Englishman anything concerning the compact between you and me, Michelle?" he inquired maliciously.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because my Englishman would never stir to save himself until he first had called you to account!"

"I had rather it happened that way——"

"It shall not! And I am obliged to tell you, monsieur, that there is every appearance of disloyalty in what you suggest. His life depends on secrecy. You know it. Why do you suppose I do so abominable a thing as I must do except to give this Englishman a lease of life among his own people? Be pleased, sir, to conduct this matter with honorable discretion."

So he went to his gilded table and wrote while I waited, refusing to be seated in his cabin, which seemed to suffocate me. When he had written and sanded his papers, he rose and handed them to me, and watched me in silence whilst I read every word.

"You cry up loyalty," said he, "and carry it all very mightily with me; and I am beginning to wonder how loyal you will prove to be when your beloved Englishman is out of our net and winging southward to his brother heretics and their Iroquois."

"No," said I; "you are not wondering, Monsieur Gribouri: because the daughter of a gentleman who braved his King in behalf of his conscience and his honor is not likely to tarnish hers—even to save herself from you."

He stood licking his thick, dry lips, his black eyes intent on me.

"For all I have endured from you," he began slowly, "I shall be recompensed in that hour when, despite your rebellious mind, your warm lips and heart *once more* incline to my embrace. Because *I* know you, Michelle, and the hot passions asleep within you. And for that reason I bide my hour."

The thought so sickened me that I averted my face and fumbled for the doorknob. However, he opened the cabin door for me and bowed me out with every ceremony and politeness; and I went away in the sunshine, clutching milord's papers to my breast.

While I had been detained with Monsieur Gribouri, we had cast anchor; but the city of Quebec was not yet in sight. However, presently we noticed a canoe approaching across the sunlit waters; and I heard the sailors saying that it carried an officer with dispatches from the Governor for Monsieur Gribouri.

I saw this officer in his brilliant uniform of the Carignan-Salieres Regiment—now disbanded—climb nimbly up the stairs, followed by a soldier carrying a portfolio.

Two strange-looking men dressed in soft leather and belted with girdles made of many colored beads had paddled the canoe. The one in the bow had laid hold of the rope rail on the stairway.

He was a big, loose-jointed, overgrown boy with a cherub face and two innocent blue eyes under the furry cap he wore.

I was so near that I could have laid my hand upon his curly yellow hair, which was shorn to his neck and clustered there in pretty ringlets. He made me think of our little drummer boy in the Regiment d'Aulone.

For an instant my smiling eyes met his; and then—oh, God!—he spoke my name, and the next instant had caught my fingers and was a-kissing them and crushing them to his cheeks and to his eyes, from which tears fell hot and silent.

"Colin!" I whispered. "Oh, little Colin! Is it thou here in the New World?"

"Oh, Mademoiselle de Maniscamp," he whispered, "how is it you have come here where all know of the ruin that has fallen upon Monsieur le Comte your father?"

"Look upon me, Colin! Two years in the Fortress prison of Dieppe! And today on parole, and a volunteer for this colony of New France."

"Did mademoiselle know that Monsieur d'Aulone is here?"

"Colin!" I gasped, "what is it you say to me?"

"That monsieur your father is here in Canada——"

"Where?"

"God knows. He is turned *coureur de bois*——"

"What is that?"

"A forest runner who trades as he chooses, despite the King and the Governor. There are many in the woods—all outlaws—and our King hath ordered Monsieur de Frontenac to kill every one. Oh, mademoiselle——"

His tears fell again upon my hand, but I caught his rough fingers and held desperately to them.

"Colin," said I, "can you carry news of me to my father?"

"Yes," he said, "for I am of the canoe service of Monsieur de Champigny, and often am sent to carry officers above Three Rivers."

"I DO not understand what you are telling me," said I; "but if you can acquaint my father that I am here, I shall pray for you all my life, dear Colin."

"Where?" he asked, wiping his eyes on his fringed sleeves.

"We are to be sheltered with the Ursulines —wherever that may be."

"At Quebec. I know. I shall find means of sending word to Monsieur le Comte d'Aulone, if it cost me my head. All forest folk, white or red alike, know him. He is the real leader of the *coureurs de bois*, and for his head our King will pay ten thousand livres in gold——"

"Oh, Mary Mother!" said I.

"All know it here. Yet not one man in New France has lifted a finger to betray or take Monsieur d'Aulone. Even our Governor, they say, has a soft heart toward the *coureurs de bois*."

"Are they robbers?" I demanded incredulously.

"No, mademoiselle; they are only free folk —who live and trade where they please, and who do not believe that the King of France owns everything on earth, or that they must buy of Monsieur de Frontenac the right to live."

"Is my father well, Colin?"

"I do not know to the contrary."

"And our regiment?"

"Why, the regiment d'Aulone is here!"

He explained that it had arrived in Quebec nearly two years ago.

"Mademoiselle," said the boy, "I am on my knees to serve you. I no longer beat the drum in our regiment. I till the land and am in the canoe service also. Do you know that Nicole is here, and that we are married, and live in a little house in the lower town, and have a cow and a calf, three pigs, nine hens, and——"

But I had broken down and I laid my head

in my arms and wept to hear him tell me that my father and my foster sister—my dear Nicole—were here with me in this unknown land.

Well, presently there came a stir and bustle on the deck above us. It was the officer returning to the canoe.

After the canoe had disappeared, I placed milord's papers in my bosom and turned wearily away to face whatever this last day might bring forth of grief or consolation.

When, about dusk, I brought our supper to milord, I discovered him pacing the narrow deck with a stern and troubled mien; but he came toward me with perfect kindness and took from me the wooden tray I carried.

We scarcely spoke, even drinking our red wine with scarce a compliment.

After we had eaten he offered me his hand, and we walked together in the starlight, long in utter silence.

It was becoming almost more than I could endure, all this false mockery—this crucifixion of my shrinking soul. I must make an end, lest, in sudden weakness, I do a mortal harm to him; lest, in a moment's agony, a single word would escape me——

"Milord," said I, "tomorrow we land. I have a gift for you, and a last word; and shall come hither to deliver both."

He thanked me courteously and kindly, but there was that in his voice that was breaking my heart.

"Good-by till then," I said.

He bent over my hand in silence; and I went away with the light touch of his lips upon my fingers, and the heavenly hurt of it tearing my quivering heart to shreds.

I KNOW not what evil magic, working through that last restless night of tears and fearful dreams, made of me a kind of devil.

For when I went on deck there was a new and reckless wickedness in me, as though grief had hardened me; and I meant to make an end of all these tortures.

I discovered milord standing alone at the foot of the ladder stairs.

God forgive me for the tragedy in his dear eyes as he took my hands and held them between his.

But I dared lose no time with this man, and drew my hands from his, and gave him his three papers—a release from parole; a safe-conduct; and an order for transportation by canoe service to the River Richelieu, and by that waterway to Lake Champlain, and so through Lake George to within sight of the nearest English post.

The poor boy stared at the papers and at me as though I had gone mad.

Then I told him that there were those aboard who had recognized him and would denounce him; and that Monsieur de Frontenac would surely hang him, nor ever believe—what with the false testimony to be offered against him—that the young Vicomte, his only son, had not been foully dealt with.

I saw the blood rush to milord's face. He glared at me, then he cast his indignant glance upon these papers, all signed, "Gribouri, Royal Sub-Intendant and Governor of Montreal."

"Oh," said he, "so that's what this man is! And—what is he to *you*, Michelle?"

"The man to whom I am affianced, milord."

Never have I seen such astonishment and rage in a man's eyes. It blazed but an instant, then something quenched it, and his eyes grew bleak and cold as ice.

He thanked me coldly for warning him of his peril and so saving him from a shameful death, and asked me if he might not express his thanks in person to the gentleman who had been so generous and gallant as to have given him this chance for life.

Panic seized me, but I controlled my fright and told him that an interview would compromise Monsieur Gribouri, who, knowing milord guiltless, was anxious that he escape before Monsieur de Frontenac could hear the false evidence against him.

THE next instant he had caught my fingers and was a-kissing them and crushing them to his cheeks and to his eyes.

"Will not Monsieur Gribouri testify that I slew Monsieur the Vicomte de Frontenac fairly?" he demanded.

"Monsieur Gribouri's presence here is unwelcome to the Governor, who hates Champigny and all intendants and local governors, and who is the enemy of the fathers of St. Sulpice as well as of the Jesuits," I said.

"VERY well," said milord calmly. "I beg you to present my gratitude and respect to Monsieur the Governor of Montreal, and say to him that always I shall bear testimony to his chivalry, loyalty, and generosity."

Then he looked into my eyes, smilingly—God gave him more courage than He gave to me—and, in his pleasant, winning manner, he took his leave of me, thanking me for kindnesses, expressing gratitude for our friendship, and wishing me all blessings upon my marriage with the gentleman of my choice.

He kissed my hand with perfect courtesy, took me to the ladder stairs, which, he explained, he was forbidden to mount, and so parted from me.

All about me now was the hurry and tumult of disembarking.

I was crossing the main deck toward the ladder that led to the deck where the nuns and their charges were gathered, when I met Monsieur Gribouri in a glittering uniform.

He said in a low voice that I was to go to his cabin, where proper clothing awaited me and a servant maid to attend me, and that he himself would carry me ashore in the Intendant's barge, which already was on its way from the palace.

I laughed at him and said: "No; I shall go dressed as I am, so that the good people of Quebec may see what kind of woman the Governor of Montreal means to marry."

He reddened as though I had struck him.

"You will dress as I wish, Michelle. Do you understand?"

"I shall do as I wish in everything, both now and after I marry you, monsieur," said I, amused; and left him standing where he was.

SO I took my place at the head of the file beside Sister Agnes-Rose, and listened to what she was saying to the girls: that, upon landing, we were to march to the Convent of the Ursulines, and there await further orders.

We waited and waited. Boats came to the ship and went away loaded. Finally we were told it was our turn.

I was in the leading boat with Sister Agnes-Rose; and so landed first at the water stairs.

Through crowds we marched in two files, herded by the anxious nuns, up a steep rocky way that ascended the cliffs above us, and came, at length, into the upper city, where more crowds were assembled to gaze at us.

And there, as we were halted to receive a dozen Ursuline Sisters from the Quebec convent, who now arrived to conduct us thither, my ears caught the rattle of drums and the measured tread of regular troops.

And then, oh, Mary Mother! I saw white uniforms faced with violet, rank after rank passing through the street beyond us with guns aslant and glancing, and the drummer lads ahead beating a gay march upon the painted drums I knew so well!—our own beloved drums of the Regiment of Aulone.

I stood watching, the tears almost blinding me, so that the long ranks of white uniforms were scarce more than a glimmer in my eyes.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!—and the drums, now far away; then an officer riding; then a file of men; a silvery glimmer.

The regiment had passed.

Michelle brings all the charm of the Old World into the New. There, in the great crisis of her life, she asks for and receives the strangest wedding gift ever presented. Follow her amazing story in next week's LIBERTY.

Those Terrible 'Zaminations

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A STORY *for* CHILDREN

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

BEN was bent over a geography almost as big as himself.

"'ZAMINATIONS tomorrow an' all the rest of the week," said Nicky, looking up from his book as I entered the living-room. They were all three in there—Emmy, Nicky, and Ben—bent double, studying as if their lives depended upon getting through their lessons.

Greg was there, too, but at first I didn't see him. He was standing by a window, half hidden by the curtain. He alone was untouched by the general enthusiasm for work.

Ben had on his glasses, his brow was twisted into a hundred wrinkles, his mouth was tied up in a little knot, and he was bent over a geography almost as big as himself. Finally he closed the book and straightened his back in despair.

"I *can't* do it," he announced. "I've never studied j'ography, an' I *can't* take a 'zamination in what I never studied." Big tears began to run down his round pink cheeks. "An' I can't stay in Three-A if I don't. I'll have to go back into Three-B, an' I oughta be in Four, anyway."

Greg turned from the window and looked at him, his long thin face shining with amazement.

"Why d'you care?" he asked. "Zere's just as nice children in Sree B as zere are in Sree A. *I* don't mind if I stay in Two all my life."

Nicky had no attention to spare for Greg. He had put down his speller and was arguing softly and coaxingly with Ben. I could hardly believe it was Nicky, he sounded so sure and sensible.

"Now, Ben, you just study all the review questions, an' I'll hear 'em to you, an' then mother'll hear 'em to you again. We don't have that 'zamination for two days an' you'll have time to do it."

BEN lay in bed and he kicked and he screamed.

"But, Nicky," Emmy protested, terribly worried, "you won't have time to hear Ben's questions. What'll happen to your own lessons if you don't study?"

Nicky looked as surprised as Greg had.

"Ben *cares* so much more than I do," he explained. "If Ben didn't pass he'd be just miserable!"

All Nicky's coaxing was in vain. Ben was quietly unhappy until his mother, who had been away all day, came home. After that he was loudly unhappy. By the time he went to bed he was in a regular tantrum.

He lay in his bed and, I am ashamed to say, he kicked and he screamed.

"Will you *please* let me sleep with him?" Nicky begged. "I think I can comfort him. Would you like to have Teddy-Bah now, Ben?" he asked. But Ben only snorted and went on kicking.

"I'll go to your teacher in the morning," Nicky promised him, "an' tell her you never had j'ography before an' you can't take a 'zamination in it, an' she'll let you go on in that class. I *know* she will."

But Ben only howled.

"YOU sleep with him, then, Nicky," said Ben's mother, in despair. "I'm sure *I* don't want to. I'd just as soon sleep with a porcupine."

"Oh, isn't Ben *lovely?*" cried Greg, hugging himself in an ecstasy of pitying love as we left the room. Ben's mother laughed outright.

"He's being *anything* but lovely now!" she said. "I don't see how you can like him at all."

"Oh, we do! We *love* him!" Greg assured her.

For a long time that night we could hear Nicky talking softly and soothingly to Ben. By and by Ben stopped crying and talked, too. By and by after that there was perfect silence and we knew they had both fallen happily asleep.

In the morning they started off for school extra early. Ben was calm but rather worried looking. Nicky looked as proud and happy as a king.

When they came home at noon Ben was the one who looked proud and happy as a king. Nicky seemed a little—just a little distressed.

"Well," Nicky said, throwing off his coat and cap, "I talked with his teacher an' she said o' course Ben wouldn't have to take that j'ography 'zamination. He can go on with the class an' make up the work in j'ography later."

"But what's the matter with you?" I asked.

"Oh, *me?*" asked Nicky sheepishly. "Well, you see—well, I failed in my spellin' 'zamination."

Don't miss reading how the children were nearly frightened to death when the furnace seemed about to explode. You'll find this adventure in next week's LIBERTY.

Dr. Bulkley Sets Us Straight

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In the interesting article by Dr. W. A. Evans on The Doctor's Greatest Riddle he entirely misquotes my attitude in regard to the medical aspect of cancer. He says:

"A few years ago Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley launched a propaganda movement to prove that cancer was caused by the use of devitalized, embalmed, and mummified foods. In spite of the prominence of Dr. Bulkley, and his evident honesty, his theory has made no headway."

On the contrary, in none of my five books on cancer, nor in my many medical articles, can he or anyone find the slightest indication of such a thought.

For over ten years, since the publication of my first book on Cancer—Its Cause and Treatment, I have continually and consistently advanced the proposition, which I have proved by hundreds of reported cases of internal cancer, that the disease was the result of years of wrong living, dietetic and hygienic, just as in tuberculosis—and in the case of cancer, by the use of animal food, or proteins, and by excessive eating, etc., and not a word in regard to "embalmed and mummified foods," as quoted by the writer.—*L. Duncan Bulkley, M. D.*

Wanted: A Crepe Hanger

ELIZABETH, N. J.—Mr. Godfrey, in his letter to Vox Pop, called LIBERTY "beautiful but dumb." I would suggest that you refund Mr. Godfrey's nickel—and hang a crepe on his nose—*R. H. Stanton.*

Hark! The Anvil Rings

WATERLOO, IOWA—Who confided to you that The Small Bachelor is the funniest story ever written? Someone has been kidding you.—*H. H. Schnur.*

Yes, Yes, Go On——

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I would like to express my view on your editorial, The Freedom of the Knees, which told how a girl had a young man arrested for staring at her exposed legs in a street car. If I'd been the magistrate that the case was brought before, I would have fined the girl ten dollars or ten days in jail, for indecent dressing.

I think the corruption of our country today is due to the way our females are dressing, and their actions. I have had a number of experiences like this young man, but was never arrested. I have also seen more than their knees.—*C. K. Morgan.*

Cheerful!

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Every week, in every way, LIBERTY gets worse and worse.—*Jeanne Ducote.*

Better an' Better

PITTSBURGH, PA.—It's too bad you stopped printing those three-movie-reviews-a-week that did so much to popularize LIBERTY with me and, I am sure, many others. However, Frederick James Smith's articles are getting better and better.—*Alma Booker.*

Champions Sid

WASHINGTON, D. C.—It required courage of the finest sort to publish Sidney Sutherland's articles on Mexico. They spread the truth far and wide. They do not tell the half of the outrages that are taking place daily in Mexico in the name of government.—*Louis W. Reilly.*

We Will!

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—I heartily compliment you on your editorials! Give us more about our wonderful nation!—*R. B. Mackington.*

Pasting Captain Springs

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Why allow Captain Springs to carry on? It is only on the reputation of War Birds he gets by, I'm sure. His stories have nothing to them and are poorly written—especially the one of the little French girl—I don't think the public wants that sort of thing. It gives the wrong impression of the finest class of men and leaves a bad taste in one's mouth.

As a writer I think Springs must be a good aviator.—*Mrs. Bess C. L.*

A Counter Barrage

NEW YORK, N. Y.—LIBERTY certainly made a ten strike getting War Birds and now Captain Springs' short stories. I quite believe I am in unison with many ex-service men in saying, "We want more!" The simple, terse method in which Springs writes has more weight with me than many of the best flowing phrases.—*A. S.*

Likes Straight Man-Talk

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—May I arise to say that Belated Evidence, Elliott White Springs' latest story at this date, appeals to me as a real little masterpiece. That boy has the capacity to do even more than call a spade a shovel—he writes of real life in a fearless manner that puts some of our more or less popular authors who depict the virtuous heroine gracefully draping herself in the hero's arms, after softly murmuring "Yes," far in the shade.

I believe that you will receive a lot of prudish opposition to Belated Evidence, but for the sake of the liberty of the press and humanity, keep up the good work.—*G. W. D.*

Here's Work for the Militia

ST. LOUIS, MO.—For heaven's sake, bury Sandy Jenkins, together with Lil Morse, in a twelve-foot grave. LIBERTY'S readers will become absolutely rebellious if they're forced to swallow this trash much longer.—*D. I. Rothschild.*

Black Beauty?

CHICAGO, ILL.—I think the Billie Burke articles now running in LIBERTY are lowering the standards of womanhood.

God has given Mr. Ziegfeld talents with which He expected him to beautify the world, and instead he has used them for mammon and to wreck souls.

No matter what his physical attractions may be, I should think his soul would be so black it would darken any outward glow he might have.—*Olive Thomas.*

Temptations of Railroad Life

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I have read LIBERTY for a long time, so, of course, read what Billie Burke has to say on how to hold a husband and a home and keep the man happy and contented.

I am much older than she, have grown children and grandchildren older than her daughter. We are not famous; my husband is a railroad man, makes fair wages, and we live fairly well, and dress in the same manner.

I have been doing the things Billie Burke mentions and many more. And what do women get in return? Someone to pay the bills.

Do the men pamper us and do the many things to make us happy and keep us home?

They do not! My husband has never been a true man one month in our thirty-six years together.—*M. L.*

Billie (Sunday) Burke

HARTFORD, CONN.—Your articles about Billie Burke and her husband, written by Mr. Sutherland, are very good.

If there is anyone in this land who wishes to do a real service to humanity—to make this world a better place to live in—let him go out upon the highways, the byways, and into the homes and teach the married women the gospel as handed down to us by Billie Burke.—*A. Hill.*

You Said It, Hugh!

DALLAS, TEXAS—Sidney Sutherland's interview with Billie Burke is *good.—Hugh Pennington.*

It Does if the Kid's Clever

FALL RIVER, MASS.—"A Weekly for the *Whole* Family" (?) Where do you get that "stuff"? Why not be truthful? Your entire publication does not contain one single solitary line of interest or value to a child in the grammar grade school.—*John F. Keeley.*

From the Don Himself

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Bill McGeehan is always good; but his story, Strictly on the Level, was a super-peach. "Wrestlers have no sense of humor, or they would be prize fighters," is priceless.—*Don Marquis.*

A Sugar Lump for Norman

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Norman Hall seems to be a wow as an interesting writer. Let's have him more regularly.—*Y. D. Monahan.*

Seasoning Truth to Taste

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Have read with much disgust the junk you are printing about the Mexican religious trouble. Why don't you print the truth?—*Charles Hass.*

From the Bandit Belt

CHICAGO, ILL.—I wonder if any of the old-timers of Mexico are getting the laughs out of Sidney Sutherland's articles on Mexico that I am.—*"Old-Timer."*

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DAINTINESS of PERSON

An Article by
EILEEN BOURNE

IF the gods had but one beauty gift to offer each woman and you were asked to name your own, what would your request be?

Eyes blue-black as pansies? Yes, they would be lovely. So would hair of burnished gold, and a complexion like the deepening hue on rose petals, and a mouth like a coral bed with gleaming teeth. But there is one gift richer than any of these—sheer daintiness of person.

Those familiar byplays on popular types of "fear" advertising, as it is called, beginning with "she never knew," have enough sound psychological grounding to warrant the personal discomfiture that accompanies their hearing. If there is one thing no woman can bear to think of in connection with herself, it is that she might possibly be giving offense to sensitive individuals surrounding her.

In a great many instances cleanliness is accomplished by consistent observance of the bath; but sometimes there are chemical reactions in the body that give rise to an odorous perspiration that can be offset only by special treatment. One also may be a perspiration offender and be unconscious of the fact.

No matter how vividly a girl appeals to the eye, if there is ever so faint an odor of perspiration clinging to her person she goes into the category of damaged beauties.

Excessive perspiration is not exclusively a summer ailment. In warm weather it may be an exaggerated one and yet in the stuffier rooms of the winter season it often reaches its most distressing stage. Repellent odors cling to woolen dresses that go unaired for weeks.

What a great many women do not understand is that odors may escape a regularly bathed skin if waste is retained in the system. Habitual constipation and intestinal fermentation have to be remedied before relief is obtained.

Again, much of the excessive perspiration trouble among women is due to lowered vitality, and that vitality must be restored before the sweat glands function harmlessly. A certain amount of perspiration is necessary to health, since the work of the perspiratory glands is to remove water from the system and carry off waste.

It is a known fact that individuals who do not take into the system sufficient water daily are the most likely victims of odors. A recommendation that grew out of tests with students is that if one is going dancing and fills the system with water two or three hours before going out, the skin will have a fresh, natural odor.

Water inside and out is the first combatant, and then the general health must be brought up to par.

An abundant flow of perspiration in localized spots necessitates special measures. The use of an astringent under the arms is most often necessary, and here there is no harm done by stopping perspiration.

An astringent should not be used immediately after shaving under the arms or after using a depilatory.

Mild cases are benefited by bathing the affected surface with hot water to which either boric acid or alum has been added. Dry powders dusted upon the surface in which some deodorant is incorporated also may be found effectual in these milder cases. Salicylic acid, one gram, and boric acid, ten grams, is a favorite perspiration remedy. Where the odor is pungent and disagreeable, more drastic measures are required.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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—today, delicate, fresh, supple
—tomorrow, sullen, morose, disturbed

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2. Clear and bleach
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3. Tone and brace
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ACCESSORIES Make or Mar the COSTUME

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

SHE runs round Paris with a purse representing a curly plush Teddy bear. This young lady, you understand, is an American girl visiting Paris, and the jacket she is wearing is pretty sure to be of leather. It is a little bobtail affair suggestive of the aviator's costume. It has a zipper fastener, as has the Teddy-bear purse and her cigarette case.

Her hat is of the softest felt and almost bare. It looked for a while as if the modistes of Paris were going to permit little soft tabs and sometimes long ears of the hat material; but this was a false hope, and for the street costume, as well as for some that are much dressier, the hat is still practically brimless, high, and ungarnished. It often has a little V in the back to match and follow the line, if not to cover, the V, of the closely cropped hair.

The American visitor's dress being of dark blue, she wears soft and fancy Oxfords of dark blue, in leather. They are likely to be a little elaborate and not very stout to be exactly in keeping with the rest of that costume. But then, she has gone crazy for the moment over the French way of getting themselves up, and they cannot keep away from the elaborate in details. Oxfords are still the smartest of cuts for daytime footwear. For more formal dress, the Frenchwomen still hold out for having the shoes match the bag. Sometimes both are in two kinds of material and two shades of it. Dark blue shoes are very smart also with dark blue crepe de Chine.

Most of the materials, by the way, that are not crepe de Chine are variations of it. The only rival of it is crepella, which is a soft woolen material. When satin is used, the dull side usually is out and the shiny part is employed for bands, a favorite form of trimming. The gown on the left in the upper group of two is made of crepe de Chine, and its designer achieves a yoke effect by the mere device of running a band of tucks across the front.

It is very smart (one might almost make it the generalization) to simulate things—yokes, pockets, boleros, coats that are really dresses, and indeed almost anything you can make to resemble a reality and be merely the shell and semblance of what it seems to be. The square neck of this costume, finished with the same tucks that make the yoke, is fresh from the midseason collections, and the bow that decorates its left corner replaces the flower, now a little old and shopworn. The dress is of bright red, and comes under that general heading which Monsieur Jean Patou has named "sportive" frocks.

That is what most of us, I think, are looking for—something that will keep us well dressed without requiring a disproportionate amount of our time and attention in doing so. For achieving this even more completely, I should recommend the sportive outfit in four pieces to the right of the other. A blouse of crepe de Chine over a skirt of crepella, if the two were carefully selected as to color, having a care that the shades were fashionable and blended, ought to carry one far in the realm of costuming. With a cardigan jacket over this or some other blouse and the two accompanied by the skirt, you would make an excellent sports outfit, even more practical for actual participation in the games than the sportive frocks. The coat, matching the skirt, has the air of a sports garment when open and of a perfectly conventional town wrap when buttoned up. Accompanied by a frock for the evening and perhaps some little crepe de Chine thing just on general principles, it ought to carry one a long way through late spring.

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A DRESS of bright red crepe de Chine (on left), trimmed with bands of tucks. And (on right) a four-piece "sportive" ensemble, consisting of a crepe de Chine blouse, a cardigan jacket, a skirt, and a long coat.

5461
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DRESS of beige-colored crepe de Chine, trimmed with tucks and plaits.

ONE-PIECE dress of green crepella, with four false pockets and a collarless neck.

A LITTLE frock of dark green crepella, simulating pockets for a trimming, like an adaptation of the Norfolk jacket, is an unusual model. The whole dress looks pretty tricky to me, with its V yoke in the skirt under the apex of which inverted plaits unfold in that favorite place for skirt decoration, which is the exact mathematical front. A collarless V neck runs its point between the two higher simulations of pockets, and a blouse pouches over the narrow belt of the material.

The other dress illustrated is of beige crepe de Chine with tucks for trimmings. Indeed, an epidemic of tucks and plaitings has broken out again. Trimmings, for the most part, are of the material that the dress is made from. This frock has the collarless V neck outlined in a band of the crepe de Chine, the ends of which are anchored at the waist with two buttons. A good dress for general wear.

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Jeanne Lanvin, who keeps women young.

Style Secrets of a Paris Salon

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, January 2, 1927.

WHEN anyone thinks of Jeanne Lanvin, the word "youth" immediately pops into the mind. She herself was only a sub-deb, a slim girl with a crown of auburn hair and fine, intelligent gray eyes, when, about 1890, she took her place at the head of the Paris mode, making hats for Parisiennes. Then she began creating clothes for little girls.

Realizing that women are, after all, but little girls grown tall, she enlarged on her creations a bit, and, *voila!* styles for women! Young styles. Lanvin became the great Lanvin, for every woman wanted to be young—even then, back in the prehistoric days of the nineties.

She enlarged her modest quarters on the Faubourg St. Honore, until they are now of imposing proportions. But Lanvin herself remained modest. Even though she was made president of all the great section devoted to the Art of Dress in the Exposition of Decorative Arts, and was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for her own creations.

Madame Lanvin says that our present youthful styles are inspired by the age-old art of all times and all nations. She first received her inspiration from ancient paintings she saw in Spain, and she never creates a collection without exhaustive research into the archives of the past. But a transformation occurs in the little bookbound laboratory where she works out her ideas. When they emerge they are as new as the latest dance step. And just as young.

"No single color combination," says the originator of the well known Lanvin blue and Lanvin green, "can be adapted to every type of woman. And neither can any one silhouette. It is obvious that what is charming for one type of woman, youthful and smart, is not at all so for another. It is our role to guide women, and to consider all types. There is no escape from the 'Know thyself' for those who wish to be smart.

"I cannot choose the types I must dress, therefore I cover a wide range. My ideal type? It is to be found in the artistes I create for—tall, slender, with faces showing personality rather than beauty. Graceful and lively. Many American women are that.

"Such women can wear both the slim-line silhouette and the bouffant *robe de style.*"

Madame Lanvin believes that women should not try to turn themselves out like anæmic versions of boys. Their charm lies in being feminine, even in sports clothes. Too often we confuse the word feminine with "fussy," whereas the simplicity that is youth itself is not at all masculine in spirit.

She advocates an infinite variety in detail, which is in direct opposition to the standardization of the *garconne* type of costume. "I believe that the sports costume, with its youthful simplicity, is an essential part of modern life.

"How long the present slim-line silhouette will continue is difficult to say. It suits life today, but to say that it will continue indefinitely is equivalent to saying that fashion is dead, whereas actually its tendency is to constant evolution into new shapes, new colors, new details, just as life itself changes.

"Every item of a woman's toilette is of paramount importance. Her furs—they must harmonize with her costumes of cloth, both in color and in spirit. Her hat should complement perfectly her dress or ensemble. Her perfume is the inescapable essence of the whole, and her lingerie an equally delicate expression of herself."

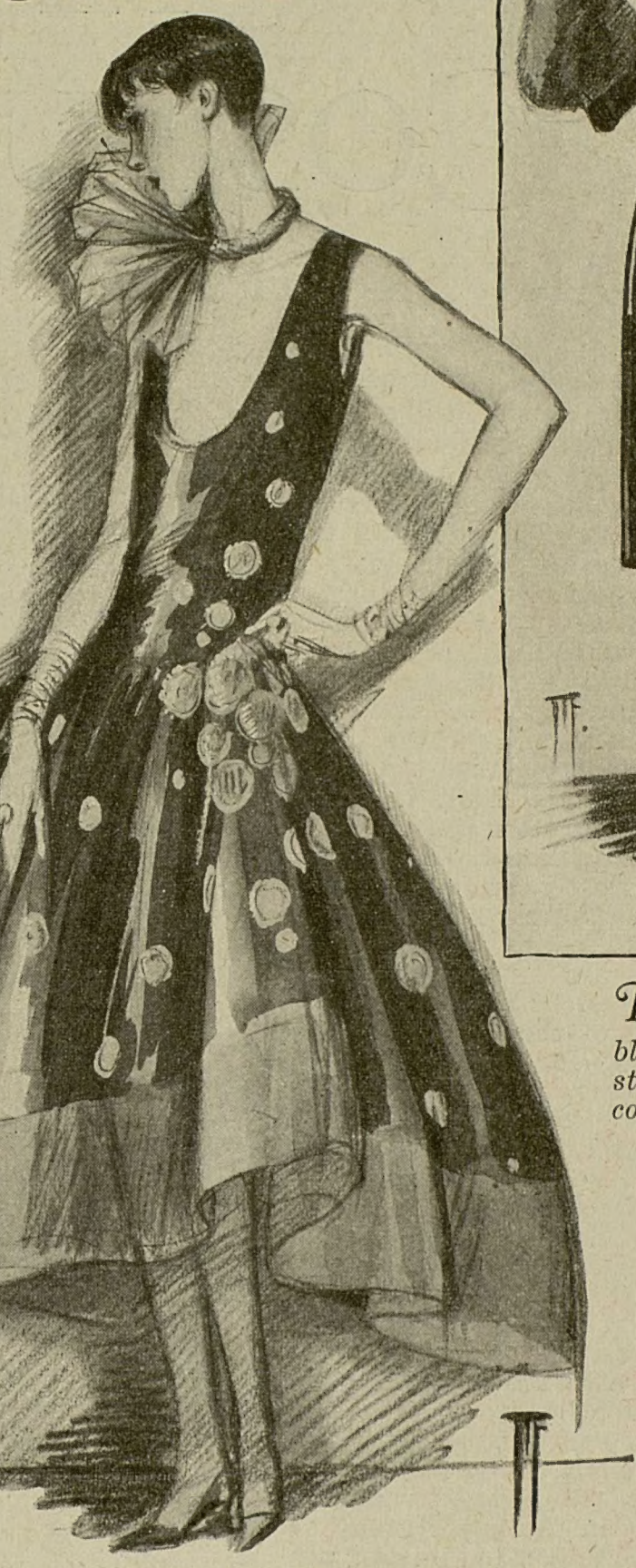
Lanvin ascribes a great deal of importance to the placing of the cross lines that break the silhouette—the neckline, the waistline, the hipline, and the hemline. These are the lines that separate youth from age, and the greatest of these is the waistline.

For the slender woman, who can wear the robe de style, Lanvin likes to mark the waistline well; and for the dangerous ages, to gently indicate it, perhaps by a belt that does not restrict, but that is only an enhancing detail. The same with the hemline. In the bouffant frock it is more youthful, and far more alluring, quite long, to the ankles at least. In the straight-line frock it comes just below the knees. For the undeveloped type Lanvin places the neckline close around the throat, and places a circlet to break a deep decolletage of the evening gown at this point.

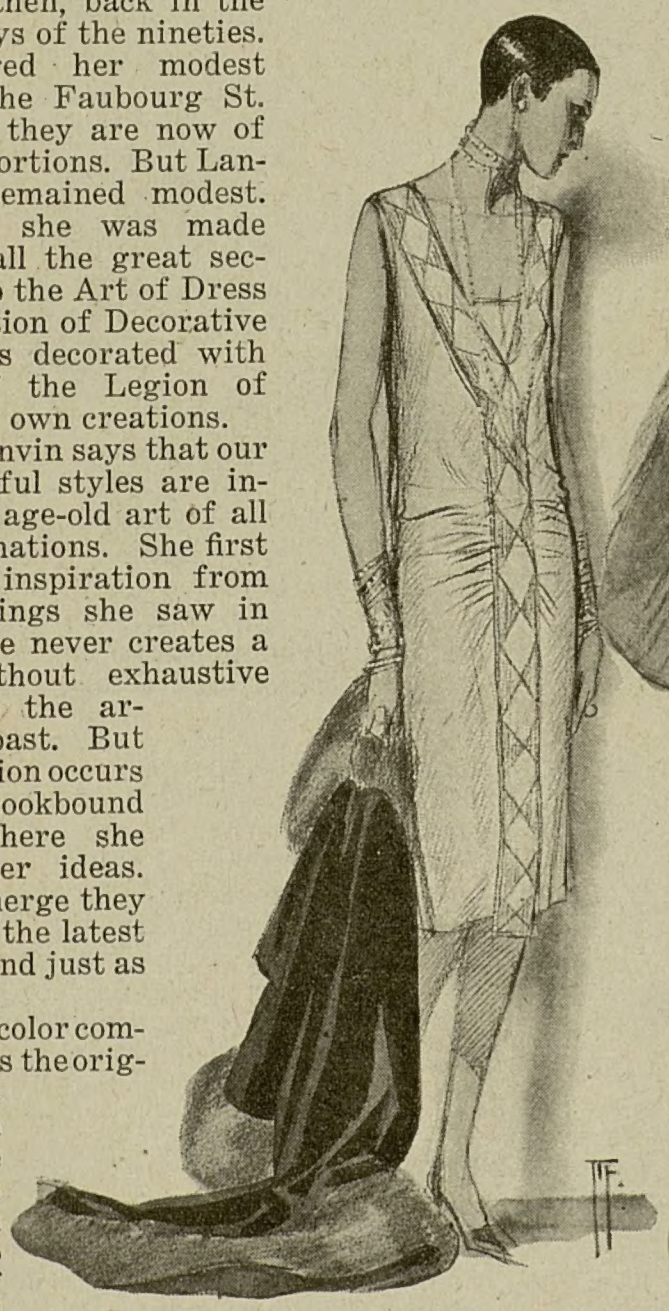
For the Junoesque type, she allows an uncollared neck, with deep revers or other ingratiating details, and a frank cut on evening frocks.

"To be smart is to look young, but according to your type. Have every detail arranged to your own proportions."

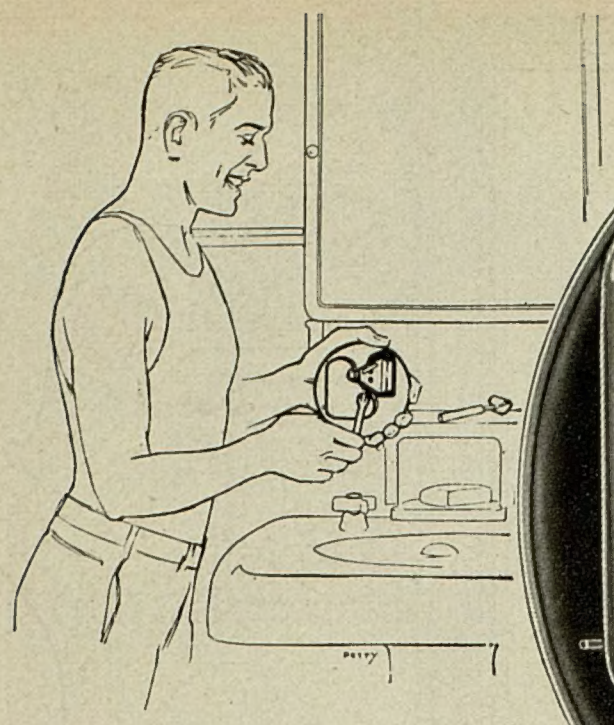
THIS typical Lanvin model is made of black panne velvet, stitched in silver and collared and cuffed in gray fox.

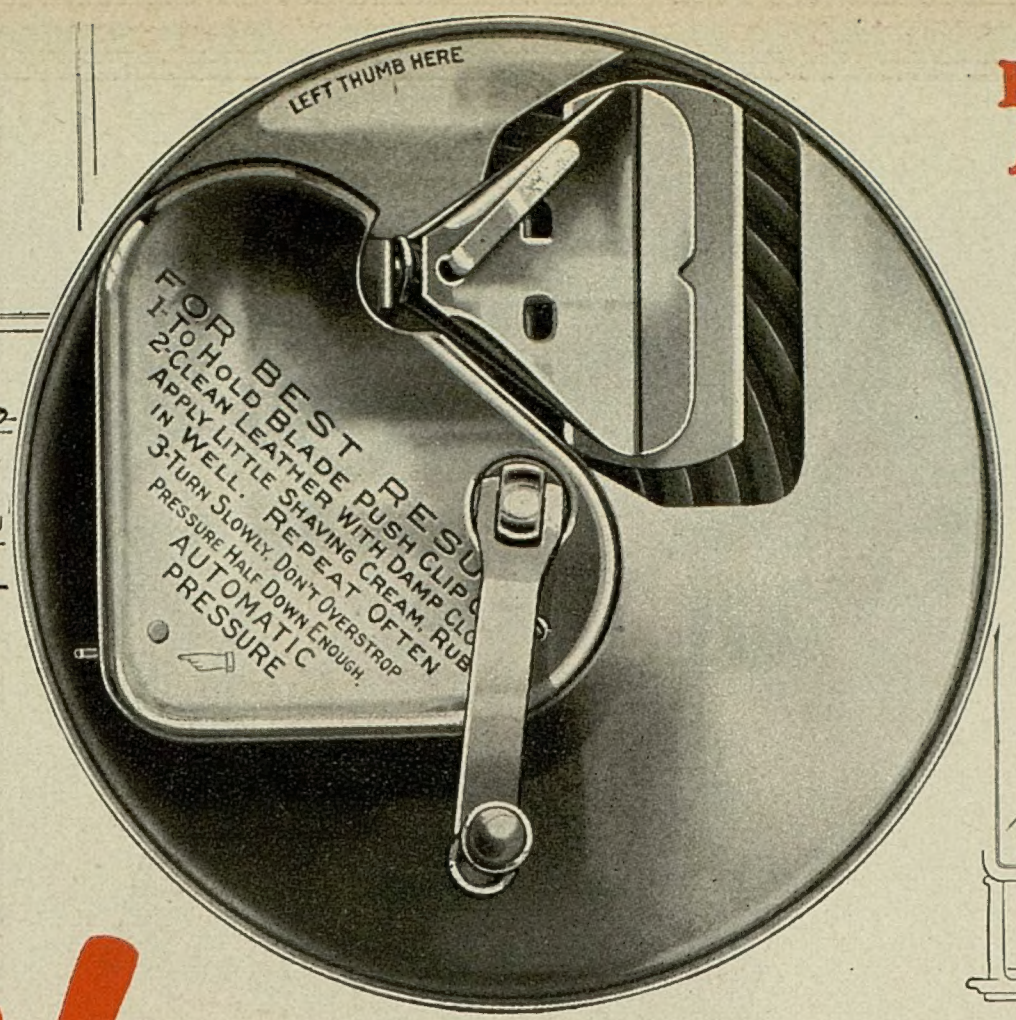


LANVIN'S latest robe de style of black taffeta embroidered in silver, and trimmed at the hemline with black tulle. The Lanvin necklace of steel beads and tulle softens the decolletage.



A LANVIN frock of white crepe satin embroidered with motifs of pearls: created for her ideal slender blonde woman.





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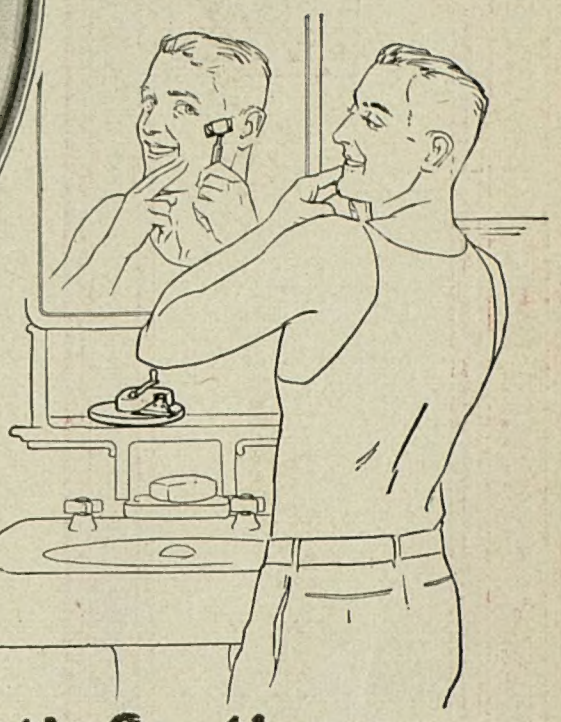

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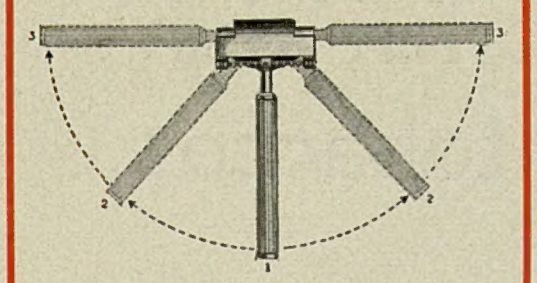
INSTANTLY ADJUSTABLE



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